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R. Garnett.

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"THE MODERN DRAMA"

WRITTEN FOR
"THE INTERNATIONAL LIBRARY OF FAMOUS LITERATURE"

BY

MAURICE MAETERLINCK
Author of "Pelleas et Melisande," &c, &c



MAURICE MAETERLINCK

LE DRAME MODERNE

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

QUAND je parle ici du drame moderne, il va sans dire que je n'entends parler que de ce qui a lieu dans les régions vraiment nouvelles et peu peuplées encore de la littérature dramatique. Plus bas, dans les théâtres ordinaires, le drame ordinaire et traditionnel subit, il est vrai, d'une manière très lente, l'influence du théâtre d'avant-garde, mais il est inutile d'attendre les traînards quand on a l'occasion d'interroger les éclaireurs.

Ce qui, dès le premier coup-d'œil, semble caractériser le drame d'aujourd'hui, c'est d'abord l'affaiblissement et, pour ainsi parler, la paralysie progressive de l'action extérieure, ensuite une tendance très ardente à descendre plus avant dans la conscience humaine et à accorder une part plus grande aux problèmes moraux, et enfin la recherche encore bien tâtonnante d'une sorte de poésie nouvelle, plus spirituelle, plus abstraite que l'ancienne. On ne saurait le nier, il y a sur les scènes actuelles beaucoup moins d'aventures violentes et extraordinaires. Le sang y est plus rarement versé, les passions y sont moins excessives, l'héroïsme moins tendu, le courage moins farouche et moins matériel. On y meurt encore, il est vrai, car on mourra toujours dans la réalité, mais la mort n'est plus, ou du moins on peut espérer que bientôt elle ne sera plus le cadre indispensable, le but inévitable de tout poème dramatique. Il est peu fréquent, en effet, dans notre vie, qui est cruelle peut-être, mais qui ne l'est que d'une manière cachée et silencieuse, il y est peu fréquent que les plus violentes de nos crises se terminent par la mort; et le théâtre, encore qu'il soit plus lent que tous les autres

arts à suivre l'évolution de la conscience humaine, doit finir cependant par en tenir compte, lui aussi, dans une certaine mesure.

Il est certain que les anecdotes antiques et fatales qui constituent tout le fond du théâtre classique, que les anecdotes italiennes, espagnoles, scandinaves ou légendaires qui forment la trame de toutes les œuvres de l'époque shakespearienne et aussi,—pour ne pas passer entièrement sous silence un art infiniment moins spontané,—de toutes celles du romantisme allemand et français, il est certain, dis-je, que ces anecdotes n'offrent plus pour nous l'intérêt immédiat qu'elles offraient en un temps où elles étaient quotidiennement et très naturellement possibles, en un temps, où, tout au moins, les circonstances, les sentiments, les mœurs qu'elles évoquaient n'étaient pas encore éteints dans l'esprit de ceux qui les voyaient reproduites devant eux.

Mais ces aventures ne correspondent plus pour nous à une réalité profonde, vivante et actuelle. Si un jeune homme aime aujourd'hui, au milieu d'obstacles qui représentent plus ou moins, dans un autre ordre d'idées et d'événements, ceux qui entravèrent l'amour de Roméo, nous savons parfaitement que rien de ce qui fait la poésie et la grandeur des amours de Roméo et de Juliette n'embellira son aventure. Il n'y aura plus là l'atmosphère enivrante d'une vie seigneuriale et passionnée. Il n'y aura plus de combats dans les rues, plus d'intermèdes somptueux ou sanglants, plus de poison mystérieux, plus de tombeau fastueux. Il n'y aura plus la grande nuit d'été, qui n'est si grande, si savoureuse et si compréhensible que parce qu'elle est déjà toute pleine de l'ombre d'une mort inévitable et héroïque. Otez tous ces beaux ornements à l'histoire de Roméo et de Juliette, et vous n'aurez plus que le très simple et très ordinaire désir d'un malheureux adolescent de noble cœur, vers une jeune fille que des parents obstinés lui refusent. Toute la poésie, toute la splendeur, toute la vie personnelle de ce désir est faite de l'éclat, de la noblesse, du tragique propres au milieu où il s'épanouit, et il n'est pas un baiser, pas un murmure d'amour, pas un cri de colère, de douleur ou de désespoir qui n'emprunte toute sa grandeur, toute sa grâce, toute sa tendresse, tout son héroïsme, en un mot, toutes les

images à l'aide desquelles il est rendu visible, aux objets, aux êtres qui l'entourent; car ce qui fait la beauté, la douceur d'un baiser, par exemple, c'est bien moins le baiser lui-même, que le lieu, l'heure et les circonstances où il se donne. Au reste, on pourrait faire la même observation si on supposait un homme de nos jours jaloux comme Othello, ambitieux comme Macbeth, malheureux comme le roi Lear, indécis, inquiet et accablé d'un devoir troublant et irréalisable comme Hamlet

Ces circonstances ne sont plus. L'aventure du Roméo moderne, à ne considérer que les événements extérieurs qu'elle ferait naître, ne fournirait pas la matière d'un acte. On me dira qu'un poète actuel voulant mettre sur la scène quelque analogue poème de l'amour adolescent est parfaitement libre de choisir dans le passé un milieu plus décoratif et plus fertile en incidents héroïques et tragiques que le milieu où nous vivons. Il est vrai; mais quel est le résultat de cet expédient?—C'est que des sentiments, des passions, qui ont besoin pour se développer, pour aller jusqu'au bout d'eux-mêmes, de l'atmosphère d'aujourd'hui (car les passions, les sentiments d'un poète moderne sont, malgré lui, entièrement et exclusivement modernes) sont brusquement transplantés dans un monde où tout les empêche de vivre. Ils n'ont plus la foi, et on leur impose l'espoir de récompenses et la crainte de châtiments éternels Ils croient pouvoir compter dans leur détresse sur une foule de forces nouvelles, enfin humaines, équitables et sûres, et les voilà dans un siècle où tout se décide par la prière ou par l'épée. Ils ont profité, à leur insu peut-être, de toutes nos acquisitions morales, et on les replonge brusquement au fond de jours où le moindre geste est déterminé par des préjugés qui doivent les faire sourire ou les faire trembler. Que voulez-vous qu'ils y fassent, et comment espérer qu'ils y puissent réellement vivre?

Mais ne nous arrêtons pas davantage aux poèmes nécessairement artificiels qui naissent de cet impossible mariage du passé et du présent Prenons le drame qui répond véritablement à notre réalité, comme la tragédie grecque répondait à la réalité grecque, et le drame de la Renaissance aux réalités de la Renaissance. Il se

déroule dans une maison moderne, entre des hommes et des femmes d'aujourd'hui. Les noms des protagonistes invisibles, qui sont les passions et les sentiments, sont à peu près les mêmes qu'autrefois On voit l'amour, on voit la haine, l'ambition, l'envie, l'avidité, la jalousie, le sens de la justice, l'idée du devoir, la piété, la pitié, la bonté, le dévouement. l'apathie, l'égoïsme, l'orgueil, la vanité, etc. etc. Mais si les noms sont à peu près les mêmes, à quel point l'aspect, l'allure, les qualités, l'étendue, l'influence, les habitudes intimes de ces acteurs idéaux ne se sont-ils pas modifiés! Ils n'ont plus une seule de leurs armes, plus un seul de leurs merveilleux ornements de jadis. Il n'y a presque plus de cris, très rarement du sang, peu de larmes visibles. Le bonheur ou le malheur des êtres se décide dans une étroite chambre, autour d'une table, au coin du feu. On aime, on souffre, on fait souffrir, on meurt sur place, dans son coin, et c'est grand hasard si une porte ou une fenêtre s'entr'ouvre un moment sous la pression d'un désespoir ou d'une félicité extraordinaire. Il n'y a plus de beauté accidentelle et adventice, il n'y a plus de poésie extérieure—Et quelle poésie, pour peu qu'on aille au fond des choses, n'emprunte presque tout son charme et toute son ivresse à des éléments extérieurs?—Enfin, il n'y a plus de Dieu qui élargit ou domine l'action, il n'y a plus de destin inexorable qui forme aux gestes les plus insignifiants de l'homme un fond mystérieux, tragique et solennel, une atmosphère féconde et sombre qui parvenait à ennoblir jusqu'à ses crimes les moins excusables, jusqu'à ses plus misérables faiblesses Il subsiste, il est vrai, un inconnu terrible, mais il est si divers, si ondoyant, si incertain, si arbitraire, si contestable pour peu qu'on le précise le moins du monde, qu'il est fort dangereux de l'évoquer, fort difficile aussi de s'en servir de bonne foi pour agrandir jusqu'au mystère les gestes, les paroles, les actions des hommes que nous coudoyons chaque jour. C'est ainsi qu'on a essayé tour à tour de remplacer par la problématique et redoutable énigme de l'hérédité, par la grandiose mais improbable énigme de la justice immanente, par plus d'une autre encore, la vaste énigme de la Providence ou de la Fatalité de jadis. Mais ne peut-on pas observer que ces jeunes énigmes nées d'hier

paraissent déjà plus vieilles, plus inconsistantes, plus arbitraires, plus invraisemblables que celles dont elles ont pris la place dans un accès d'orgueil ?

Dès lors, où chercher la grandeur, la beauté qui ne peuvent plus se trouver dans l'action visible, ni dans les paroles qui n'ont plus guère d'images attrayantes attendu que les paroles ne sont que des sortes de miroirs qui reflètent la beauté de ce qui les entoure ? et la beauté du monde nouveau où nous vivons ne semble pas encore avoir envoyé ses rayons jusqu'à ces miroirs un peu lents Où chercher enfin cette poésie et cet horizon qu'il est pour ainsi dire impossible de trouver encore dans un mystère qui existe toujours, mais qui s'évapore dès qu'on essaye de lui donner un nom ?

Il semble que le drame moderne se soit confusément rendu compte de tout cela Ne pouvant plus s'agiter au dehors, n'ayant plus d'ornements extérieurs, n'osant plus faire sérieusement appel à une divinité, à une fatalité déterminées, il s'est replié sur lui-même, il a tenté de retrouver dans les régions de la psychologie et dans celles de la vie morale, l'équivalent de ce qu'il avait perdu dans la vie décorative et expansive d'autrefois. Il a descendu plus avant dans la conscience humaine, mais ici il s'est heurté à des difficultés inattendues et singulières.

Descendre plus avant dans la conscience humaine, cela est permis et facile au penseur, au moraliste, au romancier, à l'historien, au poète lyrique même ; mais le poète dramatique ne peut à aucun prix être un philosophe inactif ou un contemplateur. Quoiqu'on fasse, quelque merveille qu'on puisse un jour imaginer, la loi souveraine, l'exigence essentielle du théâtre sera toujours l'*action.* Quand le rideau se lève, le haut désir intellectuel que nous avons apporté semble se transformer soudain, et le penseur, le moraliste, le mystique ou le psychologue qui est en nous cède la place au spectateur instinctif qui veut "voir se passer quelque chose" Si étrange que soit cette transformation ou cette substitution, elle est incontestable, et tient apparemment à l'influence de la foule, à une indéniable faculté de l'âme humaine, qui parait douée d'un organe spécial, primitif et presque imperfectible, pour penser,

pour jouir, pour s'émouvoir "en masse." Il n'est alors si admirables, si profondes et si nobles paroles qui bientôt ne nous importunent si elles ne changent rien à la situation, si elles n'aboutissent à un acte, si elles n'amènent un conflit décisif, si elles ne hâtent une solution définitive.

Mais d'où naît l'action dans la conscience de l'homme? A un premier degré, elle naîtra de la lutte de diverses passions opposées. Mais dès qu'elle s'élève un peu, et, à y regarder de bien près, dès le premier degré même, on peut dire qu'elle ne naît guère que d'une lutte entre une passion et une loi morale, entre un devoir et un désir. Aussi le drame moderne s'est-il plongé avec délices dans tous les problèmes de la morale contemporaine, et il est permis d'affirmer qu'en ce moment il se nourrit presque exclusivement de l'agitation de ces divers problèmes.

Cela a commencé par les drames d'Alexandre Dumas fils, qui mettaient en scène les conflits moraux les plus élémentaires, et vivaient tout entiers sur des interrogations telles, que le moraliste idéal qu'il faut toujours supposer dans le spectateur, ne se les pose même pas au cours de son existence spirituelle, tant la réponse est évidente Faut-il pardonner à l'épouse ou à l'époux infidèles?—Est-il bon de se venger de l'infidélité par l'infidélité? Un enfant naturel a-t-il des droits? Le mariage d'inclination est-il préférable au mariage d'argent? Les parents ont-ils le droit de s'opposer à un mariage d'amour? Le divorce est-il permis quand un enfant est né du mariage? L'adultère de la femme est-il plus grave que celui du mari? etc. etc Au reste, pour le dire en passant, tout le théâtre français d'aujourd'hui, et une bonne partie du théâtre étranger, qui n'en est que le reflet, s'alimentent uniquement de questions de ce genre, et des réponses gravement superflues qu'on y fait.

Mais d'autre part, à la pointe extrême de la conscience humaine, cela se termine dans les drames de Bjornson, d'Hauptmann et surtout dans les drames d'Ibsen. Ici, nous arrivons au bout des ressources de la dramaturgie nouvelle. En effet, plus on descend dans la conscience de l'homme, moins on y trouve de conflits. On ne peut descendre très avant dans une conscience qu'à condition que cette

conscience soit très éclairée, car il est indifférent de faire dix pas ou mille pas au fond d'une âme plongée dans les ténèbres, on n'y trouvera rien d'imprévu, rien de nouveau, les ténèbres étant partout semblables à elles-mêmes. Or, une conscience très éclairée a des passions et des désirs infiniment moins exigeants, infiniment plus pacifiques, infiniment plus patients, infiniment plus salutaires, infiniment plus abstraits et plus généraux qu'une conscience ordinaire. De là, bien moins de luttes, et, en tout cas, des luttes bien moins ardentes entre ces passions agrandies et assagies par le fait même qu'elles sont plus hautes et plus vastes; car si rien n'est plus sauvage, plus bruyant et plus dévastateur qu'un petit ruisseau encaissé, rien n'est plus tranquille, plus silencieux, plus bienfaisant qu'un fleuve qui s'élargit.

Et d'un autre côté, cette conscience éclairée s'inclinera devant infiniment moins de lois, admettra infiniment moins de devoirs nuisibles ou douteux. Il n'est, pour ainsi dire, pas de mensonge, pas d'erreur, pas de préjugé, pas de convention, pas de demi-vérité qui ne puisse prendre, et qui ne prenne réellement lorsque l'occasion s'en présente, la forme d'un devoir dans une conscience incomplète C'est ainsi que l'honneur au sens chevaleresque et conjugal du mot (j'entends par ceci l'honneur du mari, qu'on fait dépendre de la faute de la femme), la vengeance, une sorte de pudeur et de chasteté maladives, l'orgueil, la vanité, la piété envers les dieux, mille autres illusions, ont été et sont encore la source intarissable d'une foule de devoirs absolument sacrés, absolument inébranlables pour un grand nombre de consciences inférieures Et ces soi-disant devoirs sont les pivots de presque tous les drames de l'époque romantique et de la plupart de ceux d'aujourd'hui. Mais dans une conscience qu'une saine et vivante lumière a suffisamment pénétrée, il devient très difficile d'acclimater un de ces sombres devoirs impitoyables et aveugles qui poussent fatalement l'homme vers le malheur ou vers la mort. Il ne s'y trouve plus d'honneur, il ne s'y trouve plus de vengeance, il ne s'y trouve plus de conventions qui réclament du sang. On n'y rencontre plus de préjugés qui exigent des larmes, on n'y voit plus de justice qui veuille le malheur. Il n'y règne plus de dieux qui

ordonnent des supplices, ni d'amour qui demande la mort; et quand le soleil est entré dans la conscience du sage, comme il faut espérer qu'il entrera un jour dans la conscience de tous les hommes, on n'y distingue plus qu'un seul devoir qui est de faire le moins de mal et le plus de bien possible, et d'aimer les autres comme on s'aime soi-même; et de ce devoir-là ne naissent guère de drames.

Aussi, voyez ce qui a lieu dans les drames d'Ibsen. On y descend parfois très avant dans les profondeurs de la conscience humaine; mais le drame ne demeure possible que parce qu'on y descend avec une lumière singulière, une sorte de lumière rouge, sombre, capricieuse et, pour ainsi dire, maudite, qui n'éclaire que d'étranges fantômes. Et, en fait, presque tous les devoirs qui constituent le principe actif des tragédies d'Ibsen sont des devoirs exaspérés et maladifs, des devoirs non plus situés en deçà mais au delà de la conscience sainement éclairée; et les devoirs que l'on croit découvrir par delà cette conscience touchent souvent de bien près à une sorte de folie chagrine et maladive.

Il est bien entendu, pour dire ici toute ma pensée, que cette remarque n'enlève rien à mon admiration pour le grand poète scandinave; car s'il est vrai qu'Ibsen n'a ajouté que bien peu d'exemples, bien peu de préceptes et bien peu d'éléments salutaires à la morale contemporaine, il est le seul qui au théâtre ait entrevu et mis en œuvre une poésie nouvelle, et qui soit parvenu à l'envelopper d'une sorte de beauté et de grandeur farouche et assombrie (trop farouche et trop assombrie même pour qu'elle puisse être générale et définitive), qui ne doit rien à la poésie, à la beauté, à la grandeur des drames violemment enluminés de l'antiquité et de la Renaissance.

Mais en attendant qu'il y ait dans la conscience humaine plus de passions utiles et moins de devoirs néfastes, qu'il y ait par conséquent sur la scène de ce monde plus de bonheur et moins de tragédies, un grand devoir de charité et de justice, qui offusque tous les autres, subsiste pour le moment au fond du cœur de tous les hommes de bonne volonté. Et peut-être est-ce de la lutte de ce devoir contre notre égoïsme, notre indifférence et notre ignorance que doit naître le véritable drame de notre siècle. Hauptmann a

tenté de l'en tirer dans *Les Tisserands,* Bjornson dans *Au delà des Forces,* Mirbeau dans *Les Mauvais Bergers,* de Curel dans *Le Repas du Lion,* mais en dépit de ces très honorables tentatives, il n'a pas été fait jusqu'ici. Une fois cette étape franchie dans la vie réelle comme sur la scène, il sera peut-être permis de parler d'un théâtre nouveau, d'un théâtre de paix, de bonheur et de beauté sans larmes.

Maurice Maeterlinck

THE MODERN DRAMA

By Maurice Maeterlinck

When I speak of the modern drama, it must be well understood that I refer only to what is actually happening in those regions of dramatic literature which truly are new, for all that they may be, as yet, but sparsely inhabited Lower down, in the ordinary theatre, it may well be that the ordinary and traditional drama is in its turn undergoing, be it ever so slowly, the influence of the theatre of the advance-guard; but it were useless to wait for the laggards when it lies in our power to question those in the van.

The first glance that we throw on the drama of the day would seem to reveal, as its chief characteristic, the weakening, the progressive paralysis, so to speak, of exterior action; further, a most ardent tendency to penetrate ever more deeply into human consciousness, and attribute still greater importance to moral problems; and last of all we are struck by the search, so far still very timid, for a kind of new beauty that shall be more spiritual, more abstract, than was the old. It cannot be denied that adventures on the stage of to-day have become far less extraordinary and far less violent. Bloodshed has grown less frequent, passions less turbulent; heroism has become less rigid, courage less material and ferocious. People still die on the stage, it is true, as in reality they still must die; but death has ceased—or will cease, let us hope, very soon—to be the indispensable setting, the inevitable end, of every dramatic poem. It is rarely, indeed, in our own life—which, though it be cruel perhaps, is cruel only in hidden and silent ways—it is rarely

indeed in our life that death puts an end to the more violent of our crises; and for all that the theatre is slower than the rest of the arts to follow the evolution of human consciousness, it will still be at last compelled, in some measure, to take this into account

There is no doubt but what the ancient and fatal legends which constitute the entire basis of the classic theatre: and the Italian, Scandinavian, Spanish, or mythical legends, which build up the plot of works of the Shakespearian period, as also of the period of German and French romanticism (which last we must not pass by without mention, though its art is infinitely less spontaneous)—there is no doubt but what all these are no longer able to offer us the immediate interest they bore at a time when they appeared most natural, when their occurrence was daily possible; at a time when, at any rate, the circumstances, manners, and sentiments they evoked were not yet extinct in the minds of those who witnessed their reproduction

But to us these adventures no longer correspond with a deep, and actual, and living reality. If a youth of our own time loves, and is confronted by obstacles not unlike those which, in another order of ideas and events, beset Romeo's love, we know perfectly well that nothing of all that which made the poetry and grandeur of Romeo and Juliet's love will shed beauty upon his adventure The entrancing atmosphere of a magnificent, passionate life no longer abides with us; nor have we the brawls in the street, the sanguinary or sumptuous episodes, mysterious poisons, or fastidious tombs. Gone, too, is that grand summer's night—the night that owed all its grandeur, its charm, its comprehensibleness even, to the shadow of an heroic, inevitable death, that already lay heavy upon it. Strip the story of Romeo and Juliet of all these beautiful ornaments, and we have only the very simple and ordinary desire of a noble-hearted, unfortunate youth for a young girl whose hand is denied him by her obdurate parents All the poetry, the splendour, the personal life of this desire is derived from the brilliance, nobility, tragedy, which fitly form the environment wherein it flowers; nor is there a kiss, a whisper of love, a cry of

anger, grief, or despair, but owes all its grandeur, tenderness, heroism, and grace—every image, in a word, that has helped it to visible form—to the objects and beings that surround it; as, for instance, the beauty and sweetness of a kiss are contained far less in the kiss itself than in the circumstance, hour, and place of its giving. And the same remarks would hold good if we chose to imagine a man of our time to be jealous as Othello was jealous, possessed of Macbeth's ambition, as unhappy as King Lear; or, like Hamlet, wavering and restless, crushed by an impossible, harassing duty.

These conditions no longer exist The adventure of the modern Romeo—to consider only the external events to which it would give rise—would not furnish material enough for a single act Some will say that a modern poet who desires to put on the stage an analogous poem of youthful love, is perfectly justified in borrowing from days gone by a setting more decorative, more fertile in heroic incident, than is offered by these times of ours True: and yet what would the result be of such an expedient? Would not the feelings and passions that demand, for their fullest, most perfect development, the atmosphere of to-day—for the modern poet's feelings and passions must, himself notwithstanding, be entirely and exclusively modern—would not these be suddenly thrust into a world where all things prevented their living? They no longer have faith; and yet they are charged with the fear of eternal punishment and the hope of eternal reward. They have learned to cling in their sorrow to a mass of new forces, that at length have grown trustworthy, human, and sure; and behold them placed in a century wherein prayer and the sword decide all. They have profited, it may be unconsciously, by all our moral acquirements; and they are suddenly flung far back into days when the slightest gesture was governed by prejudices that awaken only their terror or smile. In such an atmosphere what can they do—how hope that they truly can live there?

But we need not dwell any longer on the necessarily artificial poems that spring from the impossible marriage of past and present Let us consider the drama that actually does represent

the reality of our time, as the Greek drama and that of the Renaissance represented the reality of theirs. It is in a modern house, and between men and women of to-day, that this drama unfolds itself The names of the invisible protagonists—which are the passions and feelings—these are the same, more or less, as of old. We see love, hatred, ambition, jealousy, envy, and greed; the sense of justice and idea of duty; pity, goodness, devotion, piety, apathy, selfishness, vanity, pride, etc., etc., etc But although the names of these ideal actors have not changed, how great is the modification of their aspect and qualities, their extent, and habits, and influence; not one of their ancient weapons is left them, not one of the marvellous ornaments of days long gone It is seldom that cries are heard now, and bloodshed is rare, while tears are but seldom seen. It is in a small room, round a table, close to the fireside, that the joys and the sorrows of men are determined. We suffer, or bring suffering to others, we love and we die, there, in our corner, wherever we happen to be; and it were by most singular chance that a window or door would for one instant fly open under the pressure of extraordinary despair or rejoicing Accidental, adventitious beauty exists no longer; nor is there poetry now in externals — And what poetry is there—if we choose to probe into the heart of things—but borrows nearly all of its charm, nearly all of its ecstasy, from external elements? And, finally, there is no longer a God to widen the sphere of the action, or master it, nor is there an inexorable fate to form a mysterious, solemn, and tragical background for the slightest gesture of man, and enwrap it with a sombre, fecund atmosphere, capable of ennobling even his most contemptible weaknesses, his least excusable crimes. There does yet abide with us, it is true, a terrible unknown, but it is so diverse and evasive, it becomes so arbitrary, uncertain, and contestable the moment we make the slightest attempt to determine it, that it is dangerous indeed to evoke it, and a matter of extreme difficulty loyally to avail ourselves of it in order to heighten the mystery, the gestures, and actions, and words of the men we pass by every day. The endeavour has been made, the formidable, problematic enigma of heredity, the grandiose but improbable

enigma of inherent justice, and others besides, have each in their turn been seized on as a substitute for the vast enigma of the Providence or fatality of old. And it is curious to note how these youthful enigmas, born but of yesterday, already seem to be older, more inconsistent, more arbitrary, and more improbable than were those whose places they took in an access of pride

Where shall we look, then, for the grandeur and beauty that can no longer be found in visible action, or in the words that have lost their attractive images—for words are only a species of mirror which reflects the beauty of all that surrounds it, and the beauty of this new world in which we have being does not seem as yet to have reached with its rays these somewhat reluctant mirrors. Where shall we seek this horizon and poetry, that it seems impossible to find in a mystery which still exists, it is true, but evaporates the moment we try to give it a name?

All this would appear to have been vaguely realised by the modern drama. Incapable of exterior development, deprived of exterior ornament, no longer venturing to make serious appeal to a special fatality or divinity, it has fallen back on itself, and endeavoured to discover, in the regions of moral life and in those of psychology, the equivalent of all that it once possessed in the decorative, expansive life of former days. It has penetrated further into human consciousness; but here it has encountered strange and unexpected difficulties.

It is legitimate, and easy for the thinker, the moralist, historian, novelist, even for the lyric poet, to open up new ground in the consciousness of man, but at no price whatever may the dramatic poet be an inactive observer or philosopher. Do what we will, and whatever the marvels we may some day imagine, it is always *action* that will be the sovereign law, the essential demand, of the theatre. It would seem as though the rise of the curtain brought about a sudden transformation in the lofty intellectual thought we bring with us; as though the thinker, psychologist, mystic, or moralist in us makes way for the mere instinctive spectator, who wants to see something happen? This transformation or substitution is incontestable, however strange it

may seem, and is due perhaps to the influence of the crowd, to an inherent faculty of the human soul, that appears to possess a special sense, primitive and scarcely susceptible of improvement, by virtue of which men think, and enjoy, and feel, *en masse.* And there are no words so admirable, profound, and noble but they will soon weary us if they leave the situation unchanged, if they lead to no action, bring about no decisive conflict, or hasten no definite solution.

But whence is it that action arises in the consciousness of man? In its lowest form it will spring from the struggle between diverse conflicting passions. But no sooner has it risen somewhat—and a closer inspection will show that this is true of the lower forms also—than it would seem to arise only from the conflict between a passion and a moral law, between a desire and a duty. And the modern drama has flung itself with delight into all the problems of contemporary morality, and it is fair to assert that at this moment it confines itself almost exclusively to the discussion of these different problems.

This movement was initiated by the dramas of Alexandre Dumas fils, dramas which brought the most elementary of moral conflicts on to the stage; dramas, indeed, whose entire existence was based on problems such as the spectator, who must always be assumed to be an ideal moralist, would never put to himself in the course of his whole spiritual existence, so evident is their solution. Should the faithless husband or wife be forgiven? Is it well to revenge infidelity by infidelity? Has the illegitimate child any rights? Is the marriage of inclination preferable to the marriage for money? Have parents the right to oppose a marriage which has love for its basis? Is divorce permissible when a child is born of the union? Is the sin of the adulterous wife greater than that of the adulterous husband? etc., etc., etc. And it may here be said that the entire French theatre of to-day, and a considerable portion of the foreign theatre, which is only its echo, exist solely on questions of this kind and the entirely superfluous answers provided to them.

But, on the other hand, the loftiest point of human conscious-

ness is reached by the dramas of Bjornson, of Hauptmann, and, above all, by the dramas of Ibsen. Here we attain the limit of the resources of modern dramaturgy. For, in truth, the further we go into the consciousness of man, the less struggle do we find. We cannot penetrate far into any consciousness unless that consciousness be very enlightened; for it matters not whether the steps we take in the depths of the soul that is plunged in darkness be one or a thousand, we shall find therein naught that is new, that we have not expected, for darkness everywhere will be like unto itself. Whereas a consciousness that is truly enlightened possesses passions and desires that are infinitely less exacting, more peaceful and patient, more salutary, abstract, and general than are those that have their abode in the ordinary consciousness And therefore it follows that we shall come across far less struggle, or that at least the struggle will be far less violent, between these passions that have been enhanced and ennobled by the mere fact of their having become loftier and vaster, for if there be nothing more savage, destructive, and turbulent than a dammed-up stream, there is nothing more tranquil, beneficent, and silent than the river whose banks ever widen

And, again, this enlightened consciousness will bow down before infinitely fewer laws, will admit infinitely fewer duties that are doubtful or harmful It may be said that there is scarcely a falsehood or error, a prejudice, half-truth, or convention that is not capable of assuming—that does not really assume, when the occasion presents itself—the form of a duty in an incomplete consciousness Of such is honour in the chivalrous, conjugal sense of the word (I refer to the honour of the husband, which is supposed to depend on the wife's fidelity), of such are revenge, and a kind of morbid prudishness and chastity, of such are pride, vanity, piety to the gods, and a thousand other illusions, all of which have been, and are still, the unquenchable source of a multitude of duties which are looked upon as absolutely sacred and inviolable by a vast number of inferior consciousnesses. And these so-called duties are the pivots of almost all the dramas of the Romantic period, as of most of those of to-day But none of these sombre, blind, and

pitiless duties, which so fatally impel mankind to death and disaster, will readily take root in the consciousness that a healthy, living light has adequately penetrated, in such there will be no room for honour or vengeance, or conventions that clamour for blood. Prejudices that call for tears will no longer be found there, or the justice that demands unhappiness. The gods who insist on sacrifice, the love that asks for death, all these will have been dethroned; and when the sun has entered into the consciousness of him who is wise, as we may hope it will some day enter into the consciousness of all men, no duties will be discovered therein but one alone, which is that it behoves us to do the least possible harm and the utmost good, and love others as we love ourselves, and from this duty no drama can spring.

And now let us see what takes place in Ibsen's dramas. Here we descend at times very far into the depths of human consciousness, but the drama remains possible only because in our descent there goes with us a singular light, red, as it were, and sombre, capricious,—unhallowed, we almost might call it,—a light that illumines only strange phantoms. And in truth nearly all the duties which form the active principles of Ibsen's tragedies are embittered and morbid; they are duties whose home is without, and no longer within, the healthy, enlightened consciousness; and duties we believe to have discovered outside this zone are often most closely akin to a sort of morbid and gloomy madness.

It must not be imagined, however,—as it would indeed be far from my thoughts—that these remarks of mine in any way detract from my admiration for the great Scandinavian poet And, indeed, if it be true that Ibsen has offered but few helpful examples, elements, precepts, to the morality of our time, he is still the only dramatist who has seen a new poetry and set it forth on the stage, and succeeded in enwrapping it with a kind of sombre, ferocious beauty and grandeur (too ferocious and sombre even for it to be general or definite); as he is the only one who has borrowed nothing from the poetry, beauty, and grandeur of the violently illumined dramas of antiquity and the Renaissance.

But until such time as the human consciousness shall contain

more useful passions and fewer nefarious duties, and the theatre of the world shall consequently present to us more happiness and fewer tragedies, we must still recognise the existence, at this very moment, deep down in the hearts of all men of loyal intention, of a great duty of charity and justice which undermines all the others And it is perhaps from the struggle of this duty against our egoism, indifference, and ignorance that the veritable drama of our century shall spring into being Hauptmann has made the attempt in *Die Weber*, Bjornson in *Au delà des Forces*, Mirbeau in *Les Mauvais Bergers*, de Curel in *Le Repas du Lion*, but all these very honourable endeavours notwithstanding, the achievement has been not yet Once this gap has been bridged, on the stage as in actual life, it will be permissible perhaps to speak of a new theatre—a theatre of peace and happiness, and of beauty without tears

Translated by ALFRED SUTRO.

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FAMOUS LITERATURE.



GRACE BEFORE MEAT.

By CHARLES LAMB

(From the "Essays of Elia")

[CHARLES LAMB An English essayist; born in London, February 10, 1775; died at Edmonton, December, 1834. He was a fellow-pupil with Coleridge at the school of Christ's Hospital; in 1789 obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House, from 1792 to 1825 was an accountant in the East India Company, then retiring on a pension. His "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Poetry for Children," with his sister Mary Lamb, are permanently popular, but his fame rests on a series of essays contributed to the *London Magazine*, appearing in collected form as the "Essays of Elia" (1823) and "Last Essays of Elia" (1833), and on his delightful letters]

THE custom of saying grace at meals had, probably, its origin in the early times of the world, and the hunter state of man, when dinners were precarious things, and a full meal was something more than a common blessing. When a bellyful was a windfall, and looked like a special providence. In the shouts and triumphal songs with which, after a season of sharp abstinence, a lucky booty of deer's or goat's flesh would naturally be ushered home, existed, perhaps, the germ of the modern grace. It is not otherwise easy to be understood why the blessing of food — the act of eating should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why

have we none for books, those spiritual repasts; a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the "Faerie Queene"? But the received ritual having prescribed these forms to the solitary ceremony of manducation, I shall confine my observations to the experience which I have had of the grace, properly so called; commending my new scheme for extension to a niche in the grand philosophical, poetical, and perchance in part heretical, liturgy, now compiling by my friend Homo Humanus, for the use of a certain snug congregation of Utopian Rabelæsian Christians, no matter where assembled.

The form, then, of the benediction before eating has its beauty at a poor man's table, or at the simple and unprovocative repast of children. It is here that the grace becomes exceeding graceful. The indigent man, who hardly knows whether he shall have a meal the next day or not, sits down to his fare with a present sense of the blessing, which can be but feebly acted by the rich, into whose minds the conception of wanting a dinner could never, but by some extreme theory, have entered. The proper end of food — the animal sustenance — is barely contemplated by them. The poor man's bread is his daily bread, literally his bread for the day. Their courses are perennial.

Again, the plainest diet seems the fittest to be preceded by the grace. That which is least stimulative to appetite, leaves the mind most free for foreign considerations. A man may feel thankful, heartily thankful, over a dish of plain mutton with turnips, and have leisure to reflect upon the ordinance and institution of eating; when he shall confess a perturbation of mind, inconsistent with the purposes of the grace, at the presence of venison or turtle. When I have sat (a *rarus hospes*) at rich men's tables, with the savory soup and messes steaming up the nostrils, and moistening the lips of the guests with desire and a distracted choice, I have felt the introduction of that ceremony to be unseasonable. With the ravenous orgasm upon you, it seems impertinent to interpose a religious sentiment. It is a confusion of purpose to mutter out praises from a mouth that waters. The heats of epicurism put out the gentle flame of devotion. The incense which rises round is pagan, and the belly god intercepts it for its own. The very excess of the provision beyond the needs, takes away all sense of proportion between the end

and means. The giver is veiled by his gifts. You are startled at the injustice of returning thanks — for what? — for having too much while so many starve. It is to praise the gods amiss.

I have observed this awkwardness felt, scarce consciously perhaps, by the good man who says the grace. I have seen it in clergymen and others — a sort of shame — a sense of the co-presence of circumstances which unhallow the blessing. After a devotional tone put on for a few seconds, how rapidly the speaker will fall into his common voice, helping himself or his neighbor, as if to get rid of some uneasy sensation of hypocrisy! Not that the good man was a hypocrite, or was not most conscientious in the discharge of the duty; but he felt in his inmost mind the incompatibility of the scene and the viands before him with the exercise of a calm and rational gratitude.

I hear somebody exclaim, Would you have Christians sit down at table like hogs to their troughs, without remembering the Giver? No, I would have them sit down as Christians, remembering the Giver, and less like hogs. Or, if their appetites must run riot, and they must pamper themselves with delicacies for which east and west are ransacked, I would have them postpone their benediction to a fitter season, when appetite is laid; when the still small voice can be heard, and the reason of the grace returns — with temperate diet and restricted dishes. Gluttony and surfeiting are no proper occasions for thanksgiving. When Jeshurun waxed fat, we read that he kicked. Virgil knew the harpy nature better, when he put into the mouth of Celæno anything but a blessing. We may be gratefully sensible of the deliciousness of some kinds of food beyond others, though that is a meaner and inferior gratitude; but the proper object of the grace is sustenance, not relishes; daily bread, not delicacies; the means of life, and not the means of pampering the carcass. With what frame or composure, I wonder, can a city chaplain pronounce his benediction at some great hall feast, when he knows that his last concluding pious word — and that in all probability the sacred name which he preaches — is but the signal for so many impatient harpies to commence their foul orgies, with as little sense of true thankfulness (which is temperance) as those Virgilian fowl! It is well if the good man himself does not feel his devotions a little clouded, those foggy sensuous steams mingling with and polluting the pure altar sacrifice.

The severest satire upon full tables and surfeits is the banquet which Satan, in the "Paradise Regained," provides for a temptation in the wilderness: —

A table richly spread in regal mode
With dishes piled, and meats of noblest sort
And savor, beasts of chase, or fowl of game,
In pastry built, or from the spit, or boiled,
Gris-amber-steamed; all fish from sea or shore,
Freshet or purling brook, for which was drained
Pontus and Lucrine bay, and Afric coast.

The Tempter, I warrant you, thought these cates would go down without the recommendatory preface of a benediction. They are like to be short graces where the devil plays the host. I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? This was a temptation fitter for a Heliogabalus. The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces, which the cook fiend conjures up, is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest. He that disturbed him in his dreams, from his dreams might have been taught better. To the temperate fantasies of the famished Son of God, what sort of feasts presented themselves? He dreamed indeed,

——As appetite is wont to dream,
Of meats and drinks, nature's refreshment sweet

But what meats? —

Him thought he by the brook of Cherith stood,
And saw the ravens with their horny beaks
Food to Elijah bringing even and morn,
Though ravenous, taught to abstain from what they
brought
He saw the prophet also how he fled
Into the desert, and how there he slept
Under a juniper; then how awaked
He found his supper on the coals prepared,
And by the angel was bid rise and eat,
And ate the second time after repose,
The strength whereof sufficed him forty days:
Sometimes, that with Elijah he partook,
Or as a guest with Daniel at his pulse.

Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the Divine Hungerer. To which of these two visionary banquets, think you, would the introduction of what is called the grace have been the most fitting and pertinent?

Theoretically I am no enemy to graces; but practically I own that (before meat especially) they seem to involve something awkward and unseasonable. Our appetites, of one or another kind, are excellent spurs to our reason, which might otherwise but feebly set about the great ends of preserving and continuing the species. They are fit blessings to be contemplated at a distance with a becoming gratitude; but the moment of appetite (the judicious reader will apprehend me) is, perhaps, the least fit season for that exercise. The Quakers, who go about their business of every description with more calmness than we, have more title to the use of these benedictory prefaces. I have always admired their silent grace, and the more because I have observed their applications to the meat and drink following to be less passionate and sensual than ours. They are neither gluttons nor winebibbers as a people. They eat, as a horse bolts his chopped hay, with indifference, calmness, and cleanly circumstances. They neither grease nor slop themselves. When I see a citizen in his bib and tucker, I cannot imagine it a surplice.

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the taste for food. C—— holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner hour, for instance, expecting some savory mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted, that commonest of kitchen failures, puts me beside my tenor. The author of the *Rambler* used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favorite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by

the grace; or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions otherwhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish — his Dagon — with a special consecration of no art but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet preluding strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the Chartreuse; to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man: but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be which children hear tales of, at Hog's Norton. We sit too long at our meals, or are too curious in the study of them, or too disordered in our application to them, or engross too great a portion of those good things (which should be common) to our share, to be able with any grace to say grace. To be thankful for what we grasp exceeding our proportion, is to add hypocrisy to injustice. A lurking sense of this truth is what makes the performance of this duty so cold and spiritless a service at most tables. In houses where the grace is as indispensable as the napkin, who has not seen that never-settled question arise as to *who shall say it?* while the good man of the house and the visitor clergyman, or some other guest belike of next authority, from years or gravity, shall be bandying about the office between them as a matter of compliment, each of them not unwilling to shift the awkward burden of an equivocal duty from his own shoulders?

I once drank tea in company with two Methodist divines of different persuasions, whom it was my fortune to introduce to each other, for the first time that evening. Before the first cup was handed round, one of these reverend gentlemen put it to the other, with all due solemnity, whether he choose to *say anything.* It seems it is the custom with some sectaries to put up a short prayer before this meal also. His reverend brother did not at first quite apprehend him, but upon an explanation, with little less importance he made answer that it was not a

custom known in his church: in which courteous evasion the other acquiescing for good manners' sake, or in compliance with a weak brother, the supplementary or tea grace was waived altogether. With what spirit might not Lucian have painted two priests, of *his* religion, playing into each other's hands the compliment of performing or omitting a sacrifice, the hungry God meantime, doubtful of his incense, with expectant nostrils hovering over the two flamens, and (as between two stools) going away in the end without his supper.

A short form upon these occasions is felt to want reverence; a long one, I am afraid, cannot escape the charge of impertinence. I do not quite approve of the epigrammatic conciseness with which that equivocal wag (but my pleasant schoolfellow) C. V. L., when importuned for a grace, used to inquire, first slyly leering down the table, "Is there no clergyman here?" significantly adding, "Thank G——." Nor do I think our old form at school quite pertinent, where we were used to preface our bald bread-and-cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination which religion has to offer. *Non tunc illis erat locus.* I remember we were put to it to reconcile the phrase "good creatures," upon which the blessing rested, with the fare set before us, willfully understanding that expression in a low and animal sense, till some one recalled a legend, which told how, in the golden days of Christ's, the young Hospitalers were wont to have smoking joints of roast meat upon their nightly boards, till some pious benefactor, commiserating the decencies, rather than the palates, of the children, commuted our flesh for garments, and gave us—*horresco referens*—trousers instead of mutton.



THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

By BARONESS NAIRNE.

[BARONESS CAROLINA OLIPHANT NAIRNE, song writer, was born in Perthshire, Scotland, August 16, 1766, and died there October 27, 1845 Her life was spent in Scotland, Ireland, and on the Continent. Her eighty-seven songs were written for *The Scottish Minstrel* (1821–1824), under the pen name B B or Mrs Bogan of Bogan, and were posthumously published as "Lays from Strath-

earn." Many of them are exquisite in form and sentiment, the more familiar being "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," "The Laird o' Cockpen," and "The Auld House."]

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee afore the sun gaed doun,
A lassie wi' a braw new goun
Cam' owre the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud washed in simmer's shower,
Bloomed fresh within the sunny bower;
But Kitty was the fairest flower
That e'er was seen in Gowrie.

To see her cousin she cam' there,
An' oh! the scene was passing fair;
For what in Scotland can compare
Wi' the Carse o' Gowrie?
The sun was setting on the Tay,
The blue hills melting into gray,
The mavis and the blackbird's lay
Were sweetly heard in Gowrie.

O lang the lassie I had wooed,
An' truth and constancy had vowed,
But couldna speed wi' her I lo'ed,
Until she saw fair Gowrie.
I pointed to my faither's ha',
Yon bonnie bield ayont the shaw,
Sae loun' that there nae blast could blaw,
Wad she no bide in Gowrie?

Her faither was baith glad and wae;
Her mither she wad naething say,
The bairnies thocht they wad get play,
If Kitty gaed to Gowrie
She whiles did smile, she whiles did greet,
The blush and tear were on her cheek—
She naething said, an' hung her head;
But now she's Leddy Gowrie.

TAMMY.

By BARONESS NAIRNE.

I wish I kenned my Maggie's mind,
If she's for me or Tammy;
To me she is but passing kind,
She's caulder still to Tammy.
And yet she lo'es me no that ill,
If I believe her granny;
O sure she must be wond'rous nice,
If she'll no hae me or Tammy.

I've spiered her ance, I've spiered her twice,
And still she says she canna;
I'll try her again, and that mak's thrice,
And thrice, they say, is canny.
Wi' him she'll hae a chaise and pair,
Wi' me she'll hae shanks naggie;
He's auld and black, I'm young and fair,
She'll surely ne'er tak' Tammy.

But if she's a fule, and slighties me,
I'se e'en draw up wi' Nancy;
There's as gude fish into the sea
As e'er cam' out, I fancy.
And though I say't that shou'dna say't,
I'm owre gude a match for Maggie;
Sae mak' up your mind without delay,
Are you for me, or Tammy?



TALES FROM THE FJELD.[1]

By P. Ch. ASBJORNSEN.

(Translated by Sir George Dasent, D.C.L.)

[Peter Christen Asbjörnsen, born at Christiania, Norway, January 15, 1812; died January 6, 1885 He studied at the university in his native place, paying especial attention to zoology and botany, and later gave much attention to the study of folklore. He taught and traveled; was head forester in a district in the north of Norway, and was subsequently sent by the government to investigate the turf industry in other countries Meanwhile he wrote voluminously on the subjects of natural history and folklore, winning his reputation chiefly

[1] By permission of Gibbings & Co, Ltd. (Crown 8vo, price 6s)

through the latter. His greatest works are: "Norske Folke-eventyr" (Norwegian Folk Tales), in collaboration with Moe, 1842-1844; and "Norske Huldre-eventyr og Folkesagn" (Norwegian Fairy Tales and Folk Legends), 1845.]

FRIENDS IN LIFE AND DEATH.

ONCE on a time there were two young men who were such great friends that they swore to one another they would never part, either in life or death. One of them died before he was at all old, and a little while after the other wooed a farmer's daughter, and was to be married to her. So when they were bidding guests to the wedding, the bridegroom went himself to the churchyard where his friend lay, and knocked at his grave and called him by name. No! he neither answered nor came. He knocked again, and he called again, but no one came. A third time he knocked louder and called louder to him, to come that he might talk to him. So, after a long, long time, he heard a rustling, and at last the dead man came up out of the grave.

"It was well you came at last," said the bridegroom, "for I have been standing here ever so long, knocking and calling for you."

"I was a long way off," said the dead man, "so that I did not quite hear you till the last time you called."

"All right!" said the bridegroom; "but I am going to stand bridegroom to-day, and you mind well, I dare say, what we used to talk about, and how we were to stand by each other at our weddings as best man."

"I mind it well," said the dead man, "but you must wait a bit till I have made myself a little smart; and, after all, no one can say I have on a wedding garment."

The lad was hard put to it for time, for he was overdue at home to meet the guests, and it was all but time to go to church; but still he had to wait awhile and let the dead man go into a room by himself, as he begged, so that he might brush himself up a bit, and come smart to church like the rest; for, of course, he was to go with the bridal train to church.

Yes! the dead man went with him both to church and from church, but when they had got so far on with the wedding that they had taken off the bride's crown, he said he must go. So, for old friendship's sake, the bridegroom said he would go with him to the grave again. And as they walked to the church-

yard the bridegroom asked his friend if he had seen much that was wonderful, or heard anything that was pleasant to know.

"Yes! that I have," said the dead man. "I have seen much, and heard many strange things."

"That must be fine to see," said the bridegroom. "Do you know, I have a mind to go along with you, and see all that with my own eyes."

"You are quite welcome," said the dead man, "but it may chance that you may be away some time."

"So it might," said the bridegroom; but for all that he would go down into the grave.

But before they went down the dead man took and cut a turf out of the graveyard and put it on the young man's head. Down and down they went, far and far away, through dark, silent wastes, across wood, and moor, and bog, till they came to a great, heavy gate, which opened to them as soon as the dead man touched it. Inside it began to grow lighter, first as though it were moonshine, and the farther they went the lighter it got. At last they got to a spot where there were such green hills, knee-deep in grass, and on them fed a large herd of kine, who grazed as they went; but for all they ate those kine looked poor, and thin, and wretched.

"What's all this?" said the lad who had been bridegroom; "why are they so thin and in such bad case, though they eat, every one of them, as though they were well paid to eat?"

"This is a likeness of those who never can have enough, though they rake and scrape it together ever so much," said the dead man.

So they journeyed on far and farther than far, till they came to some hill pastures, where there was naught but bare rocks and stones, with here and there a blade of grass. Here was grazing another herd of kine, which were so sleek, and fat, and smooth that their coats shone again.

"What are these," asked the bridegroom, "who have so little to live on, and yet are in such good plight? I wonder what they can be."

"This," said the dead man, "is a likeness of those who are content with the little they have, however poor it be."

So they went farther and farther on till they came to a great lake, and it and all about it was so bright and shining that the bridegroom could scarce bear to look at it—it was so dazzling.

"Now, you must sit down here," said the dead man, "till I come back. I shall be away a little while."

With that he set off, and the bridegroom sat down, and as he sat sleep fell on him, and he forgot everything in sweet, deep slumber. After a while the dead man came back.

"It was good of you to sit still here, so that I could find you again."

But when the bridegroom tried to get up, he was all overgrown with moss and bushes, so that he found himself sitting in a thicket of thorns and brambles.

So when he had made his way out of it, they journeyed back again, and the dead man led him by the same way to the brink of the grave. There they parted and said farewell, and as soon as the bridegroom got out of the grave he went straight home to the house where the wedding was.

But when he got where he thought the house stood, he could not find his way. Then he looked about on all sides, and asked every one he met, but he could neither hear nor learn anything of the bride, or the wedding, or his kindred, or his father and mother; nay, he could not so much as find any one whom he knew. And all he met wondered at the strange shape, who went about and looked for all the world like a scarecrow.

Well! as he could find no one he knew, he made his way to the priest, and told him of his kinsmen and all that had happened up to the time he stood bridegroom, and how he had gone away in the midst of his wedding. But the priest knew nothing at all about it at first; but when he had hunted in his old registers, he found out that the marriage he spoke of had happened a long, long time ago, and that all the folk he talked of had lived four hundred years before.

In that time there had grown up a great stout oak in the priest's yard, and when he saw it he clambered up into it, that he might look about him. But the graybeard who had sat in heaven and slumbered for four hundred years, and had now at last come back, did not come down from the oak as well as he went up. He was stiff and gouty, as was likely enough; and so when he was coming down he made a false step, fell down, broke his neck, and that was the end of him.

The Father of the Family.

Once on a time there was a man who was out on a journey; so at last he came to a big and a fine farm, and there was a house so grand that it might well have been a little palace.

"Here it would be good to get leave to spend the night," said the man to himself, as he went inside the gate. Hard by stood an old man with gray hair and beard, who was hewing wood.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "Can I have houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the graybeard. "Go into the kitchen, and talk to my father."

The wayfarer went into the kitchen, and there he met a man who was still older, and he lay on his knees before the hearth, and was blowing up the fire.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "Can I get houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the old man; "but go in and talk to my father. You'll find him sitting at the table in the parlor."

So the wayfarer went into the parlor, and talked to him who sat at the table. He was much older than either of the other two, and there he sat, with his teeth chattering, and shivered and shook, and read out of a big book, almost like a little child.

"Good evening, father," said the man. "Will you let me have houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the man who sat at the table, whose teeth chattered, and who shivered and shook; "but speak to my father yonder — he who sits on the bench."

So the wayfarer went to him who sat on the bench, and he was trying to fill himself a pipe of tobacco; but he was so withered up and his hands shook so with the palsy that he could scarce hold the pipe.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer again. "Can I get houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the old withered fellow; "but speak to my father who lies in bed yonder."

So the wayfarer went to the bed, and there lay an old, old man, who but for his pair of big staring eyes scarcely looked alive.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "Can I get houseroom here to-night?"

"I'm not father in the house," said the old carl with the big eyes; "but go and speak to my father, who lies yonder in the cradle."

Yes, the wayfarer went to the cradle, and there lay a carl as old as the hills, so withered and shriveled he was no bigger than a baby, and it was hard to tell that there was any life in him, except that there was a sound of breathing every now and then in his throat.

"Good evening, father," said the wayfarer. "May I have houseroom here to-night?"

It was long before he got an answer, and still longer before the carl brought it out; but the end was he said, as all the rest, that he was not father in the house. "But go," said he, "and speak to my father; you'll find him hanging up in the horn yonder against the wall."

So the wayfarer stared about round the walls, and at last he caught sight of the horn; but when he looked for him who hung in it, he looked more like a film of ashes that had the likeness of a man's face. Then he was so frightened that he screamed out,—

"Good evening, father! will you let me have houseroom here to-night?"

Then a chirping came out of the horn like a little tomtit, and it was all he could do to make out that the chirping meant, "YES, MY CHILD."

And now a table came in which was covered with the costliest dishes, and with ale and brandy; and when he had eaten and drank, there came in a good bed with reindeer skins; and the wayfarer was so very glad because he had at last found the right father in the house.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

Once on a time there was a lad who had lived as a servant a long time with a man of the North Country. This man was a master at ale brewing; it was so out-of-the-way good the like of it was not to be found. So, when the lad was to leave his place and the man was to pay him the wages he had earned, he would take no other pay than a keg of Yule ale. Well, he got it and set off with it, and he carried it both far and long, but

the longer he carried the keg the heavier it got, and so he began to look about to see if any one were coming with whom he might have a drink, that the ale might lessen and the keg lighten. And after a long, long time, he met an old man with a big beard.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"I'm looking after some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?" said the man. "I have fared both far and wide, and I am both tired and thirsty."

"Well! why shouldn't I?" said the lad; "but tell me, whence do you come, and what sort of man are you?"

"I am 'Our Lord,' and come from Heaven," said the man.

"Thee will I not drink with," said the lad; "for thou makest such distinction between persons here in the world, and sharest rights so unevenly that some get so rich and some so poor. No! with thee I will not drink," and as he said this he trotted off with his keg again.

So when he had gone a bit farther the keg grew too heavy again; he thought he never could carry it any longer unless some one came with whom he might drink, and so lessen the ale in the keg. Yes! he met an ugly, scrawny man who came along fast and furious.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I'm looking for some one to drink with, and get my keg lightened," said the lad.

"Can't you drink with me as well as with any one else?" said the man; "I have fared both far and wide, and I am tired and thirsty."

"Well, why not?" said the lad; "but who are you, and whence do you come?"

"Who am I? I am the De'il, and I come from Hell; that's where I come from," said the man.

"No!" said the lad; "thou only pinest and plaguest poor folk, and if there is any unhappiness astir, they always say it is thy fault. Thee I will not drink with."

So he went far and farther than far again with his ale keg

on his back, till he thought it grew so heavy there was no carrying it any farther. He began to look round again if any one were coming with whom he could drink and lighten his keg. So after a long, long time, another man came, and he was so dry and lean 'twas a wonder his bones hung together.

"Good day," said the man.

"Good day to you," said the lad.

"Whither away?" asked the man.

"Oh, I was only looking about to see if I could find some one to drink with, that my keg might be lightened a little, it is so heavy to carry."

"Can't you drink as well with me as with any one else?" said the man.

"Yes; why not?" said the lad. "But what sort of man are you?"

"They call me Death," said the man.

"The very man for my money," said the lad. "Thee I am glad to drink with," and as he said this he put down his keg, and began to tap the ale into a bowl. "Thou art an honest, trustworthy man, for thou treatest all alike, both rich and poor."

So he drank his health, and Death drank his health, and Death said he had never tasted such drink, and as the lad was fond of him, they drank bowl and bowl about, till the ale was lessened, and the keg grew light.

At last Death said, "I have never known drink which smacked better, or did me so much good as this ale that you have given me, and I scarce know what to give you in return." But, after he had thought awhile, he said the keg should never get empty, however much they drank out of it, and the ale that was in it should become a healing drink, by which the lad could make the sick whole again better than any doctor. And he also said that when the lad came into the sick man's room, Death would always be there, and show himself to him, and it should be to him for a sure token if he saw Death at the foot of the bed that he could cure the sick with a draught from the keg; but if he sat by the pillow, there was no healing nor medicine, for then the sick belonged to Death.

Well, the lad soon grew famous, and was called in far and near, and he helped many to health again who had been given over. When he came in and saw how Death sat by the sick man's bed, he foretold either life or death, and his foretelling

was never wrong. He got both a rich and powerful man, and at last he was called in to a king's daughter far, far away in the world. She was so dangerously ill no doctor thought he could do her any good, and so they promised him all that he cared either to ask or have if he would only save her life.

Now, when he came into the princess' room, there sat Death at her pillow; but as he sat he dozed and nodded, and while he did this she felt herself better.

"Now, life or death is at stake," said the doctor; "and I fear, from what I see, there is no hope."

But they said he *must* save her, if it cost land and realm. So he looked at Death, and while he sat there and dozed again, he made a sign to the servants to turn the bed round so quickly that Death was left sitting at the foot, and at the very moment they turned the bed the doctor gave her the draught, and her life was saved.

"Now you have cheated me," said Death, "and we are quits."

"I was forced to do it," said the doctor, "unless I wished to lose land and realm."

"That shan't help you much," said Death; "your time is up, for now you belong to me."

"Well," said the lad, "what must be must be; but you'll let me have time to read the Lord's Prayer first?"

Yes, he might have leave to do that; but he took very good care not to read the Lord's Prayer; everything else he read, but the Lord's Prayer never crossed his lips, and at last he thought he had cheated Death for good and all. But when Death thought he had really waited too long, he went to the lad's house one night, and hung up a great tablet with the Lord's Prayer painted on it over against his bed. So when the lad woke in the morning he began to read the tablet, and did not quite see what he was about till he came to Amen; but then it was just too late, and Death had him.

The Way of the World.

Once on a time there was a man who went into the wood to cut hop poles, but he could find no trees so long and straight and slender as he wanted, till he came high up under a great heap of stones. There he heard groans and moans as though some one were at Death's door. So he went up to see who it

was that needed help, and then he heard that the noise came from under a great flat stone which lay upon the heap. It was so heavy it would have taken many a man to lift it. But the man went down again into the wood and cut down a tree, which he turned into a lever, and with that he tilted up the stone, and lo! out from under it crawled a Dragon, and made at the man to swallow him up. But the man said he had saved the Dragon's life, and it was shameful thanklessness in him to want to eat him up.

"Maybe," said the Dragon, "but you might very well know I must be starved when I have been here hundreds of years and never tasted meat. Besides, it's the way of the world — that's how it pays its debts."

The man pleaded his cause stoutly, and begged prettily for his life; and at last they agreed to take the first living thing that came for a daysman, and if his doom went the other way the man should not lose his life, but if he said the same as the Dragon, the Dragon should eat the man.

The first thing that came was an old hound, who ran along the road down below under the hillside. Him they spoke to, and begged him to be judge.

"God knows," said the hound, "I have served my master truly ever since I was a little whelp. I have watched and watched many and many a night through while he lay warm asleep on his ear, and I have saved house and home from fire and thieves more than once; but now I can neither see nor hear any more, and he wants to shoot me. And so I must run away, and slink from house to house, and beg for my living till I die of hunger. No! it's the way of the world," said the hound; "that's how it pays its debts."

"Now I am coming to eat you up," said the Dragon, and tried to swallow the man again. But the man begged and prayed hard for his life, till they agreed to take the next comer for a judge; and if he said the same as the Dragon and the hound, the Dragon was to eat him, and get a meal of man's meat, but if he did not say so, the man was to get off with his life.

So there came an old horse limping down along the road which ran under the hill. Him they called out to come and settle the dispute. Yes; he was quite ready to do that.

"Now, I have served my master," said the horse, "as long as I could draw or carry. I have slaved and striven for him

till the sweat trickled from every hair, and I have worked till I have grown lame, and halt, and worn out with toil and age; now I am fit for nothing. I am not worth my food, and so I am to have a bullet through me, he says. Nay! nay! It's the way of the world. That's how the world pays its debts."

"Well, now I'm coming to eat you," said the Dragon, who gaped wide, and wanted to swallow the man. But he begged again hard for his life.

But the Dragon said he must have a mouthful of man's meat; he was so hungry, he couldn't bear it any longer.

"See, yonder comes one who looks as if he was sent to be a judge between us," said the man, as he pointed to Reynard the fox, who came stealing between the stones of the heap.

"All good things are three," said the man; "let me ask him, too, and if he gives doom like the others, eat me up on the spot."

"Very well," said the Dragon. He, too, had heard that all good things were three, and so it should be a bargain. So the man talked to the fox as he had talked to the others.

"Yes, yes," said Reynard, "I see how it all is"; but as he said this he took the man a little on one side.

"What will you give me if I free you from the Dragon?" he whispered into the man's ear.

"You shall be free to come to my house, and to be lord and master over my hens and geese every Thursday night," said the man.

"Well, my dear Dragon," said Reynard, "this is a very hard nut to crack. I can't get it into my head how you, who are so big and mighty a beast, could find room to lie under yon stone."

"Can't you?" said the Dragon; "well, I lay under the hillside, and sunned myself, and down came a landslip, and hurled the stone over me."

"All very likely, I dare say," said Reynard; "but still I can't understand it, and what's more I won't believe it till I see it."

So the man said they had better prove it, and the Dragon crawled down into his hole again; but in the twinkling of an eye they whipped out the lever, and down the stone crashed again on the Dragon.

"Lie now there till doomsday," said the fox. "You would eat the man, would you, who saved your life?"

The Dragon groaned, and moaned, and begged hard to come out; but the two went their way and left him alone.

The very first Thursday night Reynard came to be lord and master over the hen-roost, and hid himself behind a great pile of wood hard by. When the maid went to feed the fowls, in stole Reynard. She neither saw nor heard anything of him; but her back was scarce turned before he had sucked blood enough for a week, and stuffed himself so that he couldn't stir. So when she came again in the morning, there Reynard lay and snored, and slept in the morning sun, with all four legs stretched straight; and he was as sleek and round as a German sausage.

Away ran the lassie for the goody, and she came, and all the lasses with her, with sticks and brooms to beat Reynard; and, to tell the truth, they nearly banged the life out of him; but, just as it was almost all over with him, and he thought his last hour was come, he found a hole in the floor, and so he crept out, and limped and hobbled off to the wood.

"Oh, oh," said Reynard; "how true it is. 'Tis the way of the world; and this is how it pays its debts."



AFTER DEATH.[1]

By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD

[For biographical sketch, see Vol I., p 19]

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends

Faithful friends! *It* lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not 'I'"

Sweet friends! what the women lave
For its last bed of the grave

[1] By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co

Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed;
Love the inmate, not the room;
The weaver, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty seashell — one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken — it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you, lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see,
Of unfilled felicity —
In enlarging paradise —
Lives a life that never dies

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am ye too shall dwell
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.

Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain—
Only not at death; for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.



THE RIFT IN THE LUTE.[1]

By JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

(From "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces")

[JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER A German philosopher and satirist; born at Wunsiedel, Bavaria, March 21, 1763, died at Bayreuth, November 14, 1825 He fitted for college at the gymnasium at Hof, and matriculated as a theological student at the University of Leipsic in 1781 His course was cut short by financial reverses, and he devoted himself to literary work, his first book, "Gronlandische Processe" (Greenland Lawsuits), being published in two parts (1783-1784). In 1784 he was obliged to leave Leipsic to escape imprisonment for debt, and thereafter eked out his income by tutoring His subsequent literary success rendered him free from care, and in 1804 he settled in Bayreuth, receiving in 1808 a pension of one thousand florins The University of Heidelberg conferred upon him the degree of Ph.D in 1817, and in 1820 he was elected a member of the Bavarian academy of sciences His most notable books include "The Invisible Lodge" (1793), "Hesperus" (1795), "Biographical Recreations under the Cranium of a Giantess" (1796), "The Life of Quintus Fixlein" (1796), "Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces" (1797), "The Jubilating Senior" (1797), "The Country Valley" (1797), "Titan" (1803), "Wild Oats" (1804), "Introduction to Æsthetics" (1805), "Levana, or, Theory of Education" (1807), and "Selina; or, On the Immortality of the Soul," left unfinished]

WITH a sick mind and a sick heart, and without money, Siebenkæs begun the last day of the year. The day itself had put on its most beautiful summer dress—one of Berlin blue;

[1] By permission of Geo Bell & Sons (Price 3s. 6d.)

it was as cerulean as Krishna, or the new sect of Grahamites, or the Jews in Persia. It bad had a fire lighted in the balloon stove of the sun, and the snow, delicately candied upon the earth, melted into wintergreen, like the sugar on some cunningly devised supper dish, as soon as the hills were brought within reach of its warmth. The year seemed to be saying good-by to Time as if with a cheerful warmth, attended with joyful tears. Firmian longed to run and sun himself upon the moist, green sward; but he had Professor Lang, of Bayreuth, to review first.

He wrote reviews as many people offer up prayers — only in time of need. It was like the water carrying of the Athenian, done that he might afterwards devote himself to the studies of his choice without dying of hunger. But when he was reviewing, he drew his satiric sting into its sheath, constructing his criticisms of material drawn only from his store of wax and his honey-bag. "Little authors," he said, "are always better than their works, and great ones are worse than theirs. Why should I pardon moral failings — *e.g.* self-conceit — in the genius, and not in the dunce? Least of all should it be forgiven the genius. Unmerited poverty and ugliness do not deserve to be ridiculed; but they as little deserve it when they *are merited* — though I am aware Cicero is against me here — for a moral fault (and consequently its punishment) can, of a certainty, not be made greater by a chance physical consequence, which sometimes follows upon it, and sometimes does not. Can it? Does an extravagant person who chances to come to poverty deserve a severer punishment than one who does not? If anything, rather the reverse." If we apply this to bad authors, from whose own eyes their lack of merit is hidden by an impenetrable veil of self-conceit, and at whose unoffending heart the critic discharges the fury which is aroused in him by their (offending) heads, we may, indeed, direct our bitterest irony against *the race*, but the *individual* will be best instructed by means of gentleness. I think it would be the gold test, the trial by crucible, of a morally great and altogether perfect scholar to give him a bad, but celebrated book to review.

For my own part, I will allow myself to be reviewed by Dr. Merkel throughout eternity if I digress again in this chapter. Firmian worked in some haste at his notice of Lang's essay, entitled "Præmissa Historiæ Superintendentium Genera-

lium Bairuthi non Specialium — Continuatione XX." It was quite essential that he should get hold of a dollar or two that day, and he also longed to go and take a walk, the weather was so motherly, so *hatching*. The new year fell on the Saturday, and as early as the Thursday (the day before the one we are writing of) Lenette had begun the holding of preliminary feasts of purification (she now washed daily more and more *in advance* of actual necessities); but to-day she was keeping a regular feast of ingathering among the furniture, etc. The room was being put through a course of derivative treatment for the clearing away of all impurities. With her eye on her *index expurgandorum*, she thrust everything that had wooden legs into the water, and followed it herself with balls of soap; in short, she paddled and bubbled, in the Levitical purification of the room, in her warm, native element, for once in her life to her heart's full content. As for Siebenkæs, he sat bolt upright in purgatorial fire, already beginning to emit a smell of burning.

For, as it happened, he was rather madder than usual that day, to begin with. Firstly, because he had made up his mind that he would pawn the striped calico gown in the afternoon, though whole nunneries were to shriek their loudest at it, and because he foresaw that he would have to grow exceedingly warm in consequence. And this resolve of resolves he had taken on this particular day, because (and this is at the same time the second reason why he was madder than usual) — because he was sorry that their good days were all gone again, and that their music of the spheres had all been marred by Lenette's funereal Misereres.

"Wife!" he said, "I'm reviewing for money now, recollect." She went on with her scraping. "I have got Professor Lang before me here — the seventh chapter of him, in which he treats of the sixth of the Superintendents General of Bayreuth, Herr Stockfleth." She was going to stop in a minute or two, but just then, you know, she really *could* NOT. Women are fond of doing everything "by and by" — they like putting a thing off just for a minute or two, which is the reason why they put off even their arrival in this world a few minutes longer than boys do. "This essay," he continued, with forced calmness, "ought to have been reviewed in the *Messenger* six months ago, and it'll never do for the *Messenger* to be like the "Universal German Library" and the Pope, and canonize people a century or so after date."

If he had only been able to maintain his forced calmness for one minute longer, he would have got to the end of Lenette's buzzing din; however, he couldn't. "Oh! the devil take me, and you, too, and the *Messenger of the Gods* into the bargain," he burst out, starting up and dashing his pen on the floor. "I don't know," he went on, suddenly resuming his self-control, speaking in a faint, piteous tone, and sitting down, quite unnerved, feeling something like a man with cupping glasses on all over him — "I don't know a bit what I'm translating, or whether I'm writing Stockfleth or Lang. What a stupid arrangement it is that an advocate mayn't be as deaf as a judge. If I were deaf, I should be exempt from torture then. Do you know how many people it takes to constitute a tumult by law? Either ten, or you by yourself in that washing academy of music of yours." He was not so much inclined to be reasonable as to do as the Spanish innkeeper did, who charged the noise made by his guests in the bill. But now, having had her way, and gained her point, she was noiseless in word and deed.

He finished his critique in the forenoon, and sent it to Stiefel, his chief, who wrote back that he would bring the money for it himself in the evening, for he now seized upon every possible opportunity of paying a visit. At dinner Firmian (in whose head the sultry, fetid vapor of ill temper would not dissolve and fall), said, "I can't understand how you come to care so very little about cleanliness and order. It would be better even if you rather *overdid* your cleanliness than otherwise. People say what a pity it is such an orderly man as Siebenkæs should have such a slovenly kind of wife!" To irony of this sort, though she knew quite well it *was* irony, she always opposed regular formal arguments. He could never get her to enjoy these little jests instead of arguing about them, or join him in laughing at the masculine view of the question. The fact is, a woman abandons her opinion as soon as her husband adopts it. Even in church, the women sing the tunes an octave higher than the men that they may differ from them in all things.

In the afternoon the great, the momentous, hour approached in which the ostracism, the banishment from house and home, of the checked calico gown was at last to be carried out — the last and greatest deed of the year 1785. Of this signal for fight, this Timour's and Muhammed's red battle flag, this Ziska's hide, which always set them by the ears, his very soul was

sick: he would have been delighted if somebody would have stolen it, simply to be quit of the wearisome, threadbare idea of the wretched rag for good and all. He did not hurry himself, but introduced his petition with all the wordy prolixity of an M. P. addressing the house (at home). He asked her to guess what might be the greatest kindness, the most signal favor which she could do him on this last day of the old year. He said he had an hereditary enemy, an anti-Christ, a dragon, living under his roof; tares sown among his wheat by an enemy, which she could pull up if she chose; and, at last, he brought the checked calico gown out of the drawer, with a kind of twilight sorrow: "*This*," he said, "is the bird of prey which pursues me; the net which Satan sets to catch me; his sheepskin my martyr robe, my Cassim's slipper. Dearest, do me but this one favor — send it to the pawn shop!"

"Don't answer just yet," he said, gently laying his hand on her lips; "let me just remind you what a stupid parish did when the only blacksmith there was in it was going to be hanged in the village. This parish thought it preferable to condemn an innocent master tailor or two to the gallows, because they could be better spared. Now, a woman of your good sense must surely see how much easier and better it would be to let me take away this mere piece of tailor's stitch work, than metal things which we eat out of every day; the mourning calico won't be wanted, you know, as long as I'm alive."

"I've seen quite clearly for a long while past," she said, "that you've made up your mind to carry off my mourning dress from me, by hook or by crook, whether I will or no. But I'm not going to let you have it. Suppose I were to say to you, Pawn your watch, how would you like that?" Perhaps the reason why husbands get into the way of issuing their orders in a needlessly dictatorial manner is, that they generally have little effect, but rather confirm opposition than overcome it.

"Damnation!" he cried; "that'll do, that's quite enough! I'm not a turkey cock, nor a bonassus neither, to be continually driven into a frenzy by a piece of colored rag. It goes to the pawn shop to-day, as sure as my name's Siebenkæs."

"Your name is Leibgeber as well," said she

"Devil fly away with me, if that calico remains in this house!" said he. On which she began to cry, and lament the bitter fortune which left her nothing now, not even the very

clothes for her back. When thoughtless tears fall into a seething masculine heart, they often have the effect which drops of water have when they fall upon bubbling molten copper; the fluid mass bursts asunder with a great explosion.

"Heavenly, kind, gentle Devil," said he, "do please come and break my neck for me. May God have pity on a woman like this! Very well, then, keep your calico; keep this Lenten altar cloth of yours to yourself. But may the Devil fly away with me if I don't cock the old deer's horns that belonged to my father on to my head this very day, like a poacher on the pillory, and hawk them about the streets for sale in broad daylight. Ay. *I give you my word of honor*, it shall be done, for all the fun it may afford every soul in the place. And I shall simply say that it is your doing; I'll do it, as sure as there's a devil in hell."

He went, gnashing his teeth, to the window, and looked into the street, seeing vacancy. A rustic funeral was passing slowly by; the bier was a man's shoulder, and on it tottered a child's rude coffin.

Such a sight is a touching one, when one thinks of the little, obscure, human creature, passing over from the fetal slumber to the slumber of death, from the amnion membrane in this life to the shroud, that amnion membrane of the next; whose eyes have closed at their first glimpse of this bright earth, without looking on the parents who now gaze after it with theirs so wet with tears; which has been loved without loving in return; whose little tongue molders to dust before it has ever spoken; as does its face ere it has smiled upon this odd, contradictory, inconsistent orb of ours. These cut buds of this mold will find a stem on which great destiny will graft them, these flowers which, like some besides, close in sleep while it is still early morning, will yet feel the rays of a morning sun which will open them once more. As Firmian looked at the cold, shrouded child passing by, in this hour, when he was ignobly quarreling about the mourning dress (which should mourn for *him*) — now, when the very last drops of the old year were flowing so fast away, and his heart, now becoming so terribly accustomed to these passing fainting fits, forbade him to hope that he could ever complete the new one — now, amid all these pains and sorrows, he seemed to hear the unseen river of Death murmuring under his feet (as the Chinese lead rushing brooks under the soil of their gardens), and the thin, brittle crust of

ice on which he was standing seemed as if it would soon crack and sink with him into the watery depths. Unspeakably touched, he said to Lenette, "Perhaps you may be quite right, dear, after all, to keep your mourning dress; you may have some presentiment that I am not going to live. Do as you think best, then, dear; I would fain not embitter this last of December any more; I don't know that it may not be *my* last in another sense, and that in another year I may not be nearer to that poor baby than you. I am going for a walk now."

She said nothing; all this startled and surprised her. He hurried away, to escape the answer which was sure to come eventually; his absence would, in the circumstances, be the most eloquent kind of oratory. All persons are better than their outbreaks (or ebullitions) — that is, than their *bad* ones; for all are worse than their *noble* ones, also — and when we allow the former an hour or so to dissipate and disperse, we gain something better than our point — we gain our opponent He left Lenette a very grave subject for cogitation, however, — the stag's horns and his word of honor.

I have already once written it. The winter was lying on the ground all bare and naked, not even the bed sheet and chrisom cloth of snow thrown over it; there it lay beside the dry, withered mummy of the bygone summer. Firmian looked with an unsatisfied gaze athwart unclothed fields (over which the cradle quilt of the snow, and the white crape of the frost, had not yet been laid), and down at the streams, not yet struck palsied and speechless. Bright, warm days at the end of December soften us with a sadness in which there are four or five bitter drops more than in that belonging to the after summer. Up to twelve o'clock at night, and until the thirty-first day of the twelfth month, the wintry, nocturnal, idea of dissolution and decay oppresses us; but as soon as it is one in the morning, and the first of January, a morning breeze, speaking of new life, moves away the clouds which were lying over our souls, and we begin to look for the dark, pure, morning blue, the rising of the star of morning and of spring. On a December day like this, the pale, dim, stagnant world of stiffened, sapless, plants about us oppresses and hems us round; and the insect collections lying beneath the vegetation, covered with earth; and the rafter work of bare, dry, wrinkly trees; the December sun hanging in the sky at noon no higher than the June sun does at evening; all

these combined shed a yellow luster as of death (like that of burning alcohol) over the pale, faded meadows; and long giant shadows lie extended, motionless, everywhere — *evening* shadows of this evening of nature and of the year — like the ruined remains, the burnt-out ash heaps of nights as long as themselves. But the glistening snow, on the other hand, spread over the blooming earth under us, is like the blue foreground of spring, or a white fog a foot or two in depth. The quiet dark sky lies above, and the white earth is like some white moon, whose sparkling ice fields melt, as we draw nearer, into dark waving meadows of flowers.

The heart of our sorrowful Firmian grew sadder yet as he stood upon this cold burnt-out hearth-place of nature. The daily recurring pausings of his heart and pulse were (he thought) the sudden silences of the storm bell in his breast, presaging a speedy end of the thunder, and dissolution of the storm cloud, of life. He thought the faltering of his mechanism was caused by some loose pin having fallen in among the wheels somewhere; he ascribed it to polypus of the heart, and his giddiness he felt sure gave warning of an attack of apoplexy. To-day was the three hundred and sixty-fifth Act of the year, and the curtain was slowly dropping upon it already: what could this suggest to him save gloomy similes of his own epilogue — of the winter solstice of his shortened, overshadowed life? The weeping image of his Lenette came now before his forgiving, departing soul, and he thought, "She is really not in the right; but I will yield to her, as we have not very long to be together now. I am glad for her sake, poor soul, that *my* arms are moldering away from about her, and that her friend is taking her to his."

He went up on to the scaffold of blood and sorrow where *his* friend, Heinrich, had taken his farewell. From that eminence, as often as his heart was heavy, his glance would follow Leibgeber's path as far as the hills; but to-day his eyes were moister than before, for he had no hope that he would see the spring again. This spot was to him the hill which the Emperor Adrian permitted the Jews to go up twice in the year, that they might look towards the ruins of the holy city and weep for the place wherein their steps might tread no more. The sun was now assembling the shadows which were to close in upon the old year, and as the stars appeared — the stars which rose at evening now being those which in spring

adorn the morning — fate snapped away the loveliest and richest in flowers of the liana branches from his soul, and from the wound flowed clear water. "I shall see nothing of the coming spring," he thought, "except her blue, which, as in enamel painting, is the first laid on of all her colors." His heart — one educated to be loving — could always fly for rest from his satires and from dry details of business duty, sometimes, too, from Lenette's indifference and lack of sympathy, to the warm breast of the eternal goddess Nature, ever ready to take us to her heart. Into the free, unveiled, and blooming outdoor world, beneath the grand wide sky, he loved to repair with all his sighs and sorrows, and in this great garden he made all his graves (as the Jews made them in smaller ones). And when our fellows forsake and wound us, the sky and the earth, and the little blooming tree, open their arms and take us into them; the flowers press themselves to our wounded hearts, the streams mingle in our tears, and the breezes breathe coolness into our sighs. A mighty angel troubles and inspires the great ocean pool of Bethesda; into its warm waves we plunge, with all our thousand aches and pains, and ascend from the water of life with our spasms all relaxed and our health and vigor renewed once more.

Firmian walked slowly home with a heart all conciliation, and eyes which, now that it was dark, he did not take the pains to dry. He went over in his mind everything which could possibly be adduced in his Lenette's excuse. He strove to win himself over to her side of the question by reflecting that she could not (like him) arm herself against the shocks, the stumbling-stones, of life, by putting on the Minerva's helm, the armor of meditation, philosophy, authorship. He thoroughly determined (he had determined the same thing thirty times before) to be as scrupulously careful to observe in all things the outside *politesses* of life with *her* as with the most absolute stranger,[1] nay, he already enveloped himself in

[1] Note by Jean Paul.— The husband should always play the lover by rights — and the lover the husband It is impossible to describe the amount of soothing influence which little acts of politeness and innocent flatteries exercise upon just the very people who usually expect, and receive, none — wives, sisters, relations — and this even when they quite understand what this politeness really amounts to We ought to be applying this emollient pomade to our rude, rough lips all day long, even if we have only three words to speak, — and we should have a similar one for our hands, to soften down their actions. I trust that I shall always keep my resolution never to flatter any woman, not

the fly net or mail shirt of patience, in case he should really find the checked calico untranslated at home. This is how we men continually behave — stopping our ears tight with both hands, trying our hardest to fall into the siesta, the midday sleep, of a little peace of mind (if we can only anyhow manage it); thus do our souls, swayed by our passions, reflect the sunlight of truth as one dazzling spot (like mirrors or calm water), while all the surrounding surface lies but in deeper shade.

How differently all fell out! He was received by Peltzstiefel, who advanced to meet him, all solemnity of deportment, and with a church-visitation countenance full of inspection sermons. Lenette scarcely turned her swollen eyes towards the windward side of her husband as he came in at the door. Stiefel kept the strings tight which held the muscles of his knit face, lest it might unbend before Firmian's, which was all beaming soft with kindliness, and thus commenced: "Mr. Siebenkæs, I came to this house to hand you the money for your review of Professor Lang; but friendship demands of me a duty of a far more serious and important kind, that I should exhort you and constrain you to conduct yourself towards this poor unfortunate wife of yours here like a true Christian man to a true Christian woman." "Or even better, if you like," he said. "What is it all about, wife?" She preserved an embarrassed silence. She had asked Stiefel's advice and assistance, less for the sake of obtaining them than to have an opportunity of telling her story. The truth was, that when the Schulrath came unexpectedly in, while her burst of crying was at its bitterest, she had really just that very moment sent her checked, spiny, outer caterpillar skin (the calico dress, to wit) away to the pawn shop; for her husband having pledged his honor, she felt sure that, beyond a doubt, he would stick those preposterous horns on his head and really go and hawk them all over the town, for she well knew how sacredly he kept his word, and also how utterly he disregarded "appearances," — and that both of these peculiarities of his were always at their fellest pitch at a time of domestic difficulty like the present. Perhaps she would have told her ghostly counselor and adviser nothing about the matter, but contented her-

even my own wife, but I know I shall begin to break it four months and a half after my betrothal, and go on breaking it all my life

self with having a good cry when he came, if she had had her way (and her dress); but, having sacrificed both, she needed compensation and revenge. At first she had merely reckoned up difficulties in indeterminate quantities to him; but when he pressed her more closely, her bursting heart overflowed and *all* her woes streamed forth. Stiefel, contrarily to the laws of equity (and of several universities), always held the complainant in any case to be in the right, simply because he spoke *first;* most men think impartiality of heart is impartiality of head. Stiefel swore that he would tell her husband what he ought to be told, and that the calico should be back in the house that very afternoon.

So this father confessor began to jingle his bunch of binding-and-loosing keys in the advocate's face, and reported to him his wife's general confession and the pawning of the dress. When there are two diverse actions of a person to be given account of, — a vexatious and an agreeable one, — the effect depends on which is spoken of the first; it is the first narrated one which gives the ground tint to the listener's mind, and the one subsequently portrayed only takes rank as a subdued accessory figure. Firmian should have heard that Lenette pawned the dress *first*, while he was still out of doors, and of her talebearing not till afterwards. But you see how the devil brought it about, as it really did all happen. "What!" (Siebenkæs *felt*, if not exactly *thought*) "What! She makes my rival her confidant and my judge! I bring her home a heart all kindness and reconciliation, and she makes a fresh cut in it at once, distressing and annoying me in this way, on the very last day of the year, with her confounded chattering and tale telling." By this last expression he meant something which the reader does not yet quite understand; for I have not yet told him that Lenette had the bad habit of being — rather ill bred; wherefore she made common people of her own sex, such as the bookbinder's wife, the recipients of her secret thoughts — the electric discharging rods of her little atmospheric disturbances; while, at the same time, she took it ill of her husband that, though he did not, indeed, admit serving men and maids and "the vulgar" into his own mysteries, he yet accompanied them into theirs.

Stiefel (like all people who have little knowledge of the world, and are not gifted with much tact, — who never assume anything as granted in the first place, but always go through every subject *ab initio*) now delivered a long, theological,

matrimonial-service sort of exhortation concerning love as between Christian husband and wife, and ended by insisting on the recall of the calico (his Necker, so to say). This address irritated Firmian, and that chiefly because (irrespectively of *it*) his wife thought he had not any religion, or, at all events, not so much as Stiefel. "I remember" (he said) "seeing in the history of France that Gaston, the first prince of the blood, having caused his brother some little difficulties or other of the warlike sort on one occasion, in the subsequent treaty of peace bound himself, in a special article, to love Cardinal Richelieu. Now I think there's no question but that an article to the effect that man and wife shall love one another ought to be inserted as a distinct, separate, secret clause, in all contracts of marriage; for though love, like man himself, is by origin eternal and immortal, yet, thanks to the wiles of the serpent, it certainly becomes mortal enough within a short time. But, as far as the calico's concerned, let's all thank God that *that* apple of discord has been pitched out of the house." Stiefel, by way of offering up a sacrifice, and burning a little incense before the shrine of his beloved Lenette, *insisted* on the return of the calico, and did so very firmly; for Siebenkæs' gentle, complaisant readiness to yield to him, up to this point, in little matters of sacrifice and service, had led him to entertain the deluded idea that he possessed an irresistible authority over him. The husband, a good deal agitated now, said, "We'll drop the subject, if you please." "Indeed, we'll do nothing of the kind," said Stiefel; "I must really *insist* upon it that your wife has her dress back." "It can't be done, Herr Schulrath." "I'll advance you whatever money you require," cried Stiefel, in a fever of indignation at this striking and unwonted piece of disobedience. It was now, of course, more impossible than ever for the advocate to retire from his position; he shook his head eighty times. "Either *you* are out of your mind," said Stiefel, "or *I* am; just let me go through my reasons to you once more." "Advocates," said Siebenkæs, "*were* fortunate enough, in former times, to have private chaplains of their own; but it was found that there was no converting any of them, and therefore they are now exempt from being preached at."

Lenette wept more bitterly — Stiefel shouted the louder on that account; in his annoyance at his ill success, he thought it well to repeat his commands in a ruder and blunter form; of course Siebenkæs resisted more firmly. Stiefel was a pedant,

a class of men which surpasses all others in a barefaced, blind, self-conceit, just like an unceasing wind blowing from all the points of the compass at once (for a pedant even makes an ostentatious display of his own personal idiosyncrasies). Stiefel, like a careful and conscientious player, felt it a duty to thoroughly throw himself into the part he was representing, and carry it out in all its details, and say "Either" "Or": "Mr. Siebenkæs, either the mourning gown comes, or *I* go, *aut-aut.* My visits cannot be of much consequence, it's true, still they have, I consider, a certain value, if it were but on Mrs. Siebenkæs' account." Firmian, doubly irritated, firstly at the imperious rudeness and conceit of an alternative of the sort, and secondly at the lowness of the market price for which the Rath abandoned their society, could but say, "Nobody can influence your decision on that point now but yourself. *I* most certainly cannot. It will be an easy matter for you, Herr Schulrath, to give up our acquaintance — though there is no real reason why you should — but it will not be easy for me to give up yours, although I shall have no choice." Stiefel, from whose brow the sprouting laurels were thus so unexpectedly shorn — and that, too, in the presence of the woman he loved — had nothing to do but take his leave; but he did it with three thoughts gnawing at his heart — his vanity was hurt, his dear Lenette was crying, and her husband was rebellious and insubordinate, and resisting his authority.

And as the Schulrath said farewell forever, a bitter, bitter sorrow stood fixed in the eyes of his beloved Lenette — a sorrow which, though the hand of time has long since covered it over, I still see there in its fixity; and she could not go downstairs, as at other times, with her sorrowing friend, but went back into the dark, unlighted room, alone with her overflowing, breaking heart.

Firmian's heart laid aside its hardness, though not its coldness, at the sight of his persecuted wife in her dry, stony grief at this falling to ruin of every one of her little plans and joys; and he did not add to her sorrow by a single word of reproach. "You see," was all he said, "that it is no fault of mine that the Schulrath gives up our acquaintance; he ought never to have been told anything about the matter, — however, it's all over now." She made no reply. The hornet's sting (which makes a triple stab), the dagger, thrown as by some revengeful Italian, was left sticking firm in her wound, which therefore could not

bleed. Ah! poor soul; thou hast deprived thyself of so much! Firmian, however, could not see that he had anything to accuse himself of; he being the gentlest, the most yielding of men under the sun, always ruffled all the feathers on his body up with a rustle in an instant at the slightest touch of *compulsion*, most especially if it concerned his honor. He *would* accept a present, it is true, but only from Leibgeber, or (on rare occasions) from others in the warmest hours of soul communion; and his friend and he both held the opinion that, in friendship, not only was a farthing of quite as much value as a sovereign, but that a sovereign was worth just as little as a farthing, and that one is bound to accept the most splendid presents just as readily as the most trifling; and hence he counted it among the unrecognized blessings of childhood that children can receive gifts without any feeling of shame.

In a mental torpor he now sat down in the armchair, and covered his eyes with his hand; and then the mists which hid the future all rolled away, and showed in it a wide dreary tract of country, full of the black ashy ruins of burnt homesteads, and of dead bushes of underwood, and the skeletons of beasts lying in the sand. He saw that the chasm, or landslip, which had torn his heart and Lenette's asunder, would go on gaping wider and wider; he saw, oh! so clearly and cheerlessly, that his old beautiful love would never come back, that Lenette would never lay aside her self-willed pertinacity, her whims, the habits of her daily life; that the narrow limits of her heart and head would remain fixed firmly forever; that she would as little learn to understand him, as get to love him; while, again, her repugnance to him would get the greater the longer her friend's banishment endured, and that her fondness for the latter would increase in proportion. Stiefel's money, and his seriousness, and religion, and attachment to herself combined to tear in two the galling bond of wedlock by the pressure of a more complex and gentle tie. Sorrowfully did Siebenkæs gaze into a long prospect of dreary days, all constrained silence, and dumb hostility and complaint.

Lenette was working in her room in silence, for her wounded heart shrunk from a word or a look as from a cold fierce wind. It was now very dark, she wanted no light. On a sudden, a wandering street-singing woman began to play a harp, and her child to accompany her on a flute, somewhere in the house downstairs. At this our friend's bursting heart seemed to have

a thousand gashes inflicted on it to let it bleed gently away. As nightingales love to sing where there is an echo, so our hearts speak loudest to music. As these tones brought back to him his old hopes, almost irrecognizable now,—as he gazed down at his Arcadia now lying hidden deep, deep, beneath the stream of years, and saw himself down in it, with all his young fresh wishes, amid his long-lost friends, gazing with happy eyes round their circle, all confidence and trust, his growing heart hoarding and cherishing its love and truth for some warm heart yet to be met in the time to come; and as he now burst into that music with a dissonance, crying, "And I have never found that heart, and now all is past and over," and as the pitiless tones brought pictures of blossomy springs and flowery lands, and circles of loving friends to pass, as in a camera obscura, before him—*him* who had nothing, not one soul in all the land to love him; his steadfast spirit gave way at last, and sank down on earth to rest as quite overdone, and nothing soothed him now but that which pained. Suddenly this sleep-walking music ceased, and the pause clutched, like a speechless nightmare, tighter at his heart. In the silence he went into the room and said to Lenette, "Take them down what little we have left." But over the latter words his voice broke and failed, for he saw (by the flare of some potash burning which was going on opposite) that all her glowing face was covered with streaming, undried tears, though when he came in she pretended to be busily wiping the window pane dimmed by her breath. She laid the money down on the window. He said, more gently yet, "Lenette, you will have to take it to them now, or they will be gone." She took it; her eyes worn with weeping met his (which were worn with weeping too); she went, and then their eyes grew well-nigh dry, so far apart were their two souls already.

They were suffering in that terrible position of circumstances when not even a moment of mutual and reciprocal emotion can any longer reconcile and warm two hearts. His whole heart swelled with overflowing affection, but hers belonged to his no more; he was urged at once by the wish to love her, and the feeling that it was now impossible, by the perception of all her shortcomings and the conviction of her indifference to him. He sat down in the window seat, and leaned his head upon the sill, where it rested, as it chanced, upon a handkerchief which she had left there, and which was moist and cold with tears.

She had been solacing herself, after the long oppression of the day, with this gentle effusion, much as we have a vein opened after some severe contusion. When he touched the handkerchief, an icy shudder crept down his back, like a sting of conscience, but immediately after it there came a burning glow as the thought flashed to his mind that her weeping had been for another person than himself altogether. The singing and the flute now began again (without the harp this time), and floated in the rising, falling waves of a slow-timed song, of which the verses ended always with the words, "Gone is gone, and dead is dead." Sorrow now clutched him in her grasp, like some mantle fish, casting around him her dark and suffocating folds. He pressed Lenette's wet handkerchief to his eyes hard, and heard (but less distinctly), "Gone is gone, and dead is dead." Then of a sudden his whole soul melted and dissolved at the thought that perhaps that halting heart of his would let him see no other new year save that of the morrow, and he thought of himself as dying; and the cold handkerchief, wet with his own tears now as well as hers, lay cool upon his burning brow, while the notes of the music seemed to mark like bells each stroke of time, so that its rapid flight was made distinguishable by the ear, and he saw himself asleep in a quiet grave, like one in the Grotto of the Serpents, but with worms in place of the serpents, licking off the burning poison of life.

The music had ceased. He heard Lenette moving in the next room and getting a light; he went to her and gave her her handkerchief. But his heart was so pained and bleeding that he longed to embrace some one, no matter whom; he was impelled to press his Lenette to his heart, his Lenette of *the past* if not of *the present*, his *suffering*, if no longer his loving, Lenette; at the same time he could not utter one word of affection, neither had he the slightest wish to do so. He put his arms round her slowly, unbent, and held her to him, but she turned her head quickly and coldly away as from a kiss which was not proffered This pained him greatly, and he said, "Do you suppose I am any happier than you are yourself?" He laid his face down on her averted head, pressed her to him again, and then let her away; and this vain embrace at an end, his heart cried, "Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

The silent room in which the music and the words had ceased to sound was like some unhappy village from whence the enemy has carried off all the bells, and where there is

nothing but silence all the day and night, and the church tower is mute as if time itself were past.

As Firmian laid him down on his bed, he thought, "A sleep closes the old year as if it were one's last, and ushers in the new as it does our own lives; and I sleep on towards a future all anxiety, vague of form, and darkly veiled. Thus does man sleep at the gate behind which the dreams are barred; but although his dreams are but a step or two — a minute or two — within that gate, he cannot tell *what* dreams await him at its opening; whether in the brief, unconscious night beasts of prey with glaring eyes are lying in wait to dash upon him, or smiling children to come trooping round him in their play; nor if, when the cloudy shapes beyond that mystic door come about him, their clasp is to be the fond embrace of love or the murderous clutch of death."



KUBLA KHAN.

By SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

[For biographical sketch, see first article in Vol. XII.]

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree;
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round,
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that chasm deep which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover,
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted burst



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

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Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion,
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult, Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices, prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the cave.
It was a miracle of rare device
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, "Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise."

THE SHADOWLESS MAN.

BY ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO.

(From "Peter Schlemihl.")

[ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO, German author and poet, was born of an old French family at the Château de Boncourt, in Champagne, January, 1781. Driven with his parents from their home by the French Revolution, he was educated in Berlin, where he became a page of the queen, served in the Prussian army till the Peace of Tilsit, and then returned to France. In 1815 he accompanied, as naturalist, the exploring expedition of Count Romanzow in a journey around the world, and was subsequently custodian of the Botanical Garden of Berlin, an office which he held until his death, in 1838. His "Peter Schlemihl," the story of a man who loses his shadow, has been translated into all the principal languages. His poetry comprises popular songs, ballads, and narrative poems, notably "Salas y Gomez," "Matteo Falcone," and "The Retreat."]

AFTER a prosperous, but to me very wearisome, voyage, we came at last into port. Immediately on landing I got together my few effects; and, squeezing myself through the crowd, went into the nearest and humblest inn which first met my gaze. On asking for a room the waiter looked at me from head to foot, and conducted me to one. I asked for some cold water, and for the correct address of Mr. Thomas John, which was described as being "by the north gate the first country house to the right, a large new house of red and white marble, with many pillars." This was enough. As the day was not yet far advanced, I untied my bundle, took out my newly turned black coat, dressed myself in my best clothes, and, with my letter of recommendation, set out for the man who was to assist me in the attainment of my moderate wishes.

After proceeding up the north street, I reached the gate, and saw the marble columns glittering through the trees. Having wiped the dust from my shoes with my pocket handkerchief, and readjusted my cravat, I rang the bell — offering up at the same time a silent prayer. The door flew open, and the porter sent in my name. I had soon the honor to be invited into the park, where Mr. John was walking with a few friends. I recognized him at once by his corpulency and self-complacent air. He received me very well — just as a rich man receives a poor devil; and turning to me, took my letter. "Oh, from my brother! it is a long time since I heard from him: is he well? — Yonder," he went on, — turning to the company, and point-

ing to a distant hill, — "yonder is the site of the new building." He broke the seal without discontinuing the conversation, which turned upon riches. "The man," he said, "who does not possess at least a million is a poor wretch." "Oh, how true!" I exclaimed, in the fullness of my heart. He seemed pleased at this, and replied with a smile, "Stop here, my dear friend; afterwards I shall, perhaps, have time to tell you what I think of this," pointing to the letter, which he then put into his pocket, and turned round to the company, offering his arm to a young lady: his example was followed by the other gentlemen, each politely escorting a lady, and the whole party proceeded towards a little hill thickly planted with blooming roses.

I followed without troubling any one, for none took the least further notice of me. The party was in high spirits — lounging about and jesting — speaking sometimes of trifling matters very seriously, and of serious matters as triflingly — and exercising their wit in particular to great advantage on their absent friends and their affairs. I was too ignorant of what they were talking about to understand much of it, and too anxious and absorbed in my own reflections to occupy myself with the solution of such enigmas as their conversation presented.

By this time we had reached the thicket of roses. The lovely Fanny, who seemed to be the queen of the day, was obstinately bent on plucking a rose branch for herself, and in the attempt pricked her finger with a thorn. The crimson stream, as if flowing from the dark-tinted rose, tinged her fair hand with the purple current. This circumstance set the whole company in commotion; and court-plaster was called for. A quiet, elderly man, tall, and meager-looking, who was one of the company, but whom I had not before observed, immediately put his hand into the tight breast pocket of his old-fashioned coat of gray sarsnet, pulled out a small letter case, opened it, and, with a most respectful bow, presented the lady with the wished-for article. She received it without noticing the giver, or thanking him. The wound was bound up, and the party proceeded along the hill towards the back part, from which they enjoyed an extensive view across the green labyrinth of the park to the wide-spreading ocean. The view was truly a magnificent one. A slight speck was observed on the horizon, between the dark flood and the azure sky. "A telescope!" called out Mr. John; but before any of the servants could answer the summons

the gray man, with a modest bow, drew his hand from his pocket, and presented a beautiful Dollond's telescope to Mr. John, who, on looking through it, informed the company that the speck in the distance was the ship which had sailed yesterday, and which was detained within sight of the haven by contrary winds. The telescope passed from hand to hand, but was not returned to the owner, whom I gazed at with astonishment, and could not conceive how so large an instrument could have proceeded from so small a pocket. This, however, seemed to excite surprise in no one; and the gray man appeared to create as little interest as myself.

Refreshments were now brought forward, consisting of the rarest fruits from all parts of the world, served up in the most costly dishes. Mr. John did the honors with unaffected grace, and addressed me for the second time, saying, "You had better eat; you did not get such things at sea." I acknowledged his politeness with a bow, which, however, he did not perceive, having turned round to speak with some one else.

The party would willingly have stopped some time here on the declivity of the hill, to enjoy the extensive prospect before them, had they not been apprehensive of the dampness of the grass. "How delightful it would be," exclaimed some one, "if we had a Turkey carpet to lay down here!" The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the gray coat put his hand in his pocket, and, with a modest and even humble air, pulled out a rich Turkey carpet, embroidered in gold. The servant received it as a matter of course, and spread it out on the desired spot; and, without any ceremony, the company seated themselves on it. Confounded by what I saw, I gazed again at the man, his pocket, and the carpet, which was more than twenty feet in length and ten in breadth; and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think, particularly as no one saw anything extraordinary in the matter.

I would gladly have made some inquiries respecting the man, and asked who he was, but knew not to whom I should address myself, for I felt almost more afraid of the servants than of their master. At length I took courage, and stepping up to a young man who seemed of less consequence than the others, and who was more frequently standing by himself, I begged of him, in a low tone, to tell me who the obliging gentleman was in the gray cloak. "That man who looks like a piece of thread just escaped from a tailor's needle?" "Yes; he who is stand-

ing alone yonder." "I do not know," was the reply; and to avoid, as it seemed, any further conversation with me, he turned away, and spoke of some commonplace matters with a neighbor.

The sun's rays now being stronger, the ladies complained of feeling oppressed by the heat; and the lovely Fanny, turning carelessly to the gray man, to whom I had not yet observed that any one had addressed the most trifling question, asked him if, perhaps, he had not a tent about him. He replied, with a low bow, as if some unmerited honor had been conferred upon him; and, putting his hand in his pocket, drew from it canvas, poles, cord, iron — in short, everything belonging to the most splendid tent for a party of pleasure. The young gentlemen assisted in pitching it: and it covered the whole carpet: but no one seemed to think that there was anything extraordinary in it.

I had long secretly felt uneasy — indeed, almost horrified; but how was this feeling increased when, at the next wish expressed, I saw him take from his pocket three horses! Yes, Adelbert, three large beautiful steeds, with saddles and bridles, out of the very pocket whence had already issued a letter case, a telescope, a carpet twenty feet broad and ten in length, and a pavilion of the same extent, with all its appurtenances! Did I not assure thee that my own eyes had seen all this, thou wouldst certainly disbelieve it.

This man, although he appeared so humble and embarrassed in his air and manners, and passed so unheeded, had inspired me with such a feeling of horror by the unearthly paleness of his countenance, from which I could not avert my eyes, that I was unable longer to endure it.

I determined, therefore, to steal away from the company, which appeared no difficult matter, from the undistinguished part I acted in it. I resolved to return to the town, and pay another visit to Mr. John the following morning, and, at the same time, make some inquiries of him relative to the extraordinary man in gray, provided I could command sufficient courage. Would to Heaven that such good fortune had awaited me!

I had stolen safely down the hill, through the thicket of roses, and now found myself on an open plain; but fearing lest I should be met out of the proper path, crossing the grass, I cast an inquisitive glance around, and started as I beheld the man in the gray cloak advancing towards me. He took off his

hat, and made me a lower bow than mortal had ever yet favored me with. It was evident that he wished to address me; and I could not avoid encountering him without seeming rude. I returned his salutation, therefore, and stood bareheaded in the sunshine as if rooted to the ground. I gazed at him with the utmost horror, and felt like a bird fascinated by a serpent.

He affected himself to have an air of embarrassment. With his eyes on the ground, he bowed several times, drew nearer, and at last, without looking up, addressed me in a low and hesitating voice, almost in the tone of a suppliant: "Will you, sir, excuse my importunity in venturing to intrude upon you in so unusual a manner? I have a request to make — would you most graciously be pleased to allow me?" "Hold! for Heaven's sake!" I exclaimed; "what can I do for a man who"—— I stopped in some confusion, which he seemed to share. After a moment's pause, he resumed: "During the short time I have had the pleasure to be in your company, I have — permit me, sir, to say — beheld with unspeakable admiration your most beautiful shadow, and remarked the air of noble indifference with which you, at the same time, turn from the glorious picture at your feet, as if disdaining to vouchsafe a glance at it. Excuse the boldness of my proposal; but perhaps you would have no objection to sell me your shadow?" He stopped, while my head turned round like a mill wheel. What was I to think of so extraordinary a proposal? To sell my shadow! "He must be mad," thought I; and assuming a tone more in character with the submissiveness of his own, I replied, "My good friend, are you not content with your own shadow? This would be a bargain of a strange nature indeed!"

"I have in my pocket," he said, "many things which may possess some value in your eyes: for that inestimable shadow I should deem the highest price too little."

A cold shuddering came over me as I recollected the pocket; and I could not conceive what had induced me to style him "*good friend*," which I took care not to repeat, endeavoring to make up for it by a studied politeness.

I now resumed the conversation: "But, sir — excuse your humble servant — I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning, — my shadow? — how can I?"

"Permit me," he exclaimed, interrupting me, "to gather up the noble image as it lies on the ground, and to take it into my possession. As to the manner of accomplishing it, leave

that to me In return, and as an evidence of my gratitude, I shall leave you to choose among all the treasures I have in my pocket, among which are a variety of enchanting articles,-not exactly adapted for you, who, I am sure, would like better to have the wishing cap of Fortunatus, all made new and sound again, and a lucky purse which also belonged to him."

"Fortunatus' purse!" cried I; and, great as was my mental anguish, with that one word he had penetrated the deepest recesses of my soul. A feeling of giddiness came over me, and double ducats glittered before my eyes.

"Be pleased, gracious sir, to examine this purse, and make a trial of its contents." He put his hand in his pocket, and drew forth a large strongly stitched bag of stout Cordovan leather, with a couple of strings to match, and presented it to me. I seized it — took out ten gold pieces, then ten more, and this I repeated again and again. Instantly I held out my hand to him. "Done," said I; "the bargain is made: my shadow for the purse." "Agreed," he answered; and, immediately kneeling down, I beheld him, with extraordinary dexterity, gently loosen my shadow from the grass, lift it up, fold it together, and, at last, put it in his pocket. He then rose, bowed once more to me, and directed his steps towards the rose bushes. I fancied I heard him quietly laughing to himself. However I held the purse fast by the two strings. The earth was basking beneath the brightness of the sun; but I presently lost all consciousness.

On recovering my senses, I hastened to quit a place where I hoped there was nothing further to detain me. I first filled my pockets with gold, then fastened the strings of the purse round my neck, and concealed it in my bosom. I passed unnoticed out of the park, gained the highroad, and took the way to the town. As I was thoughtfully approaching the gate, I heard some one behind me exclaiming, "Young man! young man! you have lost your shadow!" I turned, and perceived an old woman calling after me. "Thank you, my good woman," said I; and throwing her a piece of gold for her well-intended information, I stepped under the trees. At the gate, again, it was my fate to hear the sentry inquiring where the gentleman had left his shadow; and immediately I heard a couple of women exclaiming, "Jesu Maria! the poor man has no shadow." All this began to depress me, and I carefully avoided walking in the sun; but this could not everywhere

be the case: for in the next broad street I had to cross, and, unfortunately for me, at the very hour in which the boys were coming out of school, a humpbacked lout of a fellow — I see him yet — soon made the discovery that I was without a shadow, and communicated the news, with loud outcries, to a knot of young urchins. The whole swarm proceeded immediately to reconnoiter me, and to pelt me with mud. "People," cried they, "are generally accustomed to take their shadows with them when they walk in the sunshine."

In order to drive them away I threw gold by handfuls among them, and sprang into a hackney coach which some compassionate spectators sent to my rescue.

As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling vehicle I began to weep bitterly. I had by this time a misgiving that, in the same degree in which gold in this world prevails over merit and virtue, by so much one's shadow excels gold; and now that I had sacrificed my conscience for riches, and given my shadow in exchange for mere gold, what on earth would become of me?

As the coach stopped at the door of my late inn, I felt much perplexed, and not at all disposed to enter so wretched an abode. I called for my things, and received them with an air of contempt, threw down a few gold pieces, and desired to be conducted to a first-rate hotel. This house had a northern aspect, so that I had nothing to fear from the sun. I dismissed the coachman with gold, asked to be conducted to the best apartment, and locked myself up in it as soon as possible.

Imagine, my friend, what I then set about? O my dear Chamisso! even to thee I blush to mention what follows.

I drew the ill-fated purse from my bosom; and, in a sort of frenzy that raged like a self-fed fire within me, I took out gold — gold — gold — more and more, till I strewed it on the floor, trampled upon it, and feasting on its very sound and brilliancy, added coins to coins, rolling and reveling on the gorgeous bed, until I sank exhausted.

Thus passed away that day and evening, and, as my door remained locked, night found me still lying on the gold, where, at last, sleep overpowered me.

Then I dreamed of thee, and fancied I stood behind the glass door of thy little room, and saw thee seated at thy table between a skeleton and a bunch of dried plants; before thee lay open the works of Haller, Humboldt, and Linnæus; on thy

sofa a volume of Goethe, and the Enchanted Ring. I stood a long time contemplating thee, and everything in thy apartment; and again turning my gaze upon thee, I perceived that thou wast motionless — thou didst not breathe — thou wast dead.

I awoke — it seemed yet early — my watch had stopped. I felt thirsty, faint, and worn out; for since the preceding morning I had not tasted food. I now cast from me, with loathing and disgust, the very gold with which but a short time before I had satiated my foolish heart. Now I knew not where to put it. I dared not leave it lying there. I examined my purse to see if it would hold it. Impossible! Neither of my windows opened on the sea. I had no other resource but, with toil and great fatigue, to drag it to a huge chest which stood in a closet in my room; where I placed it all, with the exception of a handful or two. Then I threw myself, exhausted, into an armchair, till the people of the house should be up and stirring. As soon as possible I sent for some refreshment, and desired to see the landlord.

I entered into some conversation with this man respecting the arrangement of my future establishment. He recommended for my personal attendant one Bendel, whose honest and intelligent countenance immediately prepossessed me in his favor. It is this individual whose persevering attachment has consoled me in all the miseries of my life, and enabled me to bear up under my wretched lot. I was occupied the whole day in my room with servants in want of a situation, and tradesmen of every description. I decided on my future plans, and purchased various articles of virtu and splendid jewels, in order to get rid of some of my gold; but nothing seemed to diminish the inexhaustible heap.

I now reflected on my situation with the utmost uneasiness. I dared not take a single step beyond my own door; and in the evening I had forty wax tapers lighted before I ventured to leave the shade. I reflected with horror on the frightful encounter with the schoolboys; yet I resolved, if I could command sufficient courage, to put the public opinion to a second trial. The nights were now moonlight. Late in the evening I wrapped myself in a large cloak, pulled my hat over my eyes, and, trembling like a criminal, stole out of the house.

I did not venture to leave the friendly shadow of the houses until I had reached a distant part of the town; and then I

emerged into the broad moonlight, fully prepared to hear my fate from the lips of the passers-by.

Spare me, my beloved friend, the painful recital of all that I was doomed to endure. The women often expressed the deepest sympathy for me — a sympathy not less piercing to my soul than the scoffs of the young people, and the proud contempt of the men, particularly of the more corpulent, who threw an ample shadow before them. A fair and beauteous maiden, apparently accompanied by her parents, who gravely kept looking straight before them, chanced to cast a beaming glance on me; but was evidently startled at perceiving that I was without a shadow, and hiding her lovely face in her veil, and holding down her head, passed silently on.

This was past all endurance. Tears streamed from my eyes; and with a heart pierced through and through, I once more took refuge in the shade. I leant on the houses for support, and reached home at a late hour, worn out with fatigue.

I passed a sleepless night. My first care the following morning was to devise some means of discovering the man in the gray cloak. Perhaps I may succeed in finding him; and how fortunate it were if he should be as ill satisfied with his bargain as I am with mine!

I desired Bendel to be sent for, who seemed to possess some tact and ability. I minutely described to him the individual who possessed a treasure without which life itself was rendered a burden to me. I mentioned the time and place at which I had seen him, named all the persons who were present, and concluded with the following directions: He was to inquire for a Dollond's telescope, a Turkey carpet interwoven with gold, a marquee, and, finally, for some black steeds — the history, without entering into particulars, of all these being singularly connected with the mysterious character who seemed to pass unnoticed by every one, but whose appearance had destroyed the peace and happiness of my life.

As I spoke I produced as much gold as I could hold in my two hands, and added jewels and precious stones of still greater value. "Bendel," said I, "this smooths many a path, and renders that easy which seems almost impossible. Be not sparing of it, for I am not so; but go, and rejoice thy master with intelligence on which depend all his hopes."

He departed, and returned late and melancholy. None of

Mr. John's servants, none of his guests (and Bendel had spoken to them, all) had the slightest recollection of the man in the gray cloak. The new telescope was still there, but no one knew how it had come; and the tent and Turkey carpet were still stretched out on the hill. The servants boasted of their master's wealth; but no one seemed to know by what means he had become possessed of these newly acquired luxuries. He was gratified; and it gave him no concern to be ignorant how they had come to him. The black coursers which had been mounted on that day were in the stables of the young gentlemen of the party, who admired them as the munificent present of Mr. John.

Such was the information I gained from Bendel's detailed account; but, in spite of this unsatisfactory result, his zeal and prudence deserved and received my commendation. In a gloomy mood, I made him a sign to withdraw.

"I have, sir," he continued, "laid before you all the information in my power relative to the subject of the most importance to you. I have now a message to deliver which I received early this morning from a person at the gate, as I was proceeding to execute the commission in which I have so unfortunately failed. The man's words were precisely these: 'Tell your master, Peter Schlemihl, he will not see me here again. I am going to cross the sea; a favorable wind now calls all the passengers on board; but in a year and a day I shall have the honor of paying him a visit; when, in all probability, I shall have a proposal to make to him of a very agreeable nature. Commend me to him most respectfully, with many thanks.' I inquired his name; but he said you would remember him."

"What sort of a person was he?" cried I, in great emotion; and Bendel described the man in the gray coat feature by feature, word for word; in short, the very individual in search of whom he had been sent. "How unfortunate!" cried I, bitterly; "it was himself." Scales, as it were, fell from Bendel's eyes. "Yes, it was he," cried he, "undoubtedly it was he; and fool, madman, that I was, I did not recognize him — I did not, and have betrayed my master!" He then broke out into a torrent of self-reproach; and his distress really excited my compassion. I endeavored to console him, repeatedly assuring him that I entertained no doubt of his fidelity; and dispatched him immediately to the wharf, to discover, if possible, some trace of the extraordinary being. But on that very morning many ves-

sels which had been detained in port by contrary winds had set sail, all bound to different parts of the globe; and the gray man had disappeared like a shadow.



JAPANESE POEMS.[1]

TRANSLATED BY BASIL H CHAMBERLAIN.

[BASIL HALL CHAMBERLAIN: An English writer on Japanese subjects; born in England He entered the Japanese imperial naval service and afterward became professor of the Japanese language and philology in the Imperial University at Tokio He published: "The Classical Poetry of the Japanese" (1880), "A Simplified Grammar of the Japanese Language" (1886), "A Romanized Japanese Reader" (1886), "The Language, Mythology, and Geographical Nomenclature of Japan, viewed in the Light of Aino Studies" (1887), "Aino Folk Tales" (1888), a series of Japanese fairy tales: "The Fisher Boy Urashima," "My Lord Bag-o'-Rice," "The Serpent with Eight Heads," and "The Silly Jellyfish" (1888), "Things Japanese" (1890); and "A Handbook for Travelers in Japan" (4th ed., 1894), with W. B. Mason.]

THE FISHER BOY URASHIMA.

'Tis Spring, and the mist comes stealing
O'er Suminoyè's shore,
And I stand by the seaside, musing
On the days that are no more.

I muse on the old-world story,
As the boats glide to and fro,
Of the fisher boy Urashima,
Who a fishing loved to go.

How he came not back to the village
Though seven suns had risen and set,
But rowed on past the bounds of ocean,
And the Sea God's daughter met.

How they pledged their faith to each other,
And came to the Evergreen Land,
And entered the Sea God's palace
So lovingly hand in hand,—

To dwell for aye in that country,
The ocean maiden and he,—
The country where youth and beauty
Abide eternally.

[1] From "Classical Poetry of the Japanese" By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co Post 8vo, price 7s. 6d.

But the foolish boy said: "To-morrow
  I'll come back with thee to dwell;
But I have a word to my father,
  A word to my mother to tell."

The maiden answered "A casket
  I give into thine hand;
And if that thou hopèst truly
  To come back to the Evergreen Land,

"Then open it not, I charge thee, —
  Open it not, I beseech!"
So the boy rowed home o'er the billows
  To Suminoyè's beach.

But where is his native hamlet?
  Strange hamlets line the strand;
Where is his mother's cottage?
  Strange cots rise on either hand.

"What, in three short years since I left it,"
  He cries in his wonder sore, —
"Has the home of my childhood vanished?
  Is the bamboo fence no more?

"Perchance if I open the casket
  Which the maiden gave to me,
My home and the dear old village
  Will come back as they used to be!"

And he lifts the lid, and there rises
  A fleecy, silvery cloud,
That floats off to the Evergreen Country —
  And the fisher boy cries aloud;

He waves the sleeve of his tunic,
  He rolls over on the ground,
He dances with fury and horror,
  Running wildly round and round.

But a sudden chill comes o'er him
  That bleaches his raven hair,
And furrows with hoary wrinkles
  The form erst so young and fair.

His breath grows fainter and fainter,
Till at last he sinks dead on the shore.
—And I gaze on the spot where his cottage
Once stood, but now stands no more.

No Tidings

The year has come, the year has gone again,
And still no tidings of my absent Love:
Through the long days of Spring all heaven above
And earth beneath reëcho with my pain.

In dark cocoon my mother's silkworms dwell:
Like them a captive, through the livelong day
Alone I sit and sigh my soul away,
For ne'er to any I my love may tell

Like to the pine trees I must stand and pine,
While downward slanting fall the shades of night,
Till my long sleeve of purest snowy white
With showers of tears is steeped in bitter brine.

Spring.

No man so callous but he heaves a sigh
When o'er his head the withered cherry flowers
Come fluttering down. Who knows? the Spring's soft showers
May be but tears shed by the sorrowing sky.

Summer.

In blossoms the Wistaria tree to-day
Breaks forth, that sweep the wavelets of my lake.
When will the mountain cuckoo come and make
The garden vocal with his first sweet lay?

Autumn.

Can I be dreaming? 'Twas but yesterday
We planted out each tender shoot again;
And now the Autumn breeze sighs o'er the plain,
Where fields of yellow rice confess its sway.

WINTER.

When from the skies, that wintry gloom enshroud,
The blossoms fall and flutter round my head,
Methinks the Spring even now his light must shed
O'er heavenly lands that lie beyond the clouds.



THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

By BRET HARTE.

[FRANCIS BRET HARTE, one of the most popular of American authors, was born at Albany, N Y., August 25, 1839. His father was a teacher in a female seminary, who died leaving his family with but little means. The son, after an ordinary school education, went to California (1854), and was successively miner, school-teacher, compositor, and editorial writer for San Francisco journals He was secretary of the United States branch mint in San Francisco (1864–1870), and in 1868 founded and edited the *Overland Monthly*, to which he contributed some of his most powerful stories of Western life, such as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," and "Tennessee's Partner" Returning to the East in 1871, he took up his residence in New York and became a regular contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly.* He was appointed United States consul at Crefeld, Germany (1878), whence he was transferred in 1880 to Glasgow, Scotland, and continued in that office until 1885. Since then he has resided in London. Besides the works above mentioned he has written· "Tales of the Argonauts," "Gabriel Conroy," "In the Carquinez Woods," "Snow-bound at Eagles," "A Millionaire of Rough and Ready," "Crusade of the Excelsior," "Susy," "Clarence," "In a Hollow of the Hills," "Three Partners"]

(*Table Mountain*, 1870)

WHICH I wish to remark, —
  And my language is plain, —
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
  What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye,

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve.
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;

And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers, — that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.



GAMBLER'S LUCK.

By E T. W HOFFMANN

[Ernst Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann, German novelist, composer, and miscellaneous writer, was a native of Konigsberg, Prussia, being born January 24, 1776 He held several judicial appointments in Posen and Warsaw until the French invasion, when he was deprived of office. Thrown upon his own resources, he led a precarious existence as composer, author, and musical director at Bamberg and other places In 1815 he resumed his career in the Prussian service, and held the post of councilor of the supreme court in Berlin until his death, June 25, 1822 His works include. "Phantasy Pieces," "The Elixir of the Devil," "Night Pieces," "Kater Murr," etc. The opera "Undine" is the best of his musical works.]

Pyrmont had a larger concourse of visitors than ever in the summer of 18—. The number of rich and illustrious strangers increased from day to day, greatly exciting the zeal of speculators of all kinds. Hence it was also that the owners of the faro bank took care to pile up their glittering gold in bigger heaps, in order that this, the bait of the noblest game, which they, like good skilled hunters, knew how to decoy, might preserve its efficacy.

Who does not know how fascinating an excitement gambling is, particularly at watering places, during the season, where every visitor, having laid aside his ordinary habits and course of life, deliberately gives himself up to leisure and ease and exhilarating enjoyment? Then gambling becomes an irresistible attraction. People who at other times never touch a card are to be seen amongst the most eager players; and besides, it is the fashion, especially in higher circles, for every one to visit the bank in the evening and lose a little money at play.

Without his being conscious of it, there began to be awakened in his mind a strong liking for faro, which with all its simplicity is the most ominous of games; and this liking continued to increase more and more. He was no longer dissatisfied with his good luck; gambling fettered his attention and held him fast to the table for nights and nights, so that he was perforce compelled to give credence to the peculiar attraction of the game, of which his friends had formerly spoken and which he would by no means allow to be correct, for he was attracted to faro not by the thirst for gain, but simply and solely by the game itself.

One night, just as the banker had finished a *taille*, the Baron happened to raise his eyes and observed that an elderly man had taken post directly opposite to him, and had got his eyes fixed upon him in a set, sad, earnest gaze. And as long as play lasted, every time the Baron looked up, his eyes met the stranger's dark, sad stare, until at last he could not help being struck with a very uncomfortable and oppressive feeling. And the stranger only left the apartment when play came to an end for the night. The following night he again stood opposite the Baron, staring at him with unaverted gaze, whilst his eyes had a dark, mysterious, spectral look. The Baron still kept his temper. But when on the third night the stranger appeared again and fixed his eyes, burning with a consuming fire, upon the Baron, the latter burst out, "Sir, I must beg you to choose some other place. You exercise a constraining influence upon my play."

With a painful smile the stranger bowed and left the table, and the hall too, without uttering a word.

But on the next night the stranger again stood opposite the Baron, piercing him through and through with his dark, fiery glance. Then the Baron burst out still more angrily than on the preceding night, "If you think it a joke, sir, to stare at me, pray choose some other time and some other place to do so; and now have the ——" A wave of the hand towards the door took the place of the harsh words the Baron was about to utter. And, as on the previous night, the stranger, after bowing slightly, left the hall with the same painful smile upon his lips.

Siegfried was so excited and heated by play, by the wine which he had taken, and also by the scene with the stranger, that he could not sleep. Morning was already breaking, when the stranger's figure appeared before his eyes. He observed his

striking, sharp-cut features, worn with suffering, and his sad, deep-set eyes just as he had stared at him; and he noticed his distinguished bearing, which, in spite of his mean clothing, betrayed a man of high culture. And then the air of painful resignation with which the stranger submitted to the harsh words flung at him, and fought down his bitter feelings with an effort, and left the hall! "No," cried Siegfried, "I did him wrong — great wrong. Is it indeed at all like me to blaze up in this rude, ill-mannered way, like an uncultivated clown, and to offer insults to people without the least provocation?" The Baron at last arrived at the conviction that it must have been a most oppressive feeling of the sharp contrast between them which had made the man stare at him so; in the moment that he was perhaps contending with the bitterest poverty, he (the Baron) was piling up heaps and heaps of gold with all the superciliousness of the gambler. He resolved to find out the stranger that very morning and atone to him for his rudeness.

And as chance would have it, the very first person whom the Baron saw strolling down the avenue was the stranger himself.

The Baron addressed him, offered the most profuse apologies for his behavior of the night before, and in conclusion begged the stranger's pardon in all due form. The stranger replied that he had nothing to pardon, since large allowances must be made for a player deeply intent over his game, and besides, he had only himself to blame for the harsh words he had provoked, since he had obstinately persisted in remaining in the place where he disturbed the Baron's play.

The Baron went further; he said there were often seasons of momentary embarrassment in life which weighed with a most galling effect upon a man of refinement, and he plainly hinted to the stranger that he was willing to give the money he had won, or even more still, if by that means he could perhaps be of any assistance to him.

"Sir," replied the stranger, "you think I am in want, but that is not indeed the case; for though poor rather than rich, I yet have enough to satisfy my simple wants. Moreover, you will yourself perceive that as a man of honor I could not possibly accept a large sum of money from you as indemnification for the insult you conceive you have offered me, even though I were not a gentleman of birth."

"I think I understand you," replied the Baron, starting; "I am ready to grant you the satisfaction you demand."

"Good God!" continued the stranger—"good God, how unequal a contest it would be between us two! I am certain that you think as I do about a duel, that it is not to be treated as a piece of childish folly; nor do you believe that a few drops of blood, which have perhaps fallen from a scratched finger, can ever wash tarnished honor bright again. There are many cases in which it is impossible for two particular individuals to continue to exist together on this earth, even though the one live in the Caucasus and the other on the Tiber; no separation is possible so long as the hated foe can be thought of as still alive. In this case a duel to decide which of the two is to give way to the other on this earth is a necessity. Between us now, as I have just said, a duel would be fought upon unequal terms, since nohow can my life be valued so highly as yours. If I run you through, I destroy a whole world of the finest hopes; and if I fall, then you have put an end to a miserable existence, that is harrowed by the bitterest and most agonizing memories. But after all—and this is of course the main thing—I don't conceive myself to have been in the remotest degree insulted. You bade me go, and I went."

These last words the stranger spoke in a tone which nevertheless betrayed the sting in his heart. This was enough for the Baron to again apologize, which he did by especially dwelling upon the fact that the stranger's glance had, he did not know why, gone straight to his heart, till at last he could endure it no longer.

"I hope then," said the stranger, "that if my glance did really penetrate to your heart, it aroused you to a sense of the threatening danger on the brink of which you are hovering. With a light glad heart and youthful ingenuousness you are standing on the edge of the abyss of ruin; one single push and you will plunge headlong down without a hope of rescue. In a single word, you are on the point of becoming a confirmed and passionate gambler and ruining yourself."

The Baron assured him that he was completely mistaken. He related the circumstances under which he had first gone to the faro table, and assured him that he entirely lacked the gambler's characteristic disposition; all he wished was to lose two hundred *louis d'or* or so, and when he had succeeded in this he intended to cease punting. Up to that

time, however, he had had the most conspicuous run of good luck.

"Oh! but," cried the stranger, "oh! but it is exactly this run of good luck wherein lies the subtlest and most formidable temptation of the malignant enemy. It is this run of good luck which attends your play, Baron,—the circumstances under which you have begun to play,—nay, your entire behavior whilst actually engaged in play, which only too plainly betray how your interest in it deepens and increases on each occasion; all—all this reminds me only too forcibly of the awful fate of a certain unhappy man, who, in many respects like you, began to play under circumstances similar to those which you have described in your own case. And therefore it was that I could not keep my eyes off you, and that I was hardly able to restrain myself from saying in words what my glances were meant to tell you. 'Oh! see—see—see the demons stretching out their talons to drag you down into the pit of ruin.' Thus I should like to have called to you. I was desirous of making your acquaintance; and I have succeeded. Let me tell you the history of the unfortunate man whom I mentioned; you will then perhaps be convinced that it is no idle phantom of the brain when I see you in the most imminent danger, and warn you."

The stranger and the Baron both sat down upon a seat which stood quite isolated, and then the stranger began as follows:—

"The same brilliant qualities which distinguish you, Herr Baron, gained Chevalier Menars the esteem and admiration of men and made him a favorite amongst women. In riches alone Fortune had not been so gracious to him as she has been to you; he was almost in want; and it was only through exercising the strictest economy that he was enabled to appear in a state becoming his position as the scion of a distinguished family. Since even the smallest loss would be serious for him and upset the entire tenor of his course of life, he dare not indulge in play; besides, he had no inclination to do so, and it was therefore no act of self-sacrifice on his part to avoid the tables. It is to be added that he had the most remarkable success in everything which he took in hand, so that Chevalier Menars' good luck became a byword.

"One night he suffered himself to be persuaded, contrary to his practice, to visit a playhouse. The friends whom he had accompanied were soon deeply engaged in play.

"Without taking any interest in what was going forward, the Chevalier, busied with thoughts of quite a different character, first strode up and down the apartment and then stood with his eyes fixed upon the gaming table, where the gold continued to pour in upon the banker from all sides. All at once an old colonel observed the Chevalier, and cried out, 'The devil! Here we've got Chevalier Menars and his good luck amongst us, and yet we can win nothing, since he has declared neither for the banker nor for the punters. But we can't have it so any longer; he shall at once punt for me.'

"All the Baron's attempts to excuse himself on the ground of his lack of skill and total want of experience were of no avail; the Colonel was not to be denied; the Chevalier must take his place at the table.

"The Chevalier had exactly the same run of fortune that you have, Herr Baron. The cards fell favorable for him, and he had soon won a considerable sum for the Colonel, whose joy at his grand thought of claiming the loan of Chevalier Menars' steadfast good luck knew no bounds.

"This good luck, which quite astonished all the rest of those present, made not the slightest impression upon the Chevalier; nay, somehow, in a way inexplicable to himself, his aversion to play took deeper root, so that on the following morning when he awoke and felt the consequences of his exertion during the night, through which he had been awake, in a general relaxation both mental and physical, he took a most earnest resolve never again under any circumstances to visit a playhouse.

"And in this resolution he was still further strengthened by the old Colonel's conduct; he had the most decided ill luck with every card he took up; and the blame for this run of bad luck he, with the most extraordinary infatuation, put upon the Chevalier's shoulders. In an importunate manner he demanded that the Chevalier should either punt for him or at any rate stand at his side, so as by his presence to banish the perverse demon who always put into his hands cards which never turned up right. Of course it is well known that there is more absurd superstition to be found amongst gamblers than almost anywhere else. The only way in which the Chevalier could get rid of the Colonel was by declaring in a tone of great seriousness that he would rather fight him than play for him, for the Colonel was no great friend of duels. The Chevalier cursed his good nature in having complied with the old fool's request at first.

"Now nothing less was to be expected than that the story of the Baron's marvelously lucky play should pass from mouth to mouth, and also that all sorts of enigmatical mysterious circumstances should be invented and added on to it, representing the Chevalier as a man in league with supernatural powers. But the fact that the Chevalier in spite of his good luck did not touch another card, could not fail to inspire the highest respect for his firmness of character, and so very much increase the esteem which he already enjoyed.

"Somewhere about a year later the Chevalier was suddenly placed in a most painful and embarrassing position owing to the non-arrival of the small sum of money upon which he relied to defray his current expenses. He was obliged to disclose his circumstances to his most intimate friend, who without hesitation, supplied him with what he needed, at the same time twitting him with being the most hopelessly eccentric fellow that ever was. 'Destiny,' said he, 'gives us hints in what way and where we ought to seek our own benefit; and we have only our own indolence to blame if we do not heed, do not understand, these hints. The Higher Power that rules over us has whispered quite plainly in your ears, If you want money and property, go and play, else you will be poor and needy, and never independent, as long as you live.'

"And now for the first time the thought of how wonderfully fortune had favored him at the faro bank took clear and distinct shape in his mind; and both in his dreams and when awake he heard the banker's monotonous 'won, lost,' and the rattle of the gold pieces. 'Yes, it is undoubtedly so,' he said to himself, 'a single night like that one before would free me from my difficulties, and help me over the painful embarrassment of being a burden to my friends; it is my duty to follow the beckoning finger of fate.' The friends who had advised him to try play accompanied him to the playhouse, and gave him twenty *louis d'or* more that he might begin unconcerned.

"If the Chevalier's play had been splendid when he punted for the old Colonel, it was indeed doubly so now. Blindly and without choice he drew the cards he staked upon, but the invisible hand of that Higher Power which is intimately related to Chance, or rather actually is what we call Chance, seemed to be regulating his play. At the end of the evening he had won a thousand *louis d'or*.

"Next morning he awoke with a kind of dazed feeling.

The gold pieces he had won lay scattered about beside him on the table. At the first moment he fancied he was dreaming; he rubbed his eyes; he grasped the table and pulled it nearer towards him. But when he began to reflect upon what had happened, when he buried his fingers amongst the gold pieces, when he counted them with gratified satisfaction, and even counted them through again, then delight in the base mammon shot for the first time like a pernicious poisonous breath through his every nerve and fiber, then it was all over with the purity of sentiment which he had so long preserved intact. He could hardly wait for night to come that he might go to the faro table again. His good luck continued constant, so that after a few weeks, during which he played nearly every night, he had won a considerable sum.

"Now there are two sorts of players. Play simply as such affords to many an indescribable and mysterious pleasure, totally irrespective of gain. The strange complications of chance occur with the most surprising waywardness; the government of the Higher Power becomes conspicuously evident; and this it is which stirs up our spirit to move its wings and see if it cannot soar upwards into the mysterious kingdom, the fateful workshop of this Power, in order to surprise it at its labors.

"I once knew a man who spent many days and nights alone in his room, keeping a bank and punting against himself; this man was, according to my way of thinking, a genuine player. Others have nothing but gain before their eyes, and look upon play as a means to getting rich speedily. This class the Chevalier joined, thus once more establishing the truth of the saying that the real deeper inclination for play must lie in the individual nature — must be born in it. And for this reason he soon found the sphere of activity to which the punter is confined too narrow. With the very large sum of money that he had won by gambling he established a bank of his own; and in this enterprise fortune favored him to such an extent that within a short time his bank was the richest in all Paris. And agreeably to the nature of the case, the largest proportion of players flocked to him, the richest and luckiest banker.

"The heartless, demoralizing life of a gambler soon blotted out all those advantages, as well mental as physical, which had formerly secured to the Chevalier people's affection and esteem. He ceased to be a faithful friend, a cheerful, easy guest in society, a chivalrous and gallant admirer of the fair sex. Extinguished

was all his taste for science and art, and gone all striving to advance along the road to sound knowledge. Upon his deathly pale countenance, and in his gloomy eyes, where a dim, restless fire gleamed, was to be read the full expression of the extremely baneful passion in whose toils he was entangled. It was not fondness for play, no, it was the most abominable avarice which had been enkindled in his soul by Satan himself. In a single word, he was the most finished specimen of a faro banker that may be seen anywhere.

"One night Fortune was less favorable to the Chevalier than usual, although he suffered no loss of any consequence. Then a little thin old man, meanly clad, and almost repulsive to look at, approached the table, drew a card with a trembling hand, and placed a gold piece upon it. Several of the players looked up at the old man at first greatly astonished, but after that they treated him with provoking contempt. Nevertheless his face never moved a muscle, far less did he utter a single word of complaint.

"The old man lost; he lost one stake after another; but the higher his losses rose the more pleased the other players got. And at last, when the newcomer, who continued to double his stake every time, placed five hundred *louis d'or* at once upon a card and this the very next moment turned up on the losing side, one of the other players cried with a laugh, 'Good luck, Signor Vertua, good luck! Don't lose heart. Go on staking; you look to me as if you would finish with breaking the bank through your immense winnings.' The old man shot a basilisk-like look upon the mocker and hurried away, but only to return at the end of half an hour with his pockets full of gold. In the last *taille* he was, however, obliged to cease playing, since he had again lost all the money he had brought back with him

"This scornful and contemptuous treatment of the old man had excessively annoyed the Chevalier, for, in spite of all his abominable practices, he yet insisted on certain rules of good behavior being observed at his table. And so on the conclusion of the game, when Signor Vertua had taken his departure, the Chevalier felt he had sufficient grounds to speak a serious word or two to the mocker, as well as to one or two other players whose contemptuous treatment of the old man had been most conspicuous, and whom the Chevalier had bidden stay behind for this purpose.

"'Ah! but, Chevalier,' cried one of them, 'you don't know old Francesco Vertua, or else you would have no fault to find with us and our behavior towards him; you would rather approve of it. For let me tell you that this Vertua, a Neapolitan by birth, who has been fifteen years in Paris, is the meanest, dirtiest, most pestilent miser and usurer who can be found anywhere. He is a stranger to every human feeling; if he saw his own brother writhing at his feet in the agonies of death, it would be an utter waste of pains to try to entice a single *louis d'or* from him, even if it were to save his brother's life. He has a heavy burden of curses and imprecations to bear, which have been showered down upon him by a multitude of men, nay, by entire families, who have been plunged into the deepest distress through his diabolical speculations. He is hated like poison by all who know him; everybody wishes that vengeance may overtake him for all the evil that he has done, and that it may put an end to his career of iniquity. He has never played before, at least since he has been in Paris; and so from all this you need not wonder at our being so greatly astounded when the old skinflint appeared at your table. And for the same reasons we were, of course, pleased at the old fellow's serious losses, for it would have been hard, very hard, if the old rascal had been favored by Fortune. It is only too certain, Chevalier, that the old fool has been deluded by the riches of your bank. He came intending to pluck you and has lost his own feathers. But yet it completely puzzles me how Vertua could act thus in a way so opposite to the true character of a miser, and could bring himself to play so high. Ah! well — you'll see he will not come again; we are now quit of him.'

"But this opinion proved to be far from correct, for on the very next night Vertua presented himself at the Chevalier's bank again, and staked and lost much more heavily than on the night preceding. But he preserved a calm demeanor through it all; he even smiled at times with a sort of bitter irony, as though foreseeing how soon things would be totally changed. But during each of the succeeding nights the old man's losses increased like a glacier at a greater and greater rate, till at last it was calculated that he had paid over thirty thousand *louis d'or* to the bank. Finally he entered the hall one evening, long after play had begun, with a deathly pale face and troubled looks, and took up his post at some distance from the table, his eyes riveted in a set stare upon the cards which the Chevalier

successively drew. At last, just as the Chevalier had shuffled the cards, had had them cut and was about to begin the *taille*, the old man cried in such a harsh grating voice, 'Stop!' that everybody looked round well-nigh dismayed. Then, forcing his way to the table close up to the Chevalier, he said in his ear, speaking in a hoarse voice, 'Chevalier, my house in the Rue St. Honoré, together with all the furniture and all the gold and silver and all the jewels I possess, are valued at eighty thousand francs, — will you accept the stake?' 'Very good,' replied the Chevalier, coldly, without looking round at the old man; and he began the *taille*.

"'The queen,' said Vertua; and at the next draw the queen had lost. The old man reeled back from the table and leaned against the wall motionless and paralyzed, like a rigid stone statue. Nobody troubled himself any further about him.

"Play was over for the night; the players were dispersing; the Chevalier and his croupiers were packing away in the strong box the gold he had won. Then old Vertua staggered like a ghost out of the corner towards the Chevalier and addressed him in a hoarse, hollow voice, 'Yet a word with you, Chevalier, — only a single word.'

"'Well, what is it?' replied the Chevalier, withdrawing the key from the lock of the strong box and measuring the old man from head to foot with a look of contempt.

"'I have lost all my property at your bank, Chevalier,' went on the old man; 'I have nothing, nothing left. I don't know where I shall lay my head to-morrow, nor how I shall appease my hunger. You are my last resource, Chevalier; lend me the tenth part of the sum I have lost to you that I may begin my business over again, and so work my way up out of the distressed state I now am in.'

"'Whatever are you thinking about,' rejoined the Chevalier, 'whatever are you thinking about, Signor Vertua? Don't you know that a faro banker never dare lend of his winnings? That's against the old rule, and I am not going to violate it.'

"'You are right,' went on Vertua, again. 'You are right, Chevalier. My request was senseless — extravagant — the tenth part! No, lend me the twentieth part.' 'I tell you,' replied the Chevalier, impatiently, 'that I won't lend a farthing of my winnings.'

"'True, true,' said Vertua, his face growing paler and paler and his gaze becoming more and more set and staring, 'true,

you ought not to lend anything — I never used to. But give some alms to a beggar — give him a hundred *louis d'or* of the riches which blind Fortune has thrown in your hands to-day.'

"'Of a verity you know how to torment people, Signor Vertua,' burst out the Chevalier, angrily. 'I tell you you won't get so much as a hundred, nor fifty, nor twenty, no, not so much as a single *louis d'or* from me. I should be mad to make you even the smallest advance, so as to help you begin your shameful trade over again. Fate has stamped you in the dust like a poisonous reptile, and it would simply be villainy for me to aid you in recovering yourself. Go and perish as you deserve.'

"Pressing both hands over his face, Vertua sank on the floor with a muffled groan. The Chevalier ordered his servant to take the strong box down to his carriage, and then cried in a loud voice, 'When will you hand over to me your house and effects, Signor Vertua?'

"Vertua hastily picked himself up from the ground and said in a firm voice, 'Now, at once — this moment, Chevalier; come with me.'

"'Good,' replied the Chevalier, 'you may ride with me as far as your house, which you shall leave to-morrow for good.'

"All the way neither of them spoke a single word, neither Vertua nor the Chevalier. Arrived in front of the house in the Rue St. Honoré, Vertua pulled the bell; an old woman opened the door, and on perceiving it was Vertua cried, 'Oh! good heavens, Signor Vertua, is that you at last? Angela is half dead with anxiety on your account.'

"'Silence,' replied Vertua. 'God grant she has not heard this unlucky bell! She is not to know that I have come.' And therewith he took the lighted candle out of the old woman's hand, for she appeared to be quite stunned, and lighted the Chevalier up to his own room.

"'I am prepared for the worst,' said Vertua. 'You hate, you despise me, Chevalier. You have ruined me, to your own and other people's joy; but you do not know me. Let me tell you then that I was once a gambler like you, that capricious Fortune was as favorable to me as she is to you, that I traveled through half Europe, stopping everywhere where high play and the hope of large gains enticed me, that the piles of gold continually increased in my bank as they do in yours. I had a true and beautiful wife. whom I neglected, and she was mis-

erable in the midst of all her magnificence and wealth. It happened once, when I had set up my bank in Genoa, that a young Roman lost all his rich patrimony at my bank. He besought me to lend him money, as I did you to-day, sufficient at least to enable him to travel back to Rome. I refused with a laugh of mocking scorn, and in the insane fury of despair he thrust the stiletto which he wore right into my breast. At great pains the surgeons succeeded in saving me; but it was a wearying painful time whilst I lay on the bed of sickness. Then my wife tended me, comforted me, and kept up my courage when I was ready to sink under my sufferings; and as I grew towards recovery a feeling began to glimmer within me which I had never experienced before, and it waxed ever stronger and stronger. A gambler becomes an alien to all human emotion, and hence I had not known what was the meaning of a wife's love and faithful attachment. The debt of what I owed my wife burned itself into my ungrateful heart, and also the sense of the villainous conduct to which I had sacrificed her. All those whose life's happiness, whose entire existence, I had ruined with heartless indifference were like tormenting spirits of vengeance, and I heard their hoarse hollow voices echoing from the grave, upbraiding me with all the guilt and criminality, the seed of which I had planted in their bosoms. It was only my wife who was able to drive away the unutterable distress and horror that then came upon me. I made a vow never to touch a card more. I lived in retirement; I rent asunder all the ties which held me fast to my former mode of life; I withstood the enticements of my croupiers, when they came and said they could not do without me and my good luck. I bought a small country villa not far from Rome, and thither, as soon as I was recovered of my illness, I fled for refuge along with my wife. Oh! only one single year did I enjoy a calmness, a happiness, a peaceful content, such as I had never dreamt of! My wife bore me a daughter, and died a few weeks later. I was in despair; I railed at Heaven and again cursed myself and my reprobate life, for which Heaven was now exacting vengeance upon me by depriving me of my wife—she who had saved me from ruin, who was the only creature who afforded me hope and consolation. I was driven away from my country villa hither to Paris, like the criminal who fears the horrors of solitude. Angela grew up the lovely image of her mother; my heart

was wholly wrapt up in her; for her sake I felt called upon not so much to obtain a large fortune for her as to increase what I had already got. It is the truth that I lent money at a high rate of interest; but it is a foul calumny to accuse me of deceitful usury. And who are these my accusers? Thoughtless, frivolous people who worry me to death until I lend them money, which they immediately go and squander like a thing of no worth, and then get in a rage if I demand inexorable punctuality in repayment of the money which does not indeed belong to me, — no, but to my daughter, for I merely look upon myself as her steward. It's not long since I saved a young man from disgrace and ruin by advancing him a considerable sum. As I knew he was terribly poor, I never mentioned a syllable about repayment until I knew he had got together a rich property. Then I applied to him for settlement of his debt. Would you believe it, Chevalier? the dishonorable knave, who owed all he had to me, tried to deny the debt, and on being compelled by the court to pay me, reproached me with being a villainous miser? I could tell you more such like cases; and these things have made me hard and insensible to emotion when I have to deal with folly and baseness. Nay, more — I could tell you of the many bitter tears I have wiped away, and of the many prayers which have gone up to Heaven for me and my Angela, but you would only regard it as empty boasting, and pay not the slightest heed to it, for you are a gambler. I thought I had satisfied the resentment of Heaven; it was but a delusion, for Satan has been permitted to lead me astray in a more disastrous way than before. I heard of your good luck, Chevalier. Every day I heard that this man and that had staked and staked at your bank until he became a beggar. Then the thought came into my mind that I was destined to try my gambler's luck, which had never hitherto deserted me, against yours, that the power was given me to put a stop to your practices; and this thought, which could only have been engendered by some extraordinary madness, left me no rest, no peace. Hence I came to your bank; and my terrible infatuation did not leave me until all my property — all my Angela's property — was yours. And now the end has come. I presume you will allow my daughter to take her clothing with her?'

"'Your daughter's wardrobe does not concern me,' replied the Chevalier. 'You may also take your beds and other neces-

sary household utensils, and such like; for what could I do with all the old lumber? But see to it that nothing of value of the things which now belong to me get mixed up with it.'

"Old Vertua stared at the Chevalier a second or two utterly speechless; then a flood of tears burst from his eyes, and he sank upon his knees in front of the Chevalier, perfectly upset with trouble and despair, and raised his hands crying, 'Chevalier, have you still a spark of human feeling left in your breast? Be merciful, merciful. It is not I, but my daughter, my Angela, my innocent angelic child, whom you are plunging into ruin. Oh! be merciful to *her;* lend *her*, *her*, my Angela, the twentieth part of the property you have deprived her of. Oh! I know you will listen to my entreaty! O Angela! my daughter!' And therewith the old man sobbed and lamented and moaned, calling upon his child by name in the most heart-rending tones.

"'I am getting tired of this absurd theatrical scene,' said the Chevalier, indifferently but impatiently; but at this moment the door flew open and in burst a girl in a white nightdress, her hair disheveled, her face pale as death, — burst in and ran to old Vertua, raised him up, took him in her arms, and cried, 'O father! O father! I have heard all, I know all! Have you really lost everything — everything, really? Have you not your Angela? What need have we of money and property? Will not Angela sustain you and tend you? O father, don't humiliate yourself a moment longer before this despicable monster. It is not *we*, but *he*, who is poor and miserable in the midst of his contemptible riches; for see, he stands there deserted in his awful hopeless loneliness; there is not a heart in all the wide world to cling lovingly to his breast, to open out to him when he despairs of his own life, of himself. Come, father. Leave this house with me. Come, let us make haste and begone, that this fearful man may not exult over your trouble.'

"Vertua sank half fainting into an easy-chair. Angela knelt down before him, took his hands, kissed them, fondled them, enumerated with childish loquacity all the talents, all the accomplishments, which she was mistress of, and by the aid of which she would earn a comfortable living for her father; she besought him, from the midst of burning tears, to put aside all his trouble and distress, since her life would now first acquire true significance, when she had to sew, embroider, sing, and play her guitar, not for mere pleasure, but for her father's sake.

"Who, however hardened a sinner, could have remained insensible at the sight of Angela, thus radiant in her divine beauty, comforting her old father with sweet soft words, whilst the purest affection, the most childlike goodness, beamed from her eyes, evidently coming from the very depths of her heart?

"Quite otherwise was it with the Chevalier. A perfect Gehenna of torment and of the stinging of conscience was awakened within him. Angela appeared to him to be the avenging angel of God, before whose splendor the misty veil of his wicked infatuation melted away, so that he saw with horror the repulsive nakedness of his own miserable soul. Yet right through the midst of the flames of this infernal pit that was blazing in the Chevalier's heart passed a divine and pure ray, whose emanations of light were the sweetest rapture, the very bliss of heaven; but the shining of this ray only made his unutterable torments the more terrible to bear.

"The Chevalier had never been in love. The moment in which he saw Angela was the moment in which he was to experience the most ardent passion, and also at the same time the crushing pain of utter hopelessness. For no man who had appeared before the pure angel child, lovely Angela, in the way the Chevalier had done, could dream of hope. He attempted to speak, but his tongue seemed to be numbed by cramp. At last, controlling himself with an effort, he stammered with trembling voice, 'Signor Vertua, listen to me. I have not won anything from you — nothing at all. There is my strong box; it is yours, — nay, I must pay you yet more than there is there. I am your debtor. There, take it, take it!'

"'O my daughter!' cried Vertua. But Angela rose to her feet, approached the Chevalier, and flashed a proud look upon him, saying earnestly and composedly, 'Chevalier, allow me to tell you that there is something higher than money and goods; there are sentiments to which you are a stranger, which, whilst sustaining our souls with the comfort of Heaven, bid us reject your gift, your favor, with contempt. Keep your mammon, which is burdened with the curse that pursues you, you heartless depraved gambler.'

"'Yes,' cried the Chevalier, in a fearful voice, his eyes flashing wildly, for he was perfectly beside himself, 'yes, accursed, — accursed will I be — down into the depths of damnation may I be hurled if ever again this hand touches a card. And if you then send me from you, Angela, then it will be you who

will bring irreparable ruin upon me. Oh! you don't know — you don't understand me. You can't help but call me insane; but you will feel it — you will know all, when you see me stretched at your feet with my brains scattered. Angela! it's now a question of life or death! Farewell!'

"Therewith the Chevalier rushed off in a state of perfect despair. Vertua saw through him completely; he knew what change had come over him; he endeavored to make his lovely Angela understand that certain circumstances might arise which would make it necessary to accept the Chevalier's present. Angela trembled with dread lest she should understand her father. She did not conceive how it would ever be possible to meet the Chevalier on any other terms save those of contempt. Destiny, which often ripens into shape deep down in the human heart, without the mind being aware of it, permitted that to take place which had never been thought of, never been dreamed of.

"The Chevalier was like a man suddenly wakened up out of a fearful dream; he saw himself standing on the brink of the abyss of ruin, and stretched out his arms in vain towards the bright shining figure which had appeared to him, not, however, to save him — no — but to remind him of his damnation.

"To the astonishment of all Paris, Chevalier Menars' bank disappeared from the gambling house; nobody ever saw him again; and hence the most diverse and extraordinary rumors were current, each of them more false than the rest. The Chevalier shunned all society; his love found expression in the deepest and most unconquerable despondency. It happened, however, that old Vertua and his daughter one day suddenly crossed his path in one of the dark and lonely alleys of the garden of Malmaison.

"Angela, who thought she could never look upon the Chevalier without contempt and abhorrence, felt strangely moved on seeing him so deathly pale, terribly shaken with trouble, hardly daring in his shy respect to raise his eyes. She knew quite well that ever since that ill-omened night he had altogether relinquished gambling and effected a complete revolution in his habits of life. She, she alone had brought all this about, she had saved the Chevalier from ruin — could anything be more flattering to her woman's vanity? Hence it was that, after Vertua had exchanged the usual complimentary remarks with the Chevalier, Angela asked in a tone of gentle and sym-



THE GAMING TABLE

proaches having all the bitterness of death in them, Angela became conscious for the first time, not only that he loved her unspeakably, but also how boundless was the love which she herself felt for him. Hitherto she had not been conscious of it; she had been infatuated, fascinated by the glitter which gathered ever more thickly about the Chevalier. She now understood, and for the first time, the youth's laboring sighs and quiet unpretending homage; and now too she also understood her own embarrassed heart for the first time, knew what had caused the fluttering sensation in her breast when Duvernet had come, and when she had heard his voice.

"'It is too late! I have lost him!' was the voice that spoke in Angela's soul. She had courage enough to beat down the feelings of wretchedness which threatened to distract her heart; and for that reason—namely, that she possessed the courage—she succeeded.

"Nevertheless it did not escape the Chevalier's acute perception that something had happened to powerfully affect Angela; but he possessed sufficient delicacy of feeling not to seek for a solution of the mystery, which it was evident she desired to conceal from him. He contented himself with depriving any dangerous rival of his power by expediting the marriage; and he made all arrangements for its celebration with such fine tact, and such a sympathetic appreciation of his fair bride's situation and sentiments, that she saw in them a new proof of the good and amiable qualities of her husband.

"The Chevalier's behavior towards Angela showed him attentive to her slightest wish, and exhibited that sincere esteem which springs from the purest affection; hence her memory of Duvernet soon vanished entirely from her mind. The first cloud that dimmed the bright heaven of her happiness was the illness and death of old Vertua.

"Since the night when he had lost all his fortune at the Chevalier's bank he had never touched a card, but during the last moments of his life play seemed to have taken complete possession of his soul. Whilst the priest who had come to administer to him the consolation of the Church ere he died was speaking to him of heavenly things, he lay with his eyes closed, murmuring between his teeth, 'lost, won,' whilst his trembling half-dead hands went through the motions of dealing through a *taille*, of drawing the cards. Both Angela and the Chevalier bent over him and spoke to him in the tenderest

manner, but it was of no use; he no longer seemed to know them, nor even to be aware of their presence. With a deep-drawn sigh 'won,' he breathed his last.

"In the midst of her distressing grief Angela could not get rid of an uncomfortable feeling of awe at the way in which the old man had died. She again saw in vivid shape the picture of that terrible night when she had first seen the Chevalier as a most hardened and reprobate gambler; and the fearful thought entered her mind that he might again, in scornful mockery of her, cast aside his mask of goodness and appear in his original fiendish character, and begin to pursue his old course of life once more.

"And only too soon was Angela's dreaded foreboding to become reality. However great the awe which fell upon the Chevalier at old Francesco Vertua's death scene, when the old man, despising the consolation of the Church, though in the last agonies of death, had not been able to turn his thoughts from his former sinful life — however great was the awe that then fell upon the Chevalier, yet his mind was thereby led, though how he could not explain, to dwell more keenly upon play than ever before, so that every night in his dreams he sat at the faro bank and heaped up riches anew.

"In proportion as Angela's behavior became more constrained, in consequence of her recollection of the character in which she had first seen the Chevalier, and as it became more and more impossible for her to continue to meet him upon the old affectionate, confidential footing upon which they had hitherto lived, so exactly in the same degree distrust of Angela crept into the Chevalier's mind, since he ascribed her constraint to the secret which had once disturbed her peace of mind and which had not been revealed to him. From this distrust were born displeasure and unpleasantness, and these he expressed in various ways which hurt Angela's feelings. By a singular cross action of spiritual influence Angela's recollections of the unhappy Duvernet began to recur to her mind with fresher force, and along with these the intolerable consciousness of her ruined love, — the loveliest blossom that had budded in her youthful heart. The strained relations between the pair continued to increase until things got to such a pitch that the Chevalier grew disgusted with his simple mode of life, thought it dull, and was smitten with a powerful longing to enjoy the life of the world again. His star of ill omen began to acquire the ascendency.

The change which had been inaugurated by displeasure and great unpleasantness was completed by an abandoned wretch who had formerly been croupier in the Chevalier's faro bank. He succeeded by means of the most artful insinuations and conversations in making the Chevalier look upon his present walk of life as childish and ridiculous. The Chevalier could not understand at last how, for a woman's sake, he ever came to leave a world which appeared to him to contain all that made life of any worth.

"It was not long ere Chevalier Menars' rich bank was flourishing more magnificently than ever. His good luck had not left him; victim after victim came and fell; he amassed heaps of riches. But Angela's happiness — it was ruined — ruined in fearful fashion; it was to be compared to a short fair dream. The Chevalier treated her with indifference, nay even with contempt. Often, for weeks and months together, she never saw him once; the household arrangements were placed in the hands of a steward; the servants were being constantly changed to suit the Chevalier's whims; so that Angela, a stranger in her own house, knew not where to turn for comfort. Often during her sleepless nights the Chevalier's carriage stopped before the door, the heavy strong box was carried upstairs, the Chevalier flung out a few harsh monosyllabic words of command, and then the doors of his distant room were sent to with a bang — all this she heard, and a flood of bitter tears started from her eyes. In a state of the most heartrending anguish she called upon Duvernet time after time, and implored Providence to put an end to her miserable life of trouble and suffering.

"One day a young man of good family, after losing all his fortune at the Chevalier's bank, sent a bullet through his brain in the gambling house, and in the very same room even in which the bank was established, so that the players were sprinkled by the blood and scattered brains, and started up aghast. The Chevalier alone preserved his indifference; and, as all were preparing to leave the apartment, he asked whether it was in accordance with their rules and custom to leave the bank before the appointed hour on account of a fool who had had no conduct in his play.

"The occurrence created a great sensation. The most experienced and hardened gamblers were indignant at the Chevalier's unexampled behavior. The voice of the public was

raised against him. The bank was closed by the police. He was, moreover, accused of false play; and his unprecedented good luck tended to establish the truth of the charge. He was unable to clear himself. The fine he was compelled to pay deprived him of a considerable part of his riches. He found himself disgraced and looked upon with contempt; then he went back to the arms of the wife he had ill-used, and she willingly received him, the penitent, since the remembrance of how her own father had turned aside from the demoralizing life of a gambler allowed a glimmer of hope to rise, that the Chevalier's conversion might this time, now that he was older, really have some stamina in it.

"The Chevalier left Paris along with his wife, and went to Genoa, Angela's birthplace. Here he led a very retired life at first. But all endeavors to restore the footing of quiet domesticity with Angela, which his evil genius had destroyed, were in vain. It was not long before his deep-rooted discontent awoke anew and drove him out of the house in a state of uneasy, unsettled restlessness. His evil reputation had followed him from Paris to Genoa; he dare not venture to establish a bank, although he was being goaded to do so by a power he could hardly resist.

"At that time the richest bank in Genoa was kept by a French colonel, who had been invalided owing to serious wounds. His heart burning with envy and fierce hatred, the Chevalier appeared at the Colonel's table, expecting that his usual good fortune would stand by him, and that he should soon ruin his rival. The Colonel greeted him in a merry humor, such as was in general not customary with him, and said that now the play would really be worth indulging in since they had got Chevalier Menars and his good luck to join them, for now would come the struggle which alone made the game

t *taille* the cards fell favorable
had done. But when, relying
ast cried '*Va banque*,' he lost a
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r losing, now swept the money
emonstrative signs of extreme
ortune turned away from the
. He played every night, and

every night he lost, until his property had melted away to a few thousand ducats, which he still had in securities.

"The Chevalier had spent the whole day in running about to get his securities converted into ready money, and did not reach home until late in the evening. So soon as it was fully night, he was about to leave the house with his last gold pieces in his pocket, when Angela, who suspected pretty much how matters stood, stepped in his path and threw herself at his feet, whilst a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, beseeching him by the Virgin and all the saints to abandon his wicked purpose, and not to plunge her in want and misery.

"He raised her up and strained her to his heart with painful passionate intensity, saying in a hoarse voice, 'Angela, my dear sweet Angela! It can't be helped now, indeed it must be so; I must go on with it, for I can't let it alone. But to-morrow—to-morrow all your troubles shall be over, for by the Eternal Destiny that rules over us I swear that to-day shall be the last time I will play. Quiet yourself, my dear good child—go and sleep—dream of happy days to come, of a better life that is in store for you; that will bring good luck.' Herewith he kissed his wife and hurried off before she could stop him.

"Two *tailles*, and the Chevalier had lost all—all. He stood beside the Colonel, staring upon the faro table in moody senselessness.

"'Are you not punting any more, Chevalier?' said the Colonel, shuffling the cards for a new *taille*. 'I have lost all,' replied the Chevalier, forcing himself with an effort to be calm.

"'Have you really nothing left?' asked the Colonel at the next *taille*.

"'I am a beggar,' cried the Chevalier, his voice trembling with rage and mortification; and he continued to stare fiercely upon the table without observing that the players were gaining more and more advantages over the banker.

"The Colonel went on playing quietly. But whilst shuffling the cards for the following *taille*, he said in a low voice, without looking at the Chevalier, 'But you have a beautiful wife.'

"'What do you mean by that?' burst out the Chevalier, angrily. The Colonel drew his cards without making any answer.

"'Ten thousand ducats or—Angela!' said the Colonel, half turning round whilst the cards were being cut.

"'You are mad!' exclaimed the Chevalier, who now began to observe on coming more to himself that the Colonel continually lost and lost again.

"'Twenty thousand ducats against Angela!' said the Colonel, in a low voice, pausing for a moment in his shuffling of the cards.

"The Chevalier did not reply. The Colonel went on playing, and almost all the cards fell to the players' side.

"'Taken!' whispered the Chevalier in the Colonel's ear, as the new *taille* began, and he pushed the queen on the table.

"In the next draw the queen had lost. The Chevalier drew back from the table, grinding his teeth, and in despair stood leaning in a window, his face deathly pale.

"Play was over. 'Well, and what's to be done now?' were the Colonel's mocking words as he stepped up to the Chevalier.

"'Ah!' cried the Chevalier, quite beside himself, 'you have made me a beggar, but you must be insane to imagine that you could win my wife. Are we on the islands? is my wife a slave, exposed as a mere *thing* to the brutal arbitrariness of a reprobate man, that he may trade with her, gamble with her? But it is true! You would have had to pay twenty thousand ducats if the queen had won, and so I have lost all right to raise a protest if my wife is willing to leave me to follow you. Come along with me, and despair when you see how my wife will repel you with detestation when you propose to her that she shall follow you as your shameless mistress.'

"'You will be the one to despair,' replied the Colonel, with a mocking, scornful laugh; 'you will be the one to despair, Chevalier, when Angela turns with abhorrence from you — you, the abandoned sinner, who have made her life miserable — and flies into my arms in rapture and delight; you will be the one to despair when you learn that we have been united by the blessing of the Church, and that our dearest wishes are crowned with happiness. You call me insane. Ho! ho! All I wanted to win was the right to claim her, for of Angela herself I am sure. Ho! ho! Chevalier, let me inform you that your wife loves *me* — *me*, with unspeakable love: let me inform you that I am that Duvernet, the neighbor's son, who was brought up along with Angela, bound to her by ties of the most ardent affection — he whom you drove away by means of your diabolical devices. Ah! it was not until I had to go away to the

wars that Angela became conscious to herself of what I was to her; I know all. It was too late. The Spirit of Evil suggested to me the idea that I might ruin you in play, and so I took to gambling,—followed you to Genoa,—and now I have succeeded. Away now to your wife.'

"The Chevalier was almost annihilated, like one upon whose head had fallen the most disastrous blows of fortune. Now he saw to the bottom of that mysterious secret, now he saw for the first time the full extent of the misfortune which he had brought upon poor Angela. 'Angela, my wife, shall decide,' he said hoarsely, and followed the Colonel, who was hurrying off at full speed.

"On reaching the house the Colonel laid his hand upon the latch of Angela's chamber; but the Chevalier pushed him back, saying, 'My wife is asleep. Do you want to rouse her up out of her sweet sleep?'

"'Hm!' replied the Colonel. 'Has Angela ever enjoyed sweet sleep since you brought all this nameless misery upon her?' Again the Colonel attempted to enter the chamber; but the Chevalier threw himself at his feet and screamed, frantic with despair, 'Be merciful. Let me keep my wife; you have made me a beggar, but let me keep my wife.'

"'That's how old Vertua lay at your feet, you miscreant dead to all feeling, and could not move your stony heart; may Heaven's vengeance overtake you for it.' Thus spoke the Colonel; and he again strode towards Angela's chamber.

"The Chevalier sprang towards the door, tore it open, rushed to the bed in which his wife lay, and drew back the curtains, crying, 'Angela! Angela!' Bending over her he grasped her hand; but all at once he shook and trembled in mortal anguish and cried in a thundering voice, 'Look! look! you have won my wife's corpse.'

"Perfectly horrified, the Colonel approached the bed; no sign of life!—Angela was dead—dead.

"Then the Colonel doubled his fist and shook it heavenwards, and rushed out of the room uttering a fearful cry. Nothing more was ever heard of him."

This was the end of the stranger's tale; and the Baron was so shaken that before he could say anything the stranger had hastily risen from the seat and gone away.

A few days later the stranger was found in his room suffer-

ing from apoplexy of the nerves. He never opened his mouth up to the moment of his death, which ensued after the lapse of a few hours. His papers proved that, though he called himself Baudasson simply, he was no less a person than the unhappy Chevalier Menars himself.

The Baron recognized it as a warning from Heaven, that Chevalier Menars had been led across his path to save him just as he was approaching the brink of the precipice; he vowed that he would withstand all the seductions of the gambler's deceptive luck.

Up till now he has faithfully kept his word.



THE SONG OF THE BELL.

By JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

(Translated by Edward Lytton-Bulwer.)

[Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, the famous German poet and dramatist, was born at Marbach, Wurtemberg, November 10, 1759 He studied law and medicine at Stuttgart, and was appointed surgeon to a Würtemberg regiment Objecting to the restraint imposed upon him by the Duke of Würtemberg in consequence of the production of his first play, "The Robbers" (1782), he left the army and went to Mannheim, Leipsic, Dresden, Jena, and Weimar, where he became the firm friend of Goethe. From 1789 to 1799 Schiller held a professorship at Jena, and during this period published "The History of the Thirty Years' War" He died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, of an affection of the lungs Besides the works already mentioned, Schiller wrote "The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands", the dramas "Mary Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "Bride of Messina," "William Tell", and the trilogy of "Wallenstein" Among his lyric pieces are: "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Diver," "The Knight of Toggenburg," and "The Song of the Bell"]

Vivos voco — Mortuos plango — Fulgura frango.

I

Fast in its prison walls of earth
Awaits the mold of bakèd clay!
Up, comrades! up, and aid the birth—
The Bell that shall be born to-day!
Who would honor obtain,
With his sweat and his pain
The praise that man gives to the Master must buy;
But the blessing withal must descend from on high!

And well an earnest word beseems
The work the earnest hand prepares;
Its load more light the labor deems
When sweet discourse the labor shares.
So let us ponder, not in vain,
What strength can work when labor wills!
For who would not the fool disdain
Who ne'er designs what he fulfills?
And well it stamps our Human Race,
(And hence the gift—To understand)
That Man within the heart should trace
Whate'er he fashions with the hand.

II.

From the fir the fagot take!
Keep it, heap it, hard and dry!
That the gathered flame may break
Through the furnace, wroth and high.
When the copper within
Seethes and simmers, the tin
Pour quick! that the fluid which feeds the Bell
May flow in the right course glib and well.

Deep hid within this nether cell,
What force with fire is molding thus
In yonder airy tower shall dwell
And witness far and wide of Us!
It shall in later days, unfailing,
Rouse many an ear to rapt emotion,
Its solemn voice with Sorrow wailing,
Or choral chiming to Devotion.
Whatever Fate to Man may bring,
Whatever weal or woe befall,
That metal tongue shall backward ring
The warning moral drawn from all.

III.

See the silvery bubbles spring!
Good! the mass is melting now;
Let the salts we duly bring
Purge the flood, and speed the flow!
From the dross and the scum
Pure the fusion must come:
For perfect and pure we the metal must keep,
That its voice may be perfect, and pure, and deep.

That voice, with merry music rife,
The cherished child shall welcome in,
What time the rosy dreams of life
In the first slumber's arms begin.
As yet in Time's dark womb unwarning
Repose the days, or foul or fair;
And watchful o'er that golden morning
The Mother Love's untiring care!

And swift the years like arrows fly:
No more with girls content to play,
Bounds the bright Boy upon his way,
Storms through loud life's tumultuous pleasures,
With pilgrim staff the wide world measures;
And, wearied with the wish to roam,
Again seeks, strangerlike, the Father Home.

And lo! as some sweet vision breaks
Out from its native morning skies,
With rosy shame on downcast cheeks,
The Virgin stands before his eyes.
A nameless longing seizes him;
From all his wild companions flown,
Tears, strange till then, his eyes bedim,—
He wanders all alone.
Blushing, he glides where'er she move;
Her greeting can transport him;
To every mead, to deck his Love,
The happy wild flowers court him
Sweet Hope and tender Longing! ye
The growth of Life's first Age of Gold,
When the heart, swelling, seems to see
The Gates of Heaven unfold!
O Love! the beautiful and brief! O prime,
Glory and verdure of Life's Summer time!

IV.

Browning o'er, the pipes are simmering;
Dip this wand of clay within!
If like glass the wand be glimmering,
Then the casting may begin.
Brisk! brisk now! and see
If the fusion flow free;
If (happy and welcome indeed were the sign)—
If the hard and the ductile united combine.

For still where the Strong is betrothed to the Weak,
And the Stern in sweet marriage is blent with the Meek,
Rings the concord harmonious, tender and strong·
So be it with thee if, forever united,
The heart to the heart flows in one, love-delighted!
Illusion is brief, but repentance is long.

Lovely, thither are they bringing,
With her virgin wreath, the Bride!
To the love feast clearly ringing,
Toll the church bells far and wide!
With that sweetest holyday
Must the May of life depart;
With the cestus loosed. away
Flies illusion from the heart!
Yet Love lingers lonely,
When Passion is mute;
And the blossoms may only
Give way to the fruit.
The Husband must enter
The hostile life, —
With struggle and strife
To plant or to watch,
To snare or to snatch,
To pray and importune,
Must wager and venture
And hunt down his fortune.
Then flows in a current the gear and the gain,
And the garners are filled with the gold of the grain, —
Now a yard to the court, now a wing to the center.
Within sits another, —
The thrifty Housewife,
The Mild One, the Mother, —
Her home is her life.
In its circle she rules;
And the daughters she schools,
And she cautions the boys;
With a bustling command
And a diligent hand,
Employed, she employs,
Gives orders to store,
And the much makes the more;
Locks the chest and the wardrobe with lavender smelling;
And the hum of the spindle goes quick through the dwelling,
And she hoards in the presses, well-polished and full,

The snow of the linen, the shine of the wool;
Blends the useful and sweet, and from care and endeavor
Rests never.

Blithe the Master (where the while
From his roof he sees them smile)
Eyes the lands, and counts the gain.
There the beams projecting far
And the laden storehouse are,
And the granaries bowed beneath
The blessed golden grain;
There in undulating motion
Wave the cornfields like an ocean;
Proud the boast the proud lips breathe,—
"My house is built upon a rock,
And sees unmoved the stormy shock
Of waves that fret below."—
What chain so strong, what girth so great,
To bind the giant form of Fate?
Swift are the steps of Woe!

V.

Now the casting may begin!
See the breach indented there!
Ere we run the fusion in,
Halt, and speed the pious prayer!
Pull the plug out!
See, around and about,
What vapor, what vapor, God help us! has risen.
Ha! the flame like a torrent leaps forth from its prison.

What friend is like the might of fire
When men can watch and wield the ire?
Whate'er we shape or work we owe
Still to that heaven-descended glow.
But dread the heaven-descended glow
When from their chain its wild wings go;
When where it listeth, wide and wild,
Sweeps forth free Nature's freeborn child!
When the frantic One fleets,
While no force can withstand,
Through the populous streets
Whirling ghastly the brand:
For the Elements hate
What Man's labors create
And the works of his hand.

Impartially out from the cloud
Or the curse or the blessing may fall!
Benignantly out from the cloud
Come the dews, the revivers of all;
Avengingly out from the cloud
Come the levin, the bolt, and the ball.
Hark! a wail from the steeple! Aloud
The Bell shrills its voice to the crowd!
Look! look! red as blood
All on high!
It is not the daylight that fills with its flood
The sky
What a clamor awaking
Roars up through the street!
What a hell vapor breaking
Rolls on through the street!
And higher and higher
Aloft moves the column of Fire!
Through the vistas and rows
Like a whirlwind it goes,
And the air like the steam from a furnace glows.
Beams are cracking, posts are shrinking,
Walls are sinking, windows clinking,
Children crying,
Mothers flying,
And the beast (the black ruin yet smoldering under)
Yells the howl of its pain and its ghastly wonder.
Hurry and scurry! away! away!
The face of the night is as clear as the day.
As the links in a chain,
Again and again
Flies the bucket from hand to hand;
High in arches up-pushing,
The engines are gushing,
And the flood, as a beast on the prey that it hounds,
With a roar on the breast of the element bounds
To the grain and the fruits,
Through the rafters and beams,
Through the barns and the garners it crackles and streams!
As if they would rend up the earth from its roots,
Rush the flames to the sky,
Giant-high!
And at length,
Wearied out and despairing man bows to their strength,
With an idle gaze seeing their wrath consume,

It is that worshiped Wife!
It is that faithful Mother!
Whom the dark Prince of Shadows leads benighted
From that dear arm where oft she hung delighted,
Far from those blithe companions born
Of her, and blooming in their morn,
On whom, when couched her heart above,
So often looked the Mother Love!

Ah! rent the sweet Home's union band!
And never, never more to come,
She dwells within the shadowy land
Who was the Mother of that Home!
How oft they miss that tender guide,—
The care, the watch, the face, the Mother!
And where she sat the babes beside
Sits, with unloving looks, Another

VII.

While the mass is cooling now,
Let the labor yield to leisure!
As the bird upon the bough,
Loose the travail to the pleasure!
When the soft stars awaken,
Each task be forsaken!
And the vesper bell lulling the earth into peace,
If the Master still toil, chimes the workman's release.

Homeward from the tasks of day,
Through the greenwood's welcome way
Wends the workman, blithe and cheerly,
To the cottage loved so dearly;
And the eye and ear are meeting—
Now the slow sheep homeward bleating,
Now, the wonted shelter near,
Lowing the lusty-fronted steer,—
Creaking now the heavy wain
Reels with the happy harvest grain,
While with many-colored leaves
Glitters the garland on the sheaves:
For the reaper's work is done,
And the young folk's dance begun!
Desert street! and quiet mart!
Silence is in the City's heart;
And the social taper lighteth
Each dear face that Home uniteth;

While the gate the town before
Heavily swings with sullen roar.

Though darkness is spreading
O'er earth, the Upright
And the Honest undreading
Look safe on the Night,
Which the evil man watches in awe:
For the eye of the Night is the Law.

Bliss-dowered, O daughter of the skies!
Hail! holy Order! whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy.
Builder of cities! who of old
Called the wild man from waste and wold;
And, in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling,
And, best of all, the happy ties,
The center of the social band —
THE INSTINCT OF THE FATHERLAND!

United thus, each helping each,
Brisk work the countless hands forever:
For naught its power to Strength can teach
Like Emulation and Endeavor.
Thus linked, the master with the man,
Each in his rights can each revere;
And, while they march in Freedom's van,
Scorn the lewd rout that dogs the rear.
With Freedom labor is renown:
Who works gives blessings and commands.
Kings glory in the orb and crown;
Be ours the glory of our hands!

Long in these walls, long may we greet
Your footfalls, Peace! and Concord sweet!
Distant the day, O! distant far
When the rude hordes of trampling War
Shall scare the silent vale;
And where
Now the sweet heaven, when day doth leave
The air,
Limns its soft rose hues on the veil of Eve,
Shall the fierce war brand tossing in the gale
O'er town and hamlet shake the horrent glare!

VIII

Now, its destined task fulfilled,
Asunder break the prison mold!
Let the goodly Bell we build
Eye and heart alike behold!
The hammer down heave
Till the cover it cleave!
For not till we shatter the wall of its cell
Can we lift from its darkness and bondage the Bell.

To break the mold the Master may,
If skilled the hand and ripe the hour:
But woe! when on its fiery way
The metal seeks itself to pour
Frantic and blind, with thunder knell
Exploding from its shattered home,
And glaring forth as from a hell,
Behold the red Destruction come!
When rages strength that has not reason,
There breaks the mold before the season:
When numbers burst what bound before,
Woe to the State, that thrives no more!
Yea, woe! when in the City's heart
The latent spark to flame is blown,
And millions from their silence start
To claim without a guide their own
Discordant howls the warning Bell,
Proclaiming discord wide and far,
And, born but things of peace to tell,
Becomes the ghastliest voice of war.
"Freedom! Equality!" — To blood
Rush the roused people at the sound!
Through street, hall, palace, roars the flood,
And banded murder closes round
Hyena shapes (that women were)
Jest with the horrors they survey;
They hound, they rend, they mangle there,
As panthers with their prey.
Naught rests to hallow, — burst the ties
Of life's sublime and reverent awe.
Before the Vice the Virtue flies,
And universal crime is Law
Man fears the lion's kingly tread,
Man fears the tiger's fangs of terror,

And still the dreadest of the dread
  Is Man himself in error.
No torch, though lit from heaven, illumes
The Blind: why place it in his hand?
It lights not him; it but consumes
  The City and the Land.

IX.

Rejoice! and laud the prospering skies!
The kernel bursts its husk. Behold
From the dull clay the metal rise,
Pure shining as a star of gold!
  Rim and crown glitter bright,
  Like the sun's flash of light,
And even the 'scutcheon, clear-graven, shall tell
That the art of a Master has fashioned the Bell.

Come in! come in!
My merry men!—We'll form a ring,
The newborn labor christening,—
And CONCORD we will name her!
To union may her heartfelt call
In brother love attune us all!
May she the destined glory win
For which the Master sought to frame her!
Aloft (all earth's existence under)
In blue pavilioned heaven afar
To dwell, the Neighbor of the Thunder,
The Borderer of the Star.
Be hers, above, a voice to raise
Like those bright hosts in yonder sphere
Who, while they move, their Maker praise,
And lead around the wreathèd year!
To solemn and eternal things
We dedicate her lip sublime!
As hourly calmly on she swings
Fanned by the fleeting wings of Time,
No pulse, no heart, no feeling hers,
She lends the warning voice to Fate,
And still companions while she stirs
The changes of the Human State:
So may she teach us, as her tone,
But now so mighty, melts away,
That earth no life which earth has known
From the last silence can delay!

Slowly now the cords upheave her;
From her earth grave soars the Bell.
'Mid the airs of heaven we leave her,
In the Music Realm to dwell.
Up! upward! yet raise!—
She has risen; she sways.
Fair Bell! to our City bode joy and increase!
And O! may thy first sound be hallowed to Peace!



THE MAN IN THE BELL.

By WILLIAM MAGINN.

[WILLIAM MAGINN, Irish man of letters and typical bohemian, was born in Dublin, July 10, 1793 The son of an eminent schoolmaster, he carried on the school himself after graduation from Trinity College, Dublin, meanwhile becoming a voluminous contributor to *Blackwood's* and other periodicals under various pseudonyms (finally fixing on "Morgan O'Doherty"), suggesting the "Noctes Ambrosianæ" and writing some of it, and in 1823 settling in London for a literary life He was Murray's chief man on the *Representative;* its foreign correspondent in Paris; returning, was joint editor of the *Standard*, then on the scurrilous *Age* He founded *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830, and made it the most brilliant in Great Britain; contributed to *Blackwood's* and *Bentley's* later; and in 1838 he wrote the "Homeric Ballads" for *Fraser's* His literary feuds were endless and savage. After running down for years and once being in a debtor's prison (Thackeray portrays him as "Captain Shandon" in "Pendennis"), he died August 21, 1842.]

IN my younger days bell ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of —— than it is now. Nobody, I believe, practices it there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favorite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us

that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat or of cloth (the former was preferred) to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied and, mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away, by a message from his sweetheart, I believe; but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once — it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty, and almost convulsive, effort I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths; and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, a hundred feet below. I remembered, for fear is quick in recollection, how a common clockwright, about a month before, had fallen and, bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack. There was not a fiber

of my body it did not thrill through: it entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes — I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death — followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then, reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cower up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more tremendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story-tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying dragon. Nor was the flaming breath or fiery glance of that fabled animal wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me nearly with the violence and more than the thunder of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me

as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery, still more appalling. At last the Devil himself, accoutered, as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal luster, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangor of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him, and bade him be gone. Reason, then, for a moment resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise; to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it; and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this I became desperate;—I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted: but all the efforts of my voice were, of course, drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half-hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him; and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamor as loud as if ten thousand Furies were howling about you, a deafening uproar

banishing reason and driving you to madness, you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation, the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet; but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing; but at the end of that short time the bell would be rung a second time for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced; in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupefying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vise. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armor of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily; but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place

of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell ringer's room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might be, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupefied eyes were fixed with a lackluster gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding, my hair disheveled, and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings; and, if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mahometan hatred to all the bell tribe. and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it cures the most of our follies; but even at the present day, if by chance my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.

THE BELLS.

By EDGAR A POE

[EDGAR ALLAN POE An American poet and author, born at Boston, Mass, 1809 Orphaned in his third year, he was adopted by John Allan, a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Va, by whom he was sent to school at Stoke-Newington, near London. He spent a year at the University of Virginia (1826); enlisted as a private in the United States army under an assumed name, becoming sergeant major (1829); and was admitted to West Point (1830), receiving his dismissal the next year. Thrown upon his own resources, he began writing for the papers Subsequently he became editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, in Richmond, was on the staff of *The Gentleman's Magazine* and *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and the *Broadway Journal* in New York. He died in a Baltimore hospital, October 7, 1849. "The Raven" and "The Bells" are his most popular poems. His fame as a prose writer rests on his tales of terror and mystery]

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells,—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtledove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells

On the Future! How it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III.

Hear the loud alarum bells, —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells.
Of the bells, —
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells,—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone:
They are neither man nor woman,—
They are neither brute nor human,—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls,—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls a pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells,—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE FATAL NUPTIALS.

By EUGÈNE SUE.

(From "The Wandering Jew.")

[EUGÈNE SUE, author, was born in Paris, France, December 10, 1804, son of a naval surgeon He was educated to his father's profession, and spent six years in the navy, retiring in 1830. He published · "Kernock, the Pirate" (1830), "History of the French Navy" (1835–1837), "History of the War Navies of all Nations" (1841), "The Mysteries of Paris" (1843), "The Wandering Jew" (1845), "Martin the Foundling" (1847), "The Seven Deadly Sins" (1847–1849), "The Mysteries of the People" (1849), "The Jouffroy Family" (1854), "The Secrets of the Confessional" (1858), and other works less important. He died at Annecy, Hte. Savoie, France, July 3, 1857.]

THE morning after Dupont's mission to Prince Djalma, the latter was walking with hasty and impatient step up and down the little saloon, which communicated, as we already know, with the greenhouse from which Adrienne had entered when she first appeared to him. In remembrance of that day, he had chosen to dress himself as on the occasion in question: he wore the same tunic of white cashmere, with a cherry-colored turban, to match with his girdle; his gaiters of scarlet velvet, embroidered with silver, displayed the fine form of his leg, and terminated in small white morocco slippers, with red heels. Happiness has so instantaneous, and, as it were, material an influence upon young, lively, and ardent natures, that Djalma, dejected and despairing only the day before, was no longer like the same person. The pale, transparent gold of his complexion was no longer tarnished by a livid hue. His large eyes, of late obscured like black diamonds by a humid vapor, now shone with mild radiance in the center of their pearly setting; his lips, long pale, had recovered their natural color, which was rich and soft as the fine purple flowers of his country.

Ever and anon, pausing in his hasty walk, he stopped suddenly, and drew from his bosom a little piece of paper, carefully folded, which he pressed to his lips with enthusiastic ardor. Then, unable to restrain the expression of his happiness, he uttered a full and sonorous cry of joy, and with a bound he was in front of the plate glass which separated the saloon from the conservatory, in which he had first seen Mademoiselle de Cardoville. By a singular power of remembrance,



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or marvelous hallucination of a mind possessed by a fixed idea, Djalma had often seen, or fancied he saw, the adored semblance of Adrienne appear to him through this sheet of crystal. The illusion had been so complete, that, with his eyes ardently fixed on the vision he invoked, he had been able, with the aid of a pencil dipped in carmine, to trace, with astonishing exactness, the profile of the ideal countenance which the delirium of his imagination had presented to his view. It was before these delicate lines of bright carmine that Djalma now stood in deep contemplation, after perusing, and reperusing, and raising twenty times to his lips the letter he had received the night before from the hands of Dupont. Djalma was not alone. Faringhea watched all the movements of the prince, with a subtle, attentive, and gloomy aspect. Standing respectfully in a corner of the saloon, the half-caste appeared to be occupied in unfolding and spreading out Djalma's sash, light, silky Indian web, the brown ground of which was almost entirely concealed by the exquisite gold and silver embroidery with which it was overlaid.

The countenance of the half-caste wore a dark and gloomy expression. He could not deceive himself. The letter from Mademoiselle de Cardoville, delivered by Dupont to Djalma, must have been the cause of the delight he now experienced, for, without doubt, he knew himself beloved. In that event, his obstinate silence toward Faringhea, ever since the latter had entered the saloon, greatly alarmed the half-caste, who could not tell what interpretation to put upon it. The night before, after parting with Dupont, he had hastened, in a state of anxiety easily understood, to look for the prince, in the hope of ascertaining the effect produced by Mademoiselle de Cardoville's letter. But he found the parlor door closed, and when he knocked, he received no answer from within. Then, though the night was far advanced, he had dispatched a note to Rodin, in which he informed him of Dupont's visit and its probable intention. Djalma had indeed passed the night in a tumult of happiness and hope, and a fever of impatience quite impossible to describe. Repairing to his bedchamber only toward the morning, he had taken a few moments of repose, and had then dressed himself without assistance.

Many times, but in vain, the half-caste had discreetly knocked at the door of Djalma's apartment. It was only in the early part of the afternoon that the prince had rung the bell to

order his carriage to be ready by half-past two. Faringhea having presented himself, the prince had given him the order without looking at him, as he might have done to any other of his servants. Was this suspicion, aversion, or mere absence of mind on the part of Djalma? Such were the questions which the half-caste put to himself with growing anguish; for the designs of which he was the most active and immediate instrument might all be ruined by the least suspicion in the prince.

"Oh! the hours—the hours—how slow they are!" cried the young Indian, suddenly, in a low and trembling voice.

"The day before yesterday, my lord, you said the hours were very long," observed Faringhea, as he drew near Djalma in order to attract his attention. Seeing that he did not succeed in this, he advanced a few steps nearer, and resumed: "Your joy seems very great, my lord; tell the cause of it to your poor and faithful servant, that he also may rejoice with you."

If he heard the words, Djalma did not pay any attention to them. He made no answer, and his large black eyes gazed upon vacancy. He seemed to smile admiringly on some enchanting vision, and he folded his two hands upon his bosom, in the attitude which his countrymen assume at the hour of prayer. After some instants of contemplation, he said, "What o'clock is it?" but he asked this question of himself, rather than of any third person.

"It will soon be two o'clock, my lord," said Faringhea.

Having heard this answer, Djalma seated himself, and hid his face in his hands, as if completely absorbed in some ineffable meditation. Urged on by his growing anxiety, and wishing at any cost to attract the attention of Djalma, Faringhea approached still nearer to him, and, almost certain of the effect of the words he was about to utter, said to him in a slow and emphatic voice: "My lord, I am sure that you owe the happiness which now transports you to Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

Hardly had this name been pronounced, than Djalma started from his chair, looked the half-breed full in the face, and exclaimed, as if only just aware of his presence, "Faringhea! you here! what is the matter?"

"Your faithful servant shares in your joy, my lord."

"What joy?"

"That which the letter of Mademoiselle de Cardoville has occasioned, my lord."

Djalma returned no answer, but his eyes shone with so much serene happiness that the half-caste recovered from his apprehensions. No cloud of doubt or suspicion obscured the radiant features of the prince. After a few moments of silence, Djalma fixed upon the half-caste a look half veiled with a tear of joy, and said to him, with the expression of one whose heart overflows with love and happiness: "Oh! such delight is good — great — like heaven! for it is heaven which ——"

"You deserve this happiness, my lord, after so many sufferings."

"What sufferings? Oh! yes. I formerly suffered at Java; but that was years ago."

"My lord, this great good fortune does not astonish me. What have I always told you? Do not despair; feign a violent passion for some other woman, and then this proud young lady ——"

At these words Djalma looked at the half-caste with so piercing a glance, that the latter stopped short; but the prince said to him with affectionate goodness, "Go on! I listen."

Then, leaning his chin upon his hand, and his elbow on his knee, he gazed so intently on Faringhea, and yet with such unutterable mildness, that even that iron soul was touched for a moment with a slight feeling of remorse.

"I was saying, my lord," he resumed, "that by following the counsels of your faithful slave, who persuaded you to feign a passionate love for another woman, you have brought the proud Mademoiselle de Cardoville to come to you. Did I not tell you it would be so?"

"Yes, you did tell me so," answered Djalma, still maintaining the same position, and examining the half-caste with the same fixed and mild attention.

The surprise of Faringhea increased; generally, the prince, without treating him with the least harshness, preserved the somewhat distant and imperious manners of their common country, and he had never before spoken to him with such extreme mildness. Knowing all the evil he had done the prince, and suspicious as the wicked must ever be, the half-caste thought for a moment that his master's apparent kindness might conceal a snare. He continued, therefore, with less assurance, "Believe me, my lord, this day, if you do but know how to profit by your advantages, will console you for all your troubles, which have indeed been great — for only yesterday,

though you are generous enough to forget it, only yesterday you suffered cruelly—but you were not alone in your sufferings. This proud young lady suffered also!"

"Do you think so?" said Djalma.

"Oh! it is quite sure, my lord. What must she not have felt, when she saw you at the theater with another woman! If she loved you only a little, she must have been deeply wounded in her self-esteem; if she loved you with passion, she must have been struck to the heart. At length, you see, wearied out with suffering, she has come to you."

"So that, anyway, she must have suffered—and that does not move your pity?" said Djalma, in a constrained, but still very mild voice.

"Before thinking of others, my lord, I think of your distresses; and they touch me too nearly to leave me any pity for other woes," added Faringhea, hypocritically, so greatly had the influence of Rodin already modified the character of the Phansegar.

"It is strange!" said Djalma, speaking to himself, as he viewed the half-caste with a glance still kind, but piercing.

"What is strange, my lord?"

"Nothing. But tell me, since your advice has hitherto prospered so well, what think you of the future?"

"Of the future, my lord?"

"Yes; in an hour I shall be with Mademoiselle de Cardoville."

"That is a serious matter, my lord. The whole future will depend upon this interview."

"That is what I was just thinking."

"Believe me, my lord, women never love any so well as the bold man who spares them the embarrassment of a refusal."

"Explain more fully."

"Well, my lord, they despise the timid and languishing lover, who asks humbly for what he might take by force."

"But to-day I shall meet Mademoiselle de Cardoville for the first time."

"You have met her a thousand times in your dreams, my lord; and depend upon it, she has seen you also in her dreams, since she loves you. Every one of your amorous thoughts has found an echo in her heart. All your ardent adorations have been responded to by her. Love has not two languages, and, without meeting, you have said all that you had to say to each

other. Now, it is for you to act as her master, and she will be yours entirely."

"It is strange — very strange!" said Djalma, a second time, without removing his eyes from Faringhea's face.

Mistaking the sense which the prince attached to these words, the half-caste resumed: "Believe me, my lord, however strange it may appear, this is the wisest course. Remember the past. Was it by playing the part of a timid lover that you have brought to your feet this proud young lady, my lord? No, it was by pretending to despise her, in favor of another woman. Therefore, let us have no weakness. The lion does not woo like the poor turtledove. What cares the sultan of the desert for a few plaintive howls from the lioness, who is more pleased than angry at his rude and wild caresses? Soon submissive, fearful, and happy, she follows in the track of her master. Believe me, my lord — try everything — dare everything — and to-day you will become the adored sultan of this young lady, whose beauty all Paris admires."

After some minutes' silence, Djalma, shaking his head with an expression of tender pity, said to the half-caste, in his mild, sonorous voice: "Why betray me thus? Why advise me thus wickedly to use violence, terror, and surprise toward an angel of purity, whom I respect as my mother? Is it not enough for you to have been so long devoted to my enemies, whose hatred has followed me from Java?"

Had Djalma sprung upon the half-caste with bloodshot eye, menacing brow, and lifted poniard, the latter would have been less surprised, and perhaps less frightened, than when he heard the prince speak of his treachery in this tone of mild reproach.

He drew back hastily, as if about to stand on his guard. But Djalma resumed, with the same gentleness, "Fear nothing. Yesterday I should have killed you! But to-day happy love renders me too just, too merciful, for that. I pity you, without any feeling of bitterness — for you must have been very unhappy, or you could not have become so wicked."

"My lord!" said the half-caste, with growing amazement.

"Yes, you must have suffered much, and met with little mercy, poor creature, to have become so merciless in your hate, and proof against the sight of a happiness like mine. When I listened to you just now, and saw the sad perseverance of your hatred, I felt the deepest commiseration for you."

you too by gentleness. This day has bestowed on me divine happiness; you shall have good cause to bless this day. What can I do for you? what would you have — gold? You shall have it. Do you desire more than gold? Do you desire a friend, to console you for the sorrows that made you wicked, and to teach you to be good? Though a king's son, I will be that friend — in spite of the evil — ay, because of the evil you have done me. Yes; I will be your sincere friend, and it shall be my delight to say to myself: 'The day on which I learned that my angel loved me, my happiness was great indeed — for, in the morning, I had an implacable enemy, and, ere night, his hatred was changed to friendship.' Believe me, Faringhea, misery makes crime, but happiness produces virtue. Be thou happy!"

At this moment the clock struck two. The prince started. It was time to go on his visit to Adrienne. The handsome countenance of Djalma, doubly embellished by the mild, ineffable expression with which it had been animated while he was talking to the half-caste, now seemed illumined with almost divine radiance.

Approaching Faringhea, he extended his hand with the utmost grace and courtesy, saying to him, "Your hand!"

The half-caste, whose brow was bathed with a cold sweat, whose countenance was pale and agitated, seemed to hesitate for an instant; then, overawed, conquered, fascinated, he offered his trembling hand to the prince, who pressed it and said to him in their country's fashion, "You have laid your hand honestly in a friend's; this hand shall never be closed against you. Faringhea, farewell! I now feel myself more worthy to kneel before my angel."

And Djalma went out, on his way to the appointment with Adrienne. In spite of his ferocity, in spite of the pitiless hate he bore to the whole human race, the dark secretary of Bowanee was staggered by the noble and clement words of Djalma, and said to himself, with terror, "I have taken his hand. He is now sacred for me."

Then, after a moment's silence, a thought occurred to him, and he exclaimed, "Yes — but he will not be sacred for him who, according to the answer of last night, waits for him at the door of the house."

So saying, the half-caste hastened into the next room, which looked upon the street, and, raising a corner of the curtain,

muttered anxiously to himself, "The carriage moves off — the man approaches. Perdition! it is gone and I see no more."

By a singular coincidence of ideas, Adrienne, like Djalma, had wished to be dressed exactly in the same costume as at their interview in the house in the Rue Blanche. For the site of this solemn meeting, so important to her future happiness, Adrienne had chosen, with habitual tact, the grand drawing-room of Cardoville House, in which hung many family portraits. The most apparent were those of her father and mother. The room was large and lofty, and furnished, like those which preceded it, with all the imposing splendor of the age of Louis XIV. The ceiling, painted by Lebrun, to represent the Triumph of Apollo, displayed his bold designing and vigorous coloring, in the center of a wide cornice, magnificently carved and gilt, and supported at its angles by four large gilt figures representing the Seasons. Huge panels, covered with crimson damask, and set in frames, served as the background to the family portraits which adorned this apartment. It is easier to conceive than describe the thousand conflicting emotions which agitated the bosom of Mademoiselle de Cardoville as the moment approached for her interview with Djalma. Their meeting had been hitherto prevented by so many painful obstacles, and Adrienne was so well aware of the vigilant and active perfidy of her enemies, that even now she doubted of her happiness. Every instant, in spite of herself, her eyes wandered to the clock. A few minutes more, and the hour of the appointment would strike. It struck at last. Every reverberation was echoed from the depth of Adrienne's heart. She considered that Djalma's modest reserve had, doubtless, prevented his coming before the moment fixed by herself. Far from blaming this discretion, she fully appreciated it. But, from that moment, at the least noise in the adjoining apartments, she held her breath, and listened with the anxiety of expectation.

For the first few minutes which followed the hour at which she expected Djalma, Mademoiselle de Cardoville felt no serious apprehension, and calmed her impatience by the notion (which appears childish enough to those who have never known the feverish agitation of waiting for a happy meeting) that perhaps the clocks in the Rue Blanche might vary a little from those in the Rue d'Anjou. But when this supposed variation, conceivable enough in itself, could no longer explain a delay of

a quarter of an hour, of twenty minutes, of more, Adrienne felt her anxiety gradually increase. Two or three times the young girl rose, with palpitating heart, and went on tiptoe to listen at the door of the saloon. She heard nothing. The clock struck half-past three.

Unable to suppress her growing terror, and clinging to a last hope, Adrienne returned toward the fireplace, and rang the bell. After which she endeavored to compose her features, so as to betray no outward sign of emotion. In a few seconds, a gray-haired footman, dressed in black, opened the door, and waited in respectful silence for the orders of his mistress. The latter said to him, in a calm voice, "Andrew, request Hebe to give you the smelling bottle that I left on the chimney-piece in my room, and bring it me here." Andrew bowed; but just as he was about to withdraw to execute Adrienne's order, which was only a pretext to enable her to ask a question without appearing to attach much importance to it in her servant's eyes, already informed of the expected visit of the prince, Mademoiselle de Cardoville added, with an air of indifference, "Pray, is that clock right?"

Andrew drew out his watch and replied, as he cast his eyes upon it, "Yes, mademoiselle. I set my watch by the Tuileries. It is more than half-past three."

"Very well — thank you!" said Adrienne, kindly.

Andrew again bowed; but, before going out, he said to Adrienne, "I forgot to tell you, lady, that Marshal Simon called about an hour ago; but, as you were only to be at home to Prince Djalma, we told him that you received no company."

"Very well," said Adrienne. With another low bow, Andrew quitted the room, and all returned to silence.

For the precise reason that, up to the last minute of the hour previous to the time fixed for her interview with Djalma, the hopes of Adrienne had not been disturbed by the slightest shadow of doubt, the disappointment she now felt was the more dreadful. Casting a desponding look at one of the portraits placed above her, she murmured, with a plaintive and despairing accent, "Oh, mother!"

Hardly had Mademoiselle de Cardoville uttered the words than the windows were slightly shaken by a carriage rolling into the courtyard. The young lady started, and was unable to repress a low cry of joy. Her heart bounded at the thought of meeting Djalma, for this time she felt that he was really come.

She was quite as certain of it as if she had seen him. She resumed her seat, and brushed away a tear suspended from her long eyelashes. Her hand trembled like a leaf. The sound of several doors opening and shutting proved that the young lady was right in her conjecture. The gilded panels of the drawing-room door soon turned upon their hinges, and the prince appeared.

While a second footman ushered in Djalma, Andrew placed on a gilded table, within reach of his mistress, a little silver salver, on which stood the crystal smelling bottle.

Then he withdrew, and the door of the room was closed. The prince and Mademoiselle de Cardoville were left alone together.

The prince had slowly approached Mademoiselle de Cardoville. Notwithstanding the impetuosity of the Oriental's passions, his uncertain and timid step — timid, yet graceful — betrayed his profound emotion. He did not venture to lift his eyes to Adrienne's face; he had suddenly become very pale, and his finely formed hands, folded over his bosom in the attitude of adoration, trembled violently. With head bent down, he remained standing at a little distance from Adrienne. This embarrassment, ridiculous in any other person, appeared touching in this prince of twenty years of age, endowed with an almost fabulous intrepidity, and of so heroic and generous a character, that no traveler could speak of the son of Kadja-sing without a tribute of admiration and respect. Sweet emotion! chaste reserve! doubly interesting if we consider that the burning passions of this youth were all the more inflammable because they had hitherto been held in check.

No less embarrassed than her cousin, Adrienne de Cardoville remained seated. Like Djalma, she cast down her eyes; but the burning blush on her cheeks, the quick heaving of her virgin bosom, revealed an emotion that she did not even attempt to hide. Notwithstanding the powers of her mind, by turns gay, graceful, and witty — notwithstanding the decision of her proud and independent character, and her complete acquaintance with the manners of the world — Adrienne shared Djalma's simple and enchanting awkwardness, and partook of that kind of temporary weakness, beneath which these two pure, ardent, and loving beings appeared sinking — as if unable to support the boiling agitation of the senses, combined with the intoxicating

excitement of the heart. And yet their eyes had not met. Each seemed to fear the first electric shock of the other's glance — that invincible attraction of two impassioned beings — that sacred fire, which suddenly kindles the blood, and lifts two mortals from earth to heaven; for it is to approach the Divinity, to give one's self up with religious fervor to the most noble and irresistible sentiment that He has implanted within us — the only sentiment that, in His adorable wisdom, the Dispenser of all good has vouchsafed to sanctify, by endowing it with a spark of His own creative energy.

Djalma was the first to raise his eyes. They were moist and sparkling. The excitement of passionate love, the burning ardor of his age, so long repressed, the intense admiration in which he held ideal beauty, were all expressed in his look, mingled with respectful timidity, and gave to the countenance of this youth an undefinable, irresistible character. Yes, irresistible! for, when Adrienne encountered his glance, she trembled in every limb, and felt herself attracted by a magnetic power. Already her eyes were heavy with a kind of intoxicating languor, when, by a great effort of will and dignity, she succeeded in overcoming this delicious confusion, rose from her chair, and said to Djalma in a trembling voice, "Prince, I am happy to receive you here." Then, pointing to one of the portraits suspended above her, she added, as if introducing him to a living person, "Prince — my mother!"

With an instinct of rare delicacy, Adrienne had thus summoned her mother to be present at her interview with Djalma. It seemed a security for herself and the prince, against the seductions of a first interview — which was likely to be all the more perilous, that they both knew themselves madly loved, that they both were free, and had only to answer to Providence for the treasures of happiness and enjoyment with which He had so magnificently endowed them. The prince understood Adrienne's thoughts; so that, when the young lady pointed to the portrait, Djalma, by a spontaneous movement full of grace and simplicity, knelt down before the picture, and said to it in a gentle, but manly voice: "I will love and revere you as my mother. And, in thought, my mother too shall be present, and stand like you, beside your child!"

No better answer could have been given to the feeling which induced Mademoiselle de Cardoville to place herself, as it were, under the protection of her mother. From that moment,

confident in Djalma, confident in herself, the young lady felt more at her ease, and the delicious sense of happiness replaced those exciting emotions which had at first so violently agitated her.

Then, seating herself once more, she said to Djalma, as she pointed to the opposite chair: "Pray take a seat, my dear cousin; and allow me to call you so, for there is too much ceremony in the word 'prince'; and do you call me cousin also, for I find other names too grave. Having settled this point, we can talk together like old friends."

"Yes, 'cousin,'" answered Djalma, blushing.

"And, as frankness is proper between friends," resumed Adrienne, "I have first to make you a reproach," she added, with a half-smile.

The prince had remained standing, with his arm resting on the chimney-piece, in an attitude full of grace and respect.

"Yes, cousin," continued Adrienne, "a reproach, that you will perhaps forgive me for making. I had expected you a little sooner."

"Perhaps, cousin, you may blame me for having come so soon."

"What do you mean?"

"At the moment when I left home, a man, whom I did not know, approached my carriage, and said to me, with such an air of sincerity that I believed him: 'You are able to save the life of a person who has been a second father to you. Marshal Simon is in great danger, and, to rescue him, you must follow me on the instant——'"

"It was a snare," cried Adrienne, hastily. "Marshal Simon was here scarcely an hour ago."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Djalma, joyfully, and as if he had been relieved from a great weight. "Then there will be nothing to sadden this happy day!"

"But, cousin," resumed Adrienne, "how came you not to suspect this emissary?"

"Some words which afterward escaped from him inspired me with doubts," answered Djalma: "but at first I followed him, fearing the marshal might be in danger—for I know that he also has enemies."

"Now that I reflect on it, you were quite right, cousin, for some new plot against the marshal was probable enough; and the least doubt was enough to induce you to go to him."

"I did so — even though you were waiting for me."

"It was a generous sacrifice; and my esteem for you is increased by it, if it could be increased," said Adrienne, with emotion. "But what became of this man?"

"At my desire, he got into the carriage with me. Anxious about the marshal, and in despair at seeing the time wasted, that I was to have passed with you, cousin, I pressed him with all sorts of questions. Several times, he replied to me with embarrassment, and then the idea struck me that the whole might be a snare. Remembering all that they had already attempted, to ruin me in your opinion, I immediately changed my course. The vexation of the man who accompanied me then became so visible that I ought to have had no doubt upon the subject. Still, when I thought of Marshal Simon, I felt a kind of vague remorse, which you, cousin, have now happily set at rest."

"Those people are implacable!" said Adrienne; "but our happiness will be stronger than their hate."

After a moment's silence, she resumed, with her habitual frankness: "My dear cousin, it is impossible for me to conceal what I have at heart. Let us talk for a few seconds of the past, which was made so painful to us, and then we will forget it forever, like an evil dream."

"I will answer you sincerely, at the risk of injuring myself," said the prince.

"How could you make up your mind to exhibit yourself in public with ——"

"With that young girl?" interrupted Djalma.

"Yes, cousin," replied Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and she waited for Djalma's answer with anxious curiosity.

"A stranger to the customs of this country," said Djalma, without any embarrassment, for he spoke the truth, "with a mind weakened with despair, and misled by the fatal counsels of a man devoted to my enemies, I believed, even as I was told, that, by displaying before you the semblance of another love, I should excite your jealousy, and thus ——"

"Enough, cousin; I understand it all," said Adrienne, hastily, interrupting Djalma in her turn, that she might spare him a painful confession. "I too must have been blinded by despair, not to have seen through this wicked plot, especially after your rash and intrepid action. To risk death for the sake of my bouquet!" added Adrienne, shuddering at the mere

remembrance. "But one last question," she resumed, "though I am already sure of your answer. Did you receive a letter that I wrote to you, on the morning of the day in which I saw you at the theater?"

Djalma made no reply. A dark cloud passed over his fine countenance, and, for a second, his features assumed so menacing an expression, that Adrienne was terrified at the effect produced by her words. But this violent agitation soon passed away, and Djalma's brow became once more calm and serene.

"I have been more merciful than I thought," said the prince to Adrienne, who looked at him with astonishment. "I wished to come hither worthy of you, my cousin. I pardoned the man who, to serve my enemies, had given me all those fatal counsels. The same person, I am sure, must have intercepted your letter. Just now, at the memory of the evils he thus caused me, I, for a moment, regretted my clemency. But then, again, I thought of your letter of yesterday—and my anger is all gone."

"Then the sad time of fear and suspicion is over—suspicion, that made me doubt of your sentiments, and you of mine. Oh, yes! far removed from us be that fatal past!" cried Adrienne de Cardoville, with deep joy.

Then, as if she had relieved her heart from the last thought of sadness, she continued, "The future is all our own—the radiant future, without cloud or obstacle, pure in the immensity of its horizon, and extending beyond the reach of sight!"

It is impossible to describe the tone of enthusiastic hope which accompanied these words. But suddenly Adrienne's features assumed an expression of touching melancholy, and she added, in a voice of profound emotion, "And yet—at this hour—so many unfortunate creatures suffer pain!"

This simple touch of pity for the misfortunes of others, at the moment when the noble maiden herself attained to the highest point of happiness. had such an effect on Djalma that involuntarily he fell on his knees before Adrienne, clasped his hands together, and turned toward her his fine countenance, with an almost daring expression. Then, hiding his face in his hands, he bowed his head without speaking a single word. There was a moment of deep silence. Adrienne was the first to break it, as she saw a tear steal through the slender fingers of the prince.

"My friend! what is the matter?" she exclaimed, as, with

a movement rapid as thought, she stooped forward, and, taking hold of Djalma's hands, drew them from before his face. That face was bathed in tears.

"You weep!" cried Mademoiselle de Cardoville, so much agitated that she kept the hands of Djalma in her own; and, unable to dry his tears, the young Hindu allowed them to flow like so many drops of crystal over the pale gold of his cheeks.

"There is not in this wide world a happiness like to mine!" said the prince, in his soft, melodious voice, and with a kind of exhaustion; "therefore do I feel great sadness, and so it should be. You give me heaven — and were I to give you the whole earth, it would be but a poor return. Alas! what can man do for a divinity, but humbly bless and adore? He can never hope to return the gifts bestowed: and this makes him suffer — not in his pride — but in his heart!'

Djalma did not exaggerate. He said what he really felt; and the rather hyperbolical form, familiar to oriental nations, could alone express his thought. The tone of his regret was so sincere, his humility so gentle and full of simplicity, that Adrienne, also moved to tears, answered him with an effusion of serious tenderness, "My friend, we are both at the supreme point of happiness. Our future felicity appears to have no limits, and yet, though derived from different sources, sad reflections have come to both of us. It is, you see, that there are some sorts of happiness, which make you dizzy with their own immensity. For a moment, the heart, the mind, the soul, are incapable of containing so much bliss; it overflows and drowns us. Thus the flowers sometimes hang their heads, oppressed by the too ardent rays of the sun, which is yet their love and life. Oh, my friend! this sadness may be great, but it is also sweet!"

As she uttered these words, the voice of Adrienne grew fainter and fainter, and her head bowed lower, as if she were indeed sinking beneath the weight of her happiness. Djalma had remained kneeling before her, his hands in hers — so that as she thus bent forward, her ivory forehead and golden hair touched the amber-colored brow and ebon curls of Djalma. And the sweet silent tears of the two young lovers flowed together, and mingled as they fell on their clasped hands.

The mild light of a circular lamp of oriental alabaster, suspended from the ceiling by three silver chains, spreads a faint

luster through the bedchamber of Adrienne de Cardoville. The large ivory bedstead, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, is not at present occupied, and almost disappears beneath snowy curtains of lace and muslin, transparent and vapory as clouds. On the white marble mantelpiece, from beneath which the fire throws ruddy beams on the ermine carpet, is the usual basket filled with a bush of red camelias, in the midst of their shining green leaves. A pleasant aromatic odor, rising from a warm and perfumed bath in the next room, penetrates every corner of the bedchamber. All without is calm and silent. It is hardly eleven o'clock. The ivory door, opposite to that which leads to the bath room, opens slowly. Djalma appears. Two hours have elapsed since he committed a double murder, and believed that he had killed Adrienne in a fit of jealous fury.

The servants of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, accustomed to Djalma's daily visits, no longer announced his arrival, and admitted him without difficulty, having received no orders to the contrary from their mistress. He had never before entered the bedchamber, but, knowing that the apartment the lady occupied was on the first floor of the house, he had easily found it. As he entered that virgin sanctuary, his countenance was pretty calm, so well did he control his feelings; only a slight paleness tarnished the brilliant amber of his complexion. He wore that day a robe of purple cashmere, striped with silver — a color which did not show the stains of blood upon it. Djalma closed the door after him, and tore off his white turban, for it seemed to him as if a band of hot iron encircled his brow. His dark hair streamed around his handsome face. He crossed his arms upon his bosom, and looked slowly about him. When his eyes rested on Adrienne's bed, he started suddenly, and his cheek grew purple. Then he drew his hand across his brow, hung down his head, and remained standing for some moments in a dream, motionless as a statue.

After a mournful silence of a few seconds' duration, Djalma fell upon his knees, and raised his eyes to heaven. The Asiatic's countenance was bathed in tears and no longer expressed any violent passion. On his features was no longer the stamp of hate, or despair, or the ferocious joy of vengeance gratified. It was rather the expression of a grief at once simple and immense. For several minutes he was almost choked with sobs, and the tears ran freely down his cheeks.

"Dead! dead!" he murmured, in a half-stifled voice.

"She who this morning slept so peacefully in this chamber! And I have killed her. Now that she is dead, what is her treachery to me? I should not have killed her for that. She had betrayed me; she loved the man whom I slew—she loved him! Alas! I could not hope to gain the preference," added he, with a touching mixture of resignation and remorse; "I, poor, untaught youth—how could I merit her love? It was my fault that she did not love me; but, always generous, she concealed from me her indifference, that she might not make me too unhappy—and for that I killed her. What was her crime? Did she not meet me freely? Did she not open to me her dwelling? Did she not allow me to pass whole days with her? No doubt she tried to love me, and could not. I loved her with all the faculties of my soul, but my love was not such as she required. For that, I should not have killed her. But a fatal delusion seized me, and, after it was done, I woke as from a dream. Alas! it was not a dream: I have killed her. And yet—until this evening—what happiness I owed to her—what hope—what joy! She made my heart better, nobler, more generous. All came from her," added the Indian, with a new burst of grief. "That remained with me—no one could take from me that treasure of the past—that ought to have consoled me. But why think of it? I struck them both—her and the man—without a struggle. It was a cowardly murder—the ferocity of the tiger that tears its innocent pray!"

Djalma buried his face in his hands. Then, drying his tears, he resumed: "I know, clearly, that I mean to die also. But my death will not restore her to life!"

He rose from the ground, and drew from his girdle Faringhea's bloody dagger; then, taking the little phial from the hilt, he threw the blood-stained blade upon the ermine carpet, the immaculate whiteness of which was thus slightly stained with red.

"Yes," resumed Djalma, holding the phial with a convulsive grasp, "I know well that I am about to die. It is right. Blood for blood; my life for hers. How happens it that my steel did not turn aside? How could I kill her? but it is done—and my heart is full of remorse, and sorrow, and inexpressible tenderness—and I have come here—to die!

"Here, in this chamber," he continued, "the heaven of my burning visions!" And then he added, with a heartrending

accent, as he again buried his face in his hands, "Dead! dead!"

"Well! I too shall soon be dead," he resumed, in a firmer voice. "But, no! I will die slowly, gradually. A few drops of the poison will suffice; and, when I am quite certain of dying, my remorse will perhaps be less terrible. Yesterday, she pressed my hand when we parted. Who could have foretold me this?" The Indian raised the phial resolutely to his lips. He drank a few drops of the liquor it contained, and replaced it on a little ivory table close to Adrienne's bed.

"This liquor is sharp and hot," said he. "Now I am certain to die. Oh! that I may still have time to feast on the sight and perfume of this chamber — to lay my dying head on the couch where she has reposed."

Djalma fell on his knees beside the bed, and leaned against it his burning brow. At this moment, the ivory door, which communicated with the bath room, rolled gently on its hinges, and Adrienne entered. The young lady had just sent away her woman, who had assisted to undress her. She wore a long muslin wrapper of lustrous whiteness. Her golden hair, neatly arranged in little plaits, formed two bands, which gave to her sweet face an extremely juvenile air. Her snowy complexion was slightly tinged with rose color, from the warmth of the perfumed bath, which she used for a few seconds every evening. When she opened the ivory door, and placed her little naked foot, in its white satin slipper, upon the ermine carpet, Adrienne was dazzlingly beautiful. Happiness sparkled in her eyes, and adorned her brow. All the difficulties relative to her union with Djalma had now been removed. In two days she would be his. The sight of the nuptial chamber oppressed her with a vague and ineffable languor. The ivory door had been opened so gently, the lady's first steps were so soft upon the fur carpet, that Djalma, still leaning against the bed, had heard nothing. But suddenly a cry of surprise and alarm struck upon his ear. He turned round abruptly. Adrienne stood before him. With an impulse of modesty, Adrienne closed her nightdress over her bosom, and hastily drew back, still more afflicted than angry at what she considered a guilty attempt on the part of Djalma. Cruelly hurt and offended, she was about to reproach him with his conduct, when she perceived the dagger, which he had thrown down upon the ermine carpet. At the sight of this weapon, and the expression of fear and

stupor which petrified the features of Djalma, who remained kneeling, motionless, with his body thrown back, his hands stretched out, his eyes fixed and wildly staring — Adrienne no longer dreading an amorous surprise, was seized with an indescribable terror, and instead of flying from the prince, advanced several steps toward him, and said, in an agitated voice, while she pointed to the kandjiar, "My friend, why are you here? what ails you? why this dagger?"

Djalma made no answer. At first, the presence of Adrienne seemed to him a vision, which he attributed to the excitement of his brain, already (it might be) under the influence of the poison. But when the soft voice sounded in his ears — when his heart bounded with the species of electric shock which he always felt when he met the gaze of that woman so ardently beloved — when he had contemplated for an instant that adorable face, so fresh and fair, in spite of its expression of deep uneasiness — Djalma understood that he was not the sport of a dream, but that Mademoiselle de Cardoville was really before his eyes.

Then, as he began fully to grasp the thought that Adrienne was not dead, though he could not at all explain the prodigy of her resurrection, the Hindu's countenance was transfigured, the pale gold of his complexion became warm and red, his eyes (tarnished by tears of remorse) shone with new radiance, and his features, so lately contracted with terror and despair, expressed all the phases of the most ecstatic joy. Advancing, still on his knees, toward Adrienne, he lifted up to her his trembling hands; and, too deeply affected to pronounce a word, he gazed on her with so much amazement, love, adoration, gratitude, that the young lady, fascinated by those inexplicable looks, remained mute also, motionless also, and felt, by the precipitate beating of her heart, and by the shudder which ran through her frame, that there was here some dreadful mystery to be unfolded.

At last, Djalma, clasping his hands together, exclaimed with an accent impossible to describe, "Thou art not dead!"

"Dead!" repeated the young lady, in amazement.

"It was not thou, really not thou, whom I killed? God is kind and just!"

And as he pronounced these words with intense joy, the unfortunate youth forgot the victim whom he had sacrificed in error.

More and more alarmed, and again glancing at the dagger,

on which she now perceived marks of blood—a terrible evidence, in confirmation of the words of Djalma—Mademoiselle de Cardoville exclaimed: "You have killed some one, Djalma! Oh! what does he say? It is dreadful!"

"You are alive—I see you—you are here," said Djalma, in a voice trembling with rapture. "You are here—beautiful! pure! for it was not you! Oh, no! had it been you, the steel would have turned back upon myself."

"You have killed some one?" cried the young lady, beside herself with this unforeseen revelation, and clasping her hands in horror. "Why! whom did you kill?"

"I do not know. A woman that was like you—a man that I thought your lover—it was an illusion, a frightful dream—you are alive—you are here!"

And the Oriental wept for joy.

"A dream? but no, it is not a dream. There is blood upon that dagger!" cried the young lady, as she pointed wildly to the kandjiar. "I tell you there is blood upon it!"

"Yes. I threw it down just now, when I took the poison from it, thinking that I had killed you."

"The poison!" exclaimed Adrienne, and her teeth chattered convulsively. "What poison?"

"I thought I had killed you, and I came here to die."

"To die? Oh! wherefore? who is to die?" cried the young lady, almost in delirium.

"I," replied Djalma, with inexpressible tenderness, "I thought I had killed you—and I took poison."

"You!" exclaimed Adrienne, becoming pale as death. "You!"

"Yes."

"Oh! it is not true!" said the young lady, shaking her head.

"Look!" said the Asiatic. Mechanically, he turned toward the bed—toward the little ivory table, on which sparkled the crystal phial.

With a sudden movement, swifter than thought, swifter, it may be, than the will, Adrienne rushed to the table, seized the phial, and applied it eagerly to her lips.

Djalma had hitherto remained on his knees; but he now uttered a terrible cry, made one spring to the drinker's side, and dragged away the phial, which seemed almost glued to her mouth.

"No matter! I have swallowed as much as you," said Adrienne, with an air of gloomy triumph.

For an instant there followed an awful silence. Adrienne and Djalma gazed upon each other, mute, motionless, horror-struck. The young lady was the first to break this mournful silence, and said in a tone which she tried to make calm and steady, "Well! what is there extraordinary in this? You have killed, and death must expiate your crime. It is just. I will not survive you. That also is natural enough. Why look at me thus? This poison has a sharp taste — does it act quickly! Tell me, my Djalma."

The prince did not answer. Shuddering through all his frame, he looked down upon his hands. Faringhea had told the truth; a slight violet tint appeared already beneath the nails. Death was approaching, slowly, almost insensibly, but not the less certain. Overwhelmed with despair at the thought that Adrienne, too, was about to die, Djalma felt his courage fail him. He uttered a long groan, and hid his face in his hands. His knees shook under him, and he fell down upon the bed, near which he was standing.

"Already?" cried the young lady, in horror, as she threw herself on her knees at Djalma's feet. "Death already? Do you hide your face from me?"

In her fright, she pulled his hands from before his face. That face was bathed in tears.

"No, not yet," murmured he, through his sobs. "The poison is slow."

"Really!" cried Adrienne, with ineffable joy. Then, kissing the hands of Djalma, she added tenderly, "If the poison is slow, why do you weep?"

"For you! for you!" said the Indian, in a heartrending tone.

"Think not of me," replied Adrienne, resolutely. "You have killed, and we must expiate the crime. I know not what has taken place; but I swear by our love that you did not do evil for evil's sake. There is some horrible mystery in all this."

"On a pretense which I felt bound to believe," replied Djalma, speaking quickly, and panting for breath, "Faringhea led me to a certain house. Once there, he told me that you had betrayed me. I did not believe him, but I know not what strange dizziness seized upon me — and then, through a half obscurity, I saw you ——"

"Me!"

"No — not you — but a woman resembling you, dressed

like you, so that I believed the illusion — and then there came a man — and you flew to meet him — and I — mad with rage — stabbed her, stabbed him, saw them fall — and so came here to die. And now I find you only to cause your death. Oh, misery! misery! that you should die through me!"

And Djalma, this man of formidable energy, began again to weep with the weakness of a child. At sight of this deep, touching, passionate despair, Adrienne, with that admirable courage which women alone possess in love, thought only of consoling Djalma. By an effort of superhuman passion, as the prince revealed to her this infernal plot, the lady's countenance became so splendid with an expression of love and happiness, that the East Indian looked at her in amazement, fearing for an instant that he must have lost his reason.

"No more tears, my adored!" cried the young lady, exultingly. "No more tears — but only smiles of joy and love! Our cruel enemies shall not triumph!"

"What do you say?"

"They wished to make us miserable. We pity them. Our felicity shall be the envy of the world!"

"Adrienne — bethink you ——"

"Oh! I have all my senses about me. Listen to me, my adored! I now understand it all. Falling into a snare which these wretches spread for you, you have committed murder. Now, in this country, murder leads to infamy, or the scaffold — and to-morrow — to-night, perhaps, you would be thrown into prison. But our enemies have said: 'A man like Prince Djalma does not wait for infamy — he kills himself. A woman like Adrienne de Cardoville does not survive the disgrace or death of her lover — she prefers to die. Therefore a frightful death awaits them both,' said the black-robed men; 'and that immense inheritance, which we covet ——'"

"And for you — so young, so beautiful, so innocent — death is frightful, and these monsters triumph!" cried Djalma. "They have spoken the truth!"

"They have lied!" answered Adrienne. "Our death shall be celestial. This poison is slow — and I adore you, my Djalma!"

She spoke those words in a low voice, trembling with passionate love, and, leaning upon Djalma's knees, approached so near that he felt her warm breath upon his cheek. As he felt that breath, and saw the humid flame that darted from the

large, swimming eyes of Adrienne, whose half-opened lips were becoming of a still deeper and brighter hue, the Indian started —his young blood boiled in his veins—he forgot everything —his despair, and the approach of death, which as yet (as with Adrienne) only showed itself in a kind of feverish ardor. His face, like the young girl's, became once more splendidly beautiful.

"Oh, my lover! my husband! how beautiful you are!" said Adrienne, with idolatry. "Those eyes—that brow—those lips—how I love them! How many times has the remembrance of your grace and beauty, coupled with your love, unsettled my reason, and shaken my resolves—even to this moment, when I am wholly yours! Yes, Heaven wills that we should be united. Only this morning, I gave to the apostolic man, that was to bless our union, in thy name and mine, a royal gift—a gift that will bring joy and peace to the heart of many an unfortunate creature. Then what have we to regret, my beloved? Our immortal souls will pass away in a kiss, and ascend, full of love, to that God who is all love!"

"Adrienne!"

"Djalma!"

The light, transparent curtains fell like a cloud over that nuptial and funereal couch. Yes, funereal; for, two hours after, Adrienne and Djalma breathed their last sigh in a voluptuous agony.



THE RED FISHERMAN; OR THE DEVIL'S DECOY.

By WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

[WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED, English writer of "Vers de Société," was born July 26, 1802, in London. A boy of great early brilliancy, he was prominent in school journalism at Eton, and had a wonderful career at Trinity College, Cambridge. He won a fellowship, contributed much to *Knight's Quarterly*, became a private tutor, entered the law, took to politics, and was member of Parliament for most of the time from 1830 till his death. His collected "Poems" contain several pieces of permanent popularity.]

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

THE Abbot arose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:

A starlight sky was o'er his head,
  A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
  And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
  But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
  On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
  But he thought not of the reeds;
He clasped his gilded rosary,
  But he did not tell the beads;
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
  The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
  Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,
  He had swayed the crosier well;
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,
  The Abbot were loath to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beauteous is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery
  About as much, in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
  Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
  Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
  Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near,
  To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
  Unchanged and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away
  The space of half a rood;

The surface had the hue of clay
  And the scent of human blood;
The trees and the herbs that round it grew
  Were venomous and foul,
And the birds that through the bushes flew
  Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
  As ever a company pumped,
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
  Grew rotten while it jumped;
And bold was the man who thither came
  At midnight, man or boy,
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
  And that name was "The Devil's Decoy"!

The Abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree
When suddenly rose a dismal tone —
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
        "Oho! Oho!
        Above — below —
Lightly and brightly they glide and go!
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
  And the lifeblood colder run:
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
  And the abbey clock struck one!
All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod;
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double,

Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shriveled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the Abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest:
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly —
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye;
Gayly it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem
It was fastened a gleaming hook about
By a chain within and a chain without;
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!
From the bowels of the earth
Strange and varied sounds had birth;
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!
Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the Abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Paternoster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain —
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.

The corpulent Abbot knew full well
The swelling form and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a reveling company —
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine and flight of cork,
Stroke of knife and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sat;
  And the Priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
  And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,
  "With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the Abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead —
  The Mayor of St. Edmund's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things —
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was halfway sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales:
But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words:

"Smile, Lady, smile! I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, Lady, smile!—I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, Lady, smile!—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
  A lady wondrous fair;
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
  And torn was her raven hair.
"Aha!" said the Fisher, in merry guise,
  "Her gallant was hooked before,"
And the Abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
  The eyes of Mistress Shore!

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of luster, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.
There was a perfume of sulphur and niter,
As he came at last to a bishop's miter!

From top to toe the Abbot shook,
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook,
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or wakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die:

Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,
As the swirling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still:
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance·
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer;
But he signed — he knew not why or how —
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.
"Oho! Oho!
The cock doth crow;
It is time for the Fisher to rise and go
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine!
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line,
Let him swim to the north; let him swim to the south,
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth!"

The Abbot had preached for many years
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs,
Had kept the Court an hour awake,
And the King himself three quarters:
But ever since that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an ax went through his head
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry,
And none but he and the Fisherman
Could tell the reason why!

ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.[1]

BY OCTAVE FEUILLET.

[OCTAVE FEUILLET: A French novelist; born at St Lô, August 11, 1821; died in Paris, December 28, 1890. He was educated at the College of Louis-le-Grand in Paris, and at the age of twenty-four began to write, his first marked success being the novel "Le Cheveu Blanc," produced in 1853. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and in 1862 succeeded Scribe as a member of the French Academy. His published works include: "The Great Old Man" (1845); "Polichinelle" (1846); "The Redemption" (1849), "Vieillesse de Richelieu," a play (1848), "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" (1858), afterward dramatized, "The History of Sibylla" (1862); "Monsieur de Camors" (1867), "Julie de Trécœur" (1872), "A Marriage in High Life" (1875); "Le Journal d'une Femme" (1878); "L'Histoire d'une Parisienne," "La Veuve," and "La Morte"; besides many successful plays.]

THE next day — that is, yesterday — I set out on horseback early in the morning, to oversee the felling of some timber in the neighborhood. I was returning toward four o'clock, in the direction of the château, when, at a sharp turn of the road, I found myself face to face with Mlle. Marguerite. She was alone. I bowed, and was about to pass, but she stopped her horse.

"A beautiful autumn day, monsieur," said she.

"Yes, mademoiselle. You are going to ride?"

"As you see, I am using my last moments of independence, and even abusing them, for I feel a little troubled by my solitude. But Alain was wanted down there — my poor Mervyn is lame. You do not wish to replace him by chance?"

"With pleasure. Where are you going?"

"Why, I had the idea of pushing my ride as far as the Tower of Elven." She pointed with the end of her riding whip to a dark summit which rose within sight of the road. "I think," she added, "that you have never made this pilgrimage."

"It is true. It has often tempted me, but I have put it off till now, I hardly know why."

"Well, it is easily found; but it is already late, and we must make a little haste, if you please."

I turned my horse's head, and we set out at a gallop.

As we rode, I sought to explain to myself this unexpected

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OCTAVE FEUILLET IN HIS STUDY

whim, which I could not but think premeditated. I concluded that time and reflection had weakened in Mlle. Marguerite's mind the first impression made by the calumnies which had been poured into her ear. She had apparently ended by doubting Mlle. Helouin's veracity, and contrived to offer me, by chance, under a disguised form, a kind of reparation which might possibly be due me.

In the midst of the thoughts that besieged me, I attached slight importance to the particular end we proposed to ourselves in this strange ride. I had often heard this Tower of Elven spoken of as one of the most interesting ruins of the country, and I had never traveled over either of the two roads which lead from Rennes, or from Jocelyn, toward the sea, without contemplating with an eager eye that uncertain mass which one sees towering upward in the middle of distant heaths like an enormous stone bank; but time and occasion had been wanting to me.

A little distance beyond Elven we took a crossroad, which led us up a barren hill; we saw from its summit, although at some distance from us, the feudal ruin overlooking a wooded height in front of us. The heath where we were descended sharply toward marshy meadows, surrounded with thick young woods. We descended the slope and were soon in the woods. There we took a narrow road, the rough, unbroken pavement of which resounded loudly under our horses' feet. I had ceased for some time to see the Tower of Elven, the locality of which I could not even conjecture, when it rose out of the foliage a few steps before us with the suddenness of an apparition. This tower is not decayed; it has preserved its original height, which exceeds a hundred feet, and the regular layers of granite, which compose this magnificent octagonal structure, give it the aspect of a formidable block, cut yesterday by the purest chisel. Nothing more imposing, more proud and somber, can be imagined than this old donjon, impervious to the effects of time, and alone in these thick woods. The trees have grown close to its walls, and their tops reach to the openings for the lower windows. This growth of vegetation conceals the base of the edifice, and increases its appearance of fantastic mystery. In this solitude, surrounded by forests, and with this mass of extraordinary architecture in front of us, it was impossible not to think of enchanted castles where beautiful princesses sleep a hundred years.

"Up to this time," said Mlle. Marguerite, to whom I tried to communicate this idea, "I have seen no more than what we now see; but if you wish to wake the princess, we can enter. As far as I know, there may be in the neighborhood a shepherd or shepherdess who is furnished with a key. Let us fasten our horses and seek for them — you for the shepherd, and I for the shepherdess."

The horses were accordingly fastened in a little inclosure near the ruin, and we separated for a moment to search around the castle. But we had the vexation to meet neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the interior naturally increased with all the force of attraction which forbidden fruit has for us, and we crossed a bridge thrown over the moat, at a venture. To our great satisfaction, the massive door of the donjon was not shut; we needed only to push it open in order to enter a corner, dark and encumbered with rubbish, which was probably the place for the bodyguard in former times; from thence we passed into a vast circular hall, the chimney-piece of which still showed, on its coat of arms, the besants of the crusade; a large open window, traversed by the symbolic cross, plainly cut in the stone, lighted distinctly the lower part of this room, while the eye failed to pierce the uncertain shadows of the lofty, broken roof. At the sound of our steps, an invisible flock of birds flew out from the darkness, shaking down upon us the dust of centuries.

On mounting up the granite steps, ranged one above the other round the hall, into the embrasure of the window, we could overlook the deep moat and the ruined parts of the fortress; but we had noticed on our entrance a flight of steps cut in the thick wall, and we felt a childish impatience to push our discoveries further. We therefore undertook to ascend this rude staircase; I led the way, and Mlle. Marguerite followed bravely, holding up her long skirts as well as she could. From the top of the flat roof the view was vast and delicious. The soft tints of twilight were creeping over the ocean of half-golden autumn foliage; the dark marshes, and the green, mossy ground near us, and the distant ranges of hills mingling with and crossing each other. As we gazed down upon this melancholy landscape, infinite in extent, we felt the peace of solitude, the silence of evening, the sadness of the past, descend into our hearts.

This charm was increased, for me at least, by the presence

of a beloved being; all who have loved will comprehend this. This hour even of mutual contemplation and emotion, of pure and profound enjoyment, was, without doubt, the last that would be given me to pass near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sad earnestness. For Marguerite, I know not what passed within her; she was seated on the ledge of the parapet, gazing silently at the distance. I heard only the sound of her quickened breath.

I do not know how long we remained thus. When the mists spread over the low meadows and the far-off hills became indistinct in the increasing darkness, Marguerite rose. "Let us go," said she, in a low voice, as if the curtain had fallen on some regretted pageant; "it is finished!" Then she began to descend the staircase, and I followed her.

When we attempted to leave the castle, to our great surprise, we found the door closed. Apparently the young keeper, ignorant of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was that of gayety. It was actually an enchanted castle; I made vigorous efforts to break the enchantment; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was solidly fastened in the granite, and I was compelled to give up the attempt to unfasten it. I then attacked the door itself, but the massive hinges and the oak panels, banded with iron, resisted all my strength. Two or three pieces of rough stone that I found amongst the rubbish, and that I threw against this insuperable obstacle to our egress, had no other result than to shake the roof, fragments of which fell at my feet. Mlle. Marguerite would not allow me to pursue an enterprise so evidently hopeless, and which was not without danger. I then ran to the window, and shouted for help, but nobody replied. During the next ten minutes I repeated these cries constantly, but with the same lack of success. We then employed the remaining daylight in exploring minutely the interior of the castle, but we could discover no place of egress except the door, as solid as the wall to us, and the great window, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat.

Night had now fallen over the country, and darkness invaded the old castle. Some rays of moonlight penetrated the window, and fell upon the stone steps beneath it. Mlle. Marguerite, who had gradually lost all appearance of sprightliness, ceased to reply to the conjectures, reasonable or otherwise, with which I endeavored to dispel her anxiety. She sat

in the shadow of the window, silent and immovable, but I was in the full light of the moon on the step nearest the window, at intervals sending forth a cry of distress; but in truth the more uncertain the success of my efforts became, the more an irresistible feeling of joyfulness seized upon me. I saw suddenly realized the endless and almost impossible dream of lovers; I was alone in a desert with the woman whom I loved. For long hours there were only she and I in the world, only her life and mine. I thought of all the marks of sweet protection, of tender respect, that I should have the right and the duty to lavish upon her; I pictured her fears calmed, her confidence, her sleep; I said to myself that this fortunate night, if it did not give me the love of this dear girl, would at least assure to me her most lasting esteem.

As I abandoned myself with all the egotism of passion to my secret ecstasy, some reflection of which was perhaps painted on my face, I was suddenly roused by these words, addressed to me in a tone of affected tranquillity: "Monsieur le Marquis de Champcey, have there been many cowards in your family before you?"

I rose, but fell back again upon my stone seat, turning a stupefied look in the direction where I saw the vague outline of the young girl. One idea alone occurred to me, a terrible idea, that fear and anxiety had affected her brain — that she was becoming crazy.

"Marguerite!" I cried, without knowing even that I spoke. This word completed her irritation, doubtless.

"My God! how odious he is! What a coward, — yes, I repeat it, what a coward!"

The truth began to dawn upon me. I descended one of the steps. "Well, what is the matter?" said I, coldly.

"It is you," she cried with vehemence, "you who have bribed this man — or this child — to imprison us in this tower. To-morrow I shall be lost, dishonored in public opinion, and I can belong only to you; such is your calculation, is it not? But this plan, I assure you, will not succeed better than the others. You know me very imperfectly if you think I shall not prefer dishonor, a convent, death, — all, to the disgrace of uniting my hand, my life, to yours. And when this infamous ruse had succeeded, when I had had the weakness — as certainly I shall not have — to give you my person, and what is of more importance to you, my fortune — in return for this

beautiful stroke of policy?— What kind of a man are you? to wish for wealth and a wife acquired at such a price as this? Ah, thank me still, monsieur, for not yielding to your wishes; they are imprudent, believe me, for if ever shame and public derision shall drive me into your arms, I should have so much contempt for you that I should break your heart! Yes, were it as hard, as cold as stone, I would draw tears of blood from it."

"Mademoiselle," said I, with all the calmness I could assume, "I beg you to recover yourself, your reason. I assure you, upon my honor, that you insult me. Will you please to reflect? Your suspicions have no probable foundation. I could not have possibly arranged the base treachery of which you accuse me, and how have I given you the right to believe me capable of it?"

"All that I know of you gives me this right," cried she, cutting the air with her riding whip. "I will tell you for once what has been in my soul for a long time. You came to our house under a borrowed name and character. We were happy; we were tranquil, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, disorder, anxiety, to which we were before strangers. In order to attain your end, to repair the loss of your fortune, you have usurped our confidence; you have been reckless of our repose; you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings. You have broken our hearts without pity. That is what you have done, or wished to do; it matters little which. I am very weary of it all, I assure you. And when, at this hour, you come and pledge me your honor as a gentleman, I have the right not to believe it — and I do not believe it!"

I was beside myself; I seized both her hands in a transport of vehemence, which controlled her. "Marguerite, my poor child, listen! I love you, it is true, and never did love more ardent, more disinterested, more holy, enter into the heart of a man. But you also — you love me; you love me, unfortunate! and you kill me! You speak of a bruised and broken heart. Ah! what have you done with mine? But it is yours, I leave it with you. As to my honor, I will keep it — it is untouched. And soon I will force you to acknowledge it. And upon this honor, I swear to you that, if I die, you will weep for me; that, if I live, never, adored as you are — were you on your knees before me — never will I marry you till you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you! And now pray; ask God for miracles; it is time!"

I pushed her away from the embrasure of the window, and sprung upon the upper step; I had conceived a desperate plan, and I executed it with the precipitation of actual madness. As I have before said, the tops of the beeches and oaks growing in the moat reached the level of the window. With the aid of my bent riding whip, I drew toward me the extremity of the nearest branches; I seized them on a venture, and leaped into space; I heard above my head my name, "Maximilian!" uttered suddenly, with a distracted cry. The branches to which I was clinging bent with their whole length toward the abyss; then there was a crashing sound; the tree broke under my weight, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The muddy nature of the earth lessened the violence of the shock; for, though I was wounded, I was not killed. One of my arms had struck against the sloping masonry of the tower, and I suffered such sharp pain in it that I fainted. I was roused by Marguerite's frightened voice: "Maximilian! Maximilian! For pity's sake, in the name of the good God, speak to me! Forgive me!"

I rose, and saw her in the opening of the window, in the full moonlight, with her head bare, her hair disheveled, her hand grasping the arm of the cross, and her eyes earnestly fixed upon the ground below.

"Fear nothing," said I to her. "I am not hurt. Only be patient for an hour or two. Give me time to go to the château; it is the surest. Be certain that I will keep your secret—that I will save your honor as I have saved mine."

I got out of the moat with difficulty, and went to mount my horse. I suspended my left arm, which was wholly useless and very painful, with my handkerchief. Thanks to the light of the moon, I easily found my way back, and an hour later I reached the château. I was told Dr. Desmarests was in the salon. I went in at once, and found there some dozen persons, whose countenances wore an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"Doctor," said I, gayly, on entering, "my horse took fright at his own shadow, and threw me on the road, and I am afraid my left arm is sprained. Will you see?"

"How—sprained!" said M. Desmarests, after unfastening the handkerchief. "Your arm is broken, my poor boy."

Madame Laroque gave a little cry, and approached me. "This is, then, a night of misfortune," said she.

I feigned surprise. "What else has happened?" I cried.

"*Mon Dieu!* I fear some accident has happened to my daughter. She went out on horseback at three o'clock, and it is now eight, and she has not yet returned."

"Mlle. Marguerite? Why, I saw her——"

"How? Where? At what time? Forgive me, monsieur; it is the egotism of a mother."

"I saw her about five o'clock on the road. We met She told me she thought of riding as far as the Tower of Elven."

"The Tower of Elven! She must be lost in the woods. We ought to go there promptly. Let orders be given."

M. de Bévallan at once ordered horses to be brought out I affected a wish to join the cavalcade, but Madame Laroque and the doctor positively prohibited it, and I allowed myself to be easily persuaded to seek my bed, of which, in truth, I felt great need.

Dr. Desmarests, after having applied a first dressing to my injured arm, took a seat in the carriage with Madame Laroque, who went to the village of Elven, to wait there the result of the diligent search that M. de Bévallan would direct in the neighborhood of the tower.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Alain came to announce to me that Mlle. Marguerite was found. He recounted the history of her imprisonment, without omitting any details, save, be it understood, those which the young girl and I would alone know. The account of the adventure was soon confirmed by the doctor, then by Madame Laroque, and I had the satisfaction to see that no suspicion of the exact truth entered the mind of any one.

I have passed the night in repeating, with the most fatiguing perseverance, and with the oddest complications of fever and dreams, my dangerous leap from the old tower window. I cannot become accustomed to it. At each instant the sensation of falling through space rises to my throat, and I awake breathless. At length the day dawned, and I became calmer. At eight o'clock Mlle. de Porhoet came and installed herself by my bedside, her knitting in her hand. She has done the honors of my room to the visitors, who have succeeded each other all the day. Madame Laroque came first after my old friend. As she held with a long pressure the hand I had extended to her, I saw two large tears roll down her cheeks. Has she, then, been taken into her daughter's confidence?

Mlle. de Porhoet has informed me that M. Laroque has kept his bed since yesterday. He has had a slight attack of paralysis. To-day he cannot speak, and his state causes great anxiety. It has been decided to hasten the marriage. M. Laubepin has been sent for from Paris; he is expected to-morrow, and the marriage contract will be signed the day following, under his supervision.

I have sat up some hours this evening; but if I am to believe M. Desmarests, I am wrong to write, with my fever, and I am a great blockhead.

October 3.

It really seems as if some malign power took the trouble to devise the most singular and the cruelest temptations, and to offer them by turns to my conscience and my heart! M. Laubepin not having arrived this morning, Madame Laroque asked me for some information which she needed in order to determine upon the preamble of the contract which, as I have said, is to be signed to-morrow. As I am condemned to keep my room for several days longer, I begged Madame Laroque to send me the titles and private papers, which were in the possession of her father-in-law, and which were indispensable to me, in order to solve the difficulties that had been pointed out.

They soon brought me two or three drawers filled with them, that had been secretly taken out of M. Laroque's cabinet while the old man was asleep, for he had always shown himself very jealous of his private papers. In the first which I took up, the repetition of my own family name attracted my attention and appealed to my curiosity with irresistible force.

This is the literal text of the paper: —

To my Children, —

The name that I bequeath to you and that I have honored, is not my own My father's name was Savage. He was manager of a plantation of considerable size in the island of Saint Lucie, at that time belonging to France, and owned by a wealthy and noble family of Dauphiny, — that of the Champceys d'Hauterives My father died in 1793, and I inherited, although still quite young, the confidence they placed in him. Toward the close of that sad year, the French Antilles were taken by the English, or were delivered up to them by the insurgent colonists. The Marquis de Champcey d'Haute-

rive (Jacques Auguste), whom the orders of the Convention had not then reached, commanded at that time the frigate "Thetis," which had cruised in these waters for three years

A large number of French colonists scattered through the Antilles had acquired large fortunes, with the loss of which they were now daily threatened They contrived, with the aid of Commandant Champcey, to organize a flotilla of light transports, to which they transferred all their movable property, hoping to return to their native land, protected by the guns of the "Thetis." I had long before received orders to sell the plantation, which I had managed since my father's death, at any price, in view of the impending troubles. On the night of the 14th of November, 1793, I secretly quitted Saint Lucie, already occupied by the enemy, alone in a boat from Cape Mome-au-Sable I carried with me the sum for which I had sold the plantation, in English bank notes and guineas M. de Champcey, thanks to the minute knowledge he had gained of these coasts, had been able to elude the English cruisers, and had taken refuge in the difficult and obscure channel of the Gros-Ilet. He had ordered me to join him there this very night, and only waited my coming on board before issuing from the channel with the flotilla under his escort, and heading for France. On the way thither, I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. My captors, masters in treachery as they are, gave me the choice to be shot immediately, or to sell them, by means of the million which I had in my possession, and which they would abandon to me, the secret of the channel where the flotilla lay. I was young, the temptation was too strong, a half-hour later the "Thetis" was sunk, the flotilla taken, and M. de Champcey grievously wounded A year passed, a sleepless year I became mad, and I resolved to revenge myself on the accursed English for the torments which racked me I went to Guadaloupe, I changed my name, and devoting the greater part of the price of my treason to the purchase of an armed brig, I fell upon the English. For fifteen years I washed in their blood and my own, the stain I had made in an hour of weakness on my country's flag Although more than three fourths of my real fortune has been acquired in glorious battles, its origin is, none the less, as I have stated

On my return to France in my old age, I inquired into the situation of the Champceys d'Hauterives, they were happy and rich I continued, therefore, to hold my peace. May my children forgive me! I could not gain courage to blush before them while I live, but my death will reveal this secret to them; they will use it according to the inspiration of their consciences. For myself, I have only one prayer to make to them; there will be, sooner or later, a final war between France and her opposite neighbor; we hate each

other too much; we must ruin them, or they will ruin us! If this war breaks out during the lifetime of my children or my grandchildren, I desire that they shall present to the government a corvette armed and equipped, on the sole condition that she shall be named the "Savage," and be commanded by a Breton. At every broadside that she sends on the Carthaginian shore my bones will shake with pleasure in my grave.

RICHARD SAVAGE, called LAROQUE.

The recollections that were roused in my mind on reading this dreadful confession confirmed its correctness. I had heard my father twenty times relate, with a mixture of pride and sorrow, the incident in my grandfather's life which was here spoken of. Only it was believed in my family that Richard Savage was the victim, and not the actor, in the treason which had betrayed the commander of the "Thetis."

I now understood all that had struck me as singular in the old sailor, and in particular his timid bearing toward me. My father had always told me that I was the living portrait of my grandfather, the Marquis Jacques; and without doubt some glimmering of this resemblance penetrated occasionally his clouded brain, and even reached the unquiet conscience of the poor old man.

Hardly was I master of this secret, when I fell into a terrible quandary. I could not feel animosity against this man, whose temporary loss of moral strength had been expiated by a long life of repentance, and by a passionate despair and hatred which were not wanting in grandeur. I could not recognize without a kind of admiration the savage spirit which still animated these lines, written by a culpable but heroic hand.

But what ought I to do with this terrible secret? The first thought which occurred to me was that it would destroy all obstacles between Mlle. Marguerite and me; that henceforth this fortune which had separated us would be an almost obligatory bond between us, since I alone, of all the world, could render it legitimate in sharing it with her. In truth, the secret was not mine; and although the most innocent of chances had revealed it to me, strict probity demanded, perhaps, that I should leave it to reach, in its own good time, the hands for which it was intended; but in waiting for this moment, that which was irreparable had taken place — and I should allow it when I could prevent it by a single word! And these poor women themselves, when the day came for the fatal truth to

make them blush, would, perhaps, share my sorrow, my despair! They would be the first to cry to me, "Ah! if you knew it, why did you not speak?"

Well, no! neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ever, if I can help it, shall those noble faces blush with shame. I will not purchase my happiness at the price of their humiliation. This secret, known only to me, which this old man, henceforth mute forever, cannot betray — this secret exists no longer; the flames have devoured it!

I had considered it well. I know what I have dared to do. It was a will — a testament — and I have destroyed it! Moreover, it would not have benefited me alone. My sister, who is confided to my care, would have gained a fortune through it; and, without her consent, I have thrust her back into poverty with my own hand. I know all that. But two pure, elevated, proud souls will not be crushed and blighted by the weight of a crime which was foreign to them. There is here a principle of equity which seemed to me superior to all literal justice. If I have committed a crime, in my turn I will answer for it. But this inward struggle has wearied me. I can write no longer.

October 4

M. Laubepin arrived at length this evening. He came, for a moment only, to speak to me. He was abstracted, abrupt, and dissatisfied. He spoke to me very briefly of the proposed marriage: "A very happy operation," said he; "a very praiseworthy union in all respects, where nature and society both find the guaranties that they have a right to demand on such an occasion. Upon which, young man, I wish you a good night, and I will go and clear the ticklish ground of the preliminary articles, in order that the car of this interesting Hymen may reach its destination without jolting."

The contract is to be signed at one o'clock, to-day, in the salon, in the presence of friends and the customary attendants. I cannot be present at the ceremony, and I bless my injury, which has saved me from enduring this torture.

I was writing to my little Helen, to whom I shall endeavor for the future to devote all my thoughts, when M. Laubepin and Mlle. de Porhoet entered my room. M. Laubepin had not failed to appreciate the many virtues of my venerable friend during his frequent visits to Laroque, and a warm, respectful

attachment has existed for a long time between these two old people. After an interminable exchange of ceremonies, salutations, and bows, they took the seats I had prepared for them, and began to look at me with an air of great beatitude.

"Well," said I, "is it ended?"

"It is ended!" they replied in concert.

"Has everything gone on well?"

"Very well," said Mlle. de Porhoet.

"Excellently," added M. Laubepin. Then, after a pause, "That Bévallan is gone to the devil!"

"And young Hélouin is on the same road," added Mlle. de Porhoet.

I uttered an exclamation of surprise: "Good God, what does all this mean?"

"My friend," said M. Laubepin, "the proposed union presented all the advantages desirable, and it would have secured undoubtedly the mutual happiness of the parties, if marriage were a purely commercial association; but it is not so. My duty in these interesting circumstances was, since my assistance was demanded, to consult the inclination of the hearts and the suitableness of the characters, as well as the proportion of their fortunes. But I perceived from the first that the marriage in question had the inconvenience not to exactly please any one, neither my excellent friend, Madame Laroque, nor the amiable bride, nor the clearest-sighted friends of these ladies; nobody, in short, unless it were the bridegroom, about whom I cared very little. It is true (this remark is due to Mlle. de Porhoet), it is true, I said to myself, that the bridegroom is gentle——"

"A *gentleman*, if you please," interrupted Mlle. de Porhoet, in a stern voice.

"Gentleman," returned M. Laubepin, accepting the amendment; "but it is a kind of gentleman which does not please me."

"Neither does it please me," said Mlle. Porhoet. "He was one of the buffoons of his species, and resembled those mannerless grooms that we saw, in the last century, issue from the English stables, under the management of the Duc de Chartres, as a prelude to the revolution."

"Oh, if they had done nothing but act as a prelude to the revolution, one could forgive them!" said M. Laubepin.

"I ask a thousand pardons, my dear sir; but speak for your-

self. Besides, there is no need of discussing that; will you continue?"

"Therefore," resumed M. Laubepin, "seeing that all were going to these nuptials as to a funeral, I sought for some means, both honorable and legal, not to break our faith with M. de Bévallan, but to induce him to withdraw from the marriage. This was the more allowable, because, in my absence, M. de Bévallan had taken advantage of the inexperience of my friend, Madame Laroque, and the softness of my confrère from Rennes, in order to secure himself most exorbitant interests. Without departing from the letter of the articles agreed on, I succeeded in sensibly modifying their spirit. However, honor and the promises given imposed bounds I could not break. The contract, in spite of all I could do, remained quite as advantageous as any man could accept, who possessed the least nobleness of soul and tenderness for his future wife. Was M. de Bévallan this man? We must risk the chance of that. I confess to you that I was not unmoved when I began the reading this morning of this irrevocable instrument before an imposing audience."

"For myself," interrupted mademoiselle, "I had not a drop of blood in my veins. The first part gave so fine a portion to the enemy, that I gave up all for lost."

"Without doubt, mademoiselle; but, as we say, the venom is in the tail, *in cauda venenum*. It was pleasant, my friend, to see the faces of M. de Bévallan and that of my colleague from Rennes, who was present, when I abruptly unmasked my batteries. They looked at each other in silence at first, then they whispered together, and finally they rose, and approaching the table before which I was seated, asked, in a low voice, for explanations.

"'Speak aloud, if you please, gentlemen,' said I to them; 'there is no need of mystery here. What do you wish?'

"The spectators began to attend to the conversation. M. de Bévallan, without raising his voice, insinuated that this contract was a suspicious work.

"'A suspicious work!' I replied, in as loud a voice as possible. 'What do you mean by that? Is it against Madame Laroque, against me, or against my colleague here present, that you direct this strange imputation?'

"'Chut! silence! no noise!' said the notary from Rennes, in a prudent tone; 'but see, it was agreed from the first that the marriage settlement should be dispensed with ——'

"'The marriage settlement, sir? And where do you find any question of a marriage settlement?'

"'Come, brother, you know very well that you restore the marriage settlement by a subterfuge.'

"'Subterfuge, brother! Permit me, as your senior, to advise you to erase that word from your vocabulary.'

"'But, really,' muttered M. de Bévallan, 'my hands are tied on all sides; I am treated like a little boy.'

"'How, monsieur? What are we doing here, according to you? Is this a contract or a will? You forget that Madame Laroque is living, that her father-in-law is living, that you are marrying, not inheriting—not yet, at least, monsieur; have a little patience; what the deuce——'

"At these words, Mlle. Marguerite rose. 'That is enough,' said she. 'Monsieur Laubepin, throw the contract into the fire. Mother, return the gentleman his presents.' Then she left the room, with the step of an insulted queen. Madame Laroque followed her. At the same moment I threw the contract into the fireplace.

"'Monsieur,' said M. de Bévallan to me, in a threatening tone, 'there is some maneuver here, of which I will learn the secret.'

"I will tell it to you,' I replied to him. 'A young person, who has a just pride in herself, had conceived the fear that your wooing was addressed solely to her fortune; she no longer doubts it. I have the honor to wish you a good day.'

"From him I went to find the two ladies, who, on my faith, threw their arms around my neck. A quarter of an hour afterward M. de Bévallan quitted the château with my colleague from Rennes. His departure and his disgrace had the inevitable result of unloosing the tongues of the domestics, and his impudent intrigue with Mlle Hélouin was soon known. The young woman, suspected for some time past in other respects, asked for her dismissal, and it was not refused her. It is needless to add that the ladies will secure her a comfortable support. Well, my lad, what do you say to all this? Are you suffering more? You are as pale as a dead man."

The truth is that this unlooked-for news had given rise to such a crowd of happy and painful feelings that I nearly fainted.

M. Laubepin, who was to set out on his return the next morning at sunrise, came this evening to say good-by. After a few embarrassed words between us he said: "There, my

dear child, I am not going to question you as to what has taken place here; but if, by chance, you need a confidant and a counselor, I ask your preference."

I could not unbosom myself to a more trusty friend. I gave the worthy old man a detailed account of all the circumstances affecting my relations with Mlle. Marguerite since my arrival at the château; I even read him some pages of this journal, in order to show him more precisely the state of those relations and the state of my feelings; and finally, the secret that I had discovered the preceding day among the papers of M. Laroque, — I concealed nothing from him.

When I had ended, M. Laubepin, whose face had become very thoughtful and anxious, replied, "It is useless to disguise from you that in sending you hither I meditated a union between you and Mlle. Laroque. All went, at first, according to my wishes. Your hearts, which in my opinion are worthy of each other, seemed to approach insensibly; but this strange adventure, of which Elven was the romantic theater, entirely disconcerts me, I acknowledge. What the deuce, my friend, to leap from the window at the risk of breaking your neck! this was, let me tell you, a sufficient proof of your disinterestedness; it was quite superfluous to add to this honorable proceeding the solemn oath never to marry this poor child, except in contingencies which we cannot possibly hope for. I pride myself on being a man of resources, but I own I am incapable of giving you two hundred thousand francs a year or of taking them away from Mlle. Laroque!"

"Well, sir, give me your counsel. I have more confidence in you than in myself, for I feel that misfortune, by constantly exposing me to suspicion, has roused in me the sensitiveness of honor even to excess. Speak. Will you tell me to forget the unwise, but still solemn oath which, at this moment, alone separates me, I believe, from the happiness you have dreamed of for your adopted son?"

M. Laubepin rose and paced the room for some minutes, with his thick eyebrows drawn down over his eyes; then stopped, and seizing my hand, — "Young man," said he, "it is true I love you as my own child; but, were your heart to break and mine with yours, I cannot trifle with my principles. It is better to exceed the demands of honor than to fall short of them; in the matter of oaths, all those which are not exacted at the point of the sword, or at the mouth of a pistol, should

be either not taken, or if taken, should be kept. Such is my opinion."

"It is also mine. I will leave here to-morrow with you."

"No, Maximilian, remain here a little while longer. I do not believe in miracles, but I believe in God, who rarely suffers us to perish through our virtues. Give Providence a little time. I know that what I ask will require great resolution, but I claim it formally of your friendship. If in a month you do not receive any news from me, — well, you shall leave."

He embraced me, and left me with a peaceful conscience but a desolate heart.

October 12.

It is now two days since I left my retreat and went to the château. I had not seen Mlle. Marguerite since the moment of our separation in the Tower of Elven. She was alone in the salon when I entered there; on recognizing me she made an involuntary movement as if to withdraw; then she remained immovable, her face becoming crimson. This was contagious, for I felt myself flush to the very roots of my hair.

"How do you do, monsieur?" said she, holding out her hand, and pronouncing these simple words in a voice so soft, so humble, — alas, so tender, that I could hardly restrain myself from kneeling before her. But I replied in a tone of cold politeness. She looked sadly at me, then cast down her large eyes and resumed her work.

At that moment her mother sent for her to come to her grandfather, whose state had become very alarming. He lost his voice and all power of motion several days previous, the paralysis having attacked his whole body; the last glimmerings of intellectual life were also extinguished; sensibility alone contended with disease. No one could doubt that the old man drew near his end; but his energetic heart had so strong a hold on life, that the struggle promised to be a long and obstinate one. From the first appearance of danger, however, Madame Laroque and her daughter had been lavish of their strength, watching beside him day and night with the passionate abnegation and earnest devotion which are the special virtue and glory of their sex. But they succumbed to fatigue and fever on the night before last; we offered, M. Desmarests and I, to supply their places beside M. Laroque during the night, and they consented to take a few hours' repose.

The doctor, very tired himself, soon announced that he was going to lie down in the adjoining room. "I am of no use here," said he; "the matter is decided. You see he suffers no longer, the poor old man! He is in a state of lethargy, which has nothing disagreeable in it; he will awake only to die. Therefore, you can be easy. If you remark any change, you will call me; but I do not think this will be before to-morrow. In the mean time, I am dead with sleep!" and, yawning aloud, he left the room. His language, his bearing in the presence of a dying man, shocked me. He was an excellent man, however; but in order to render to death the respect which is due, it is necessary to believe in an immortal principle which it sets free, not to see merely the brute matter which it dissolves.

Left alone in the sick room, I seated myself near the foot of the bed, the curtains of which had been raised, and tried to read by the light of a lamp that stood near me on a little table. The book fell from my hands; I could think only of the singular combination of events which gave to this old man the grandson of his victim as a witness and protector of his last sleep. Then, in the midst of the profound quiet of the hour and the place, I conjured up the scenes of tumult and violence of which his life, now about to close, had been so full. I sought for some dim impression of them on the face of the sufferer, but I saw there only the heaviness and premature repose of death. I approached his pillow at intervals, to assure myself that the vital breath still moved in his sinking breast.

At length, towards the middle of the night, an irresistible torpor seized me, and I fell asleep, my forehead leaning on my hand. I was suddenly awakened by some mournful sound; I raised my eyes, and I felt a shivering in the very marrow of my bones. The old man was half risen in his bed, and had fixed upon me an attentive, astonished look, in which shone a life and an intelligence that, up to this time, I had never beheld in him. When my eye met his he trembled; he stretched out his crossed arms, and said to me, in a supplicating voice, the strange, unusual sound of which suspended the very beating of my heart:—

"Monsieur le Marquis, forgive me!"

I tried to rise, I tried to speak, but in vain. I sat in my chair like one petrified.

After a silence, during which the eyes of the dying man had not ceased to plead to me, he again spoke:—

"Monsieur le Marquis, deign to forgive me!"

I found power at last to go to him. As I approached, he shrunk backward, as if to escape some dreadful contact. I raised one hand, and lowering it gently before his eyes, which were distended and wild with terror, I said to him: —

"Go in peace. I forgive you."

I had not finished speaking these words, when his withered face became illuminated with a flash of joy and youth, and a tear flowed from each sunken eye. He extended one hand towards me, but suddenly clinched it, waving it threateningly in the air; I saw his eyeballs roll as if a ball had been sent to his heart; "The English," he murmured, and fell back upon the pillow, an inert mass. He was dead.

I called aloud quickly; attendants came running in. He was soon surrounded by prayers and pious tears. I withdrew, deeply moved by this extraordinary scene, which would forever remain a secret between myself and the dead.

This sad family event has caused numerous duties and cares to devolve upon me, which have justified in my own eyes my prolonged stay at the château. It is impossible to conjecture what could have been M. Laubepin's motives in counseling me to defer my departure. What can he hope from this delay? It seems to me that he yielded in this case to a feeling of vague superstition and puerility, to which a mind tempered like his should never have bowed, and which I was wrong myself in submitting to. Did he not understand that he was imposing on me a part entirely wanting in openness and dignity, besides the increase of useless suffering? Could not one justly reproach me now with trifling with sacred feelings? My first interview with Mlle. Marguerite had sufficed to reveal to me all the severity of the test I am condemned to, but the death of M. Laroque has given a little naturalness to my relations with her, and propriety to my continued stay.

RENNES, *October* 26.

The last word is spoken, — my God! how strong was this tie! How it has rent my heart to break it!

Last night at nine o'clock I was surprised, as I sat at my open window, to see a faint light approaching my dwelling through the dark alleys of the park, and from a different direction to that used by the servants at the château. An instant afterward some one knocked at my door, and Mlle. de Porhoet

entered breathless. "Cousin," said she, "I have business with you."

I looked in her face. "Is there some new misfortune?"

"No, it is not exactly that. You shall judge of it yourself. Sit down, my dear child. You have spent two or three evenings at the château in the course of this week; have you observed anything new or singular in the bearing of the ladies?"

"Nothing."

"Have you not, at least, remarked in their faces an expression of unusual serenity?"

"Perhaps so, yes. Aside from the melancholy of their recent affliction, they have seemed to me calmer and even happier than formerly."

"Without doubt. You would have been struck by other peculiarities if you had, like me, lived for fifteen years in their daily intimacy. Thus I have lately often surprised some sign of secret intelligence, of mysterious complicity, between them. Besides, their habits are perceptibly changed. Madame Laroque has put aside her *brasero*, her easy-chair with its turret, and her innocent Creole fancies; she rises at fabulous hours and seats herself, with Marguerite, at their work table. They have both become passionately fond of embroidery, and have inquired how much money a woman can earn daily at this kind of work. In short, it has been an enigma to which I have striven to discover the clew. This has just been disclosed to me, and, without intruding upon your secrets, I have thought it right to communicate it to you without delay."

On my protestations of the entire confidence I would gladly repose in her, Mlle. de Porhoet continued, in her sweet, firm style: "Madame Aubry came secretly to see me this evening; she began by throwing her two covetous arms around my neck, which greatly displeased me; then, with a thousand jeremiads that I will spare you, she begged me to stop her cousins, who were on the brink of ruin. This is what she has learned by listening at the doors, according to her delicate custom: these ladies are soliciting at this moment the authorization of giving all their property to a church at Rennes, in order to destroy the inequality of fortune between Marguerite and you, which now separates you. Being unable to make you rich, they intend to make themselves poor. It seems impossible, cousin, to leave you ignorant of this determination, equally worthy of those generous hearts and those childish heads. You will for-

give me for adding that your duty is to thwart this design at any cost. What repentance it prepares for our friends, what terrible responsibility it threatens you with, it is needless to tell you; you will understand it all as well as I, at first sight. If you could, my friend, receive Marguerite's hand at once, that would be the best ending in the world; but you are bound in this respect by a promise which, blind, imprudent, as it was, is none the less obligatory on you. There remains, then, only one thing for you to do: to leave this country without delay, and to crush resolutely all the hopes your presence here inevitably keeps alive. When you are gone, it will be easier for me to bring these children back to reason."

"Well, I am ready; I will set out this very night."

"That is right," she replied. "In giving you this advice I have myself obeyed a very harsh law of honor. You charm the last hours of my solitude; you have restored the illusions of the sweetest attachments of life, which I had lost for many years. In sending you away I make my last sacrifice, and it is very great." She rose and looked at me a moment without speaking. "One does not embrace young men at my age," she resumed with a sad smile, "one blesses them. Adieu, dear child! may the good God help you!"

I kissed her trembling hands and she left me.

I hastily made my preparations for departure, then I wrote a few lines to Madame Laroque. I begged her to abandon a determination, the consequences and extent of which she could not measure, and to which I was firmly determined, for my part, to be in no way an accessory. I gave her my word—and she knew she could rely on it—that I would never accept my happiness at the price of her ruin. In conclusion, in order the better to divert her from her foolish design, I spoke vaguely of an approaching future where I pretended to see glimpses of fortune.

At midnight, when all were asleep, I said farewell, a painful farewell, to my retreat, to this old tower, where I have suffered and loved so deeply! and I crept into the château by a private door, the key of which had been confided to me. I stealthily crossed the galleries, now empty and resounding, like a criminal, guiding myself as well as I could in the darkness; at length I reached the saloon where I had seen Marguerite for the first time. She and her mother could hardly have quitted it an hour before; their recent presence was betrayed by a soft, sweet perfume that intoxicated me. I sought for and

found her basket, in which her hand had just replaced her newly begun embroidery, — alas! my poor heart! — I fell on my knees by her chair, and there, with my forehead throbbing against the cold marble of the table, I sobbed like an infant.

Oh! how I have loved her!

I profited by the remaining hours of night to be secretly driven to the little neighboring town, where I took this morning the carriage for Rennes. To-morrow night I shall be in Paris. Poverty, solitude, despair, — all that I left there, I shall find them again! Last dream of youth, of heaven, farewell!

PARIS

The next morning, as I was about going to the railroad, a post chaise entered the courtyard of the hotel, and I saw old Alain descend from it. His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah! monsieur, how lucky! you are not gone! Here is a letter for you!" I recognized the handwriting of M. Laubepin. He told me in two lines that Mlle. de Porhoet was seriously ill, and that she asked for me. I took time only to change horses, and threw myself into the chaise, compelling Alain, with great difficulty, to take the seat opposite me.

I then pressed him with questions, and made him repeat the incredible news he brought me. Mlle. de Porhoet had received the evening before an official paper, conveyed to her by M. Laubepin, informing her that she was put in full and complete possession of the estates of her Spanish relatives. "And it seems," added Alain, "that she owes it to monsieur, who discovered in the pigeon house some old papers which nobody knew of, and which have established the old lady's right and title. I do not know how much truth there is in that; but if it be so, the more pity, said I to myself, that she has got such ideas into her head about a cathedral, and which she will not let go of, — for take notice that she holds to them more than ever, monsieur. At first, when the news came, she fell stiff on the floor, and it was thought she was dead; but an hour afterward she began to talk without end or rest about her cathedral, of the choir and the nave, of the chapter house and the canons, of the north aisle and the south aisle, so that, in order to calm her, an architect and masons were sent for, and all the plans of her cursed edifice were placed round her on her bed. At length, after three hours' conversation with them, she fell asleep; on waking she asked to see monsieur — Monsieur le Marquis (Alain

bowed, shutting his eyes), and I was sent after him. It seems she wishes to consult monsieur about the lobby."

This strange event caused me great surprise. But with the help of my memory and the confused details given me by Alain, I arrived at an explanation of the matter which subsequent information soon confirmed. As I have before said, the question of the succession of the Spanish branch of the Porhoet family had two phases. There was first a protracted lawsuit between Mlle. de Porhoet and a noble house of Castile, which my old friend lost on its final trial; then, a new suit, in which Mlle. de Porhoet was not involved, between the Spanish heirs and the crown, which claimed that the property in question devolved to it by escheatage. During these transactions, a singular paper fell into my hands, as I was pursuing my researches in the archives of the Porhoets, two months before my departure from the château. I will copy it literally: —

Don Philip, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, of the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Murcia, Jaen, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and Milan, Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, of Tyrol and Barcelona, seigneur of Biscay and Molina, etc.

To thee, Horve Jean Jocelyn, sieur de Porhoet-Gael, Count of Torres Nuevas, etc , who hast followed me into my dominions, and hast served me with exemplary fidelity, I promise as a special favor that, in case of the extinction of thy direct and legitimate heirs, the property of thy house shall return, even to the detriment of the rights of my crown, to the direct and legitimate heirs of the French branch of the Porhoets-Gael, so long as it shall exist.

And I promise this for me and my successors upon my faith and kingly word.

Given at the Escurial, the 16th of April, 1716.

YO EL REY.

Aside from this paper, which was only a translation, I found the original, bearing the royal seal. The importance of this document did not escape me, but I was fearful of exaggerating it. I doubted greatly whether the validity of a title over which so many years had passed would be admitted by the Spanish government; I doubted also whether it would have the power, if it had the will, to make it good. I decided therefore to leave

Mlle. de Porhoet in ignorance of a discovery, the result of which was so problematical, and limited myself to sending the title to M. Laubepin. Having received no news respecting it, I had forgotten it amidst the personal anxieties which had overwhelmed me. Contrary to my unjust suspicions, the Spanish government had not hesitated to redeem the kingly promise of Philip V., and as soon as a supreme decree had adjudged the immense property of the Porhoets to the crown, it nobly restored them to the legitimate heir.

It was nine o'clock at night when I descended from the carriage at the threshold of the humble house where this almost royal fortune had so tardily come. The little servant opened the door. She was weeping. I heard the grave voice of M. Laubepin saying, at the head of the staircase, "It is he!" I hastened up the stairs. The old man grasped my hand firmly, and led me into Mlle. de Porhoet's chamber, without speaking. The doctor and the curé of the town stood silently in the shade of a window. Madame Laroque was kneeling on a hassock near the bed; her daughter was at the bed's head, supporting the pillows upon which reposed the head of my poor friend. When the sufferer perceived me, a feeble smile spread over her features, now sadly changed; she extended one hand, but with evident pain. I took it as I kneeled beside her, and I could not restrain my tears.

"My child!" said she, "my dear child!" Then she looked earnestly at M. Laubepin. The old notary took up from the bed a sheet of paper, and appeared to continue an interrupted reading: —

For these reasons, I appoint by this will, written by my own hand, Maximilian Jacques Marie Odiot, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, noble in heart as well as by birth, general legatee of all my property both in France and in Spain, without reserve or condition. Such is my will.

JOCELYNDE JEANNE,
Countess de Porhoet-Gael

In the excess of my surprise, I rose abruptly, and was about to speak, when Mlle. de Porhoet, drawing my hand gently back, placed it in Marguerite's. The dear girl started at this sudden contact, and laying her blushing face on the pillow, whispered a few words into the dying woman's ear. For myself, I could not speak; I could only fall on my knees and thank God.

Several minutes passed thus in solemn silence, when Marguerite suddenly withdrew her hand from mine, and made a sign of alarm. The rector approached hastily; I rose.

Mlle. de Porhoet's head had fallen backward; her face was radiant with joy, and her eyes turned upward as if fixed on heaven; her lips half opened, and she spoke as if in a dream: "O God! Good God! I see it—up there! yes—the choir—the golden lamps—the windows—the sun, shining everywhere! Two angels kneeling before the altar—in white robes—their wings move—they are living!" This exclamation was smothered on her lips, on which the smile remained; she shut her eyes as if falling asleep, then suddenly a look of immortal youth spread over her face.

Such a death, crowning such a life, was full of instruction to my soul. I begged them to leave me alone with the priest in the chamber. This pious watching will not be lost to me, I hope. More than one forgotten or doubtful truth appeared to me with irresistible evidence upon that face stamped with a glorious peace. My noble and sainted friend! I knew that you had the virtue of self-sacrifice; I saw that you had received your reward!

Some hours after midnight, yielding to fatigue, I went to breathe the fresh air for a moment. I descended the staircase in the dark, and avoiding the saloon, where I saw a light, I entered the garden. The night was extremely dark. As I approached the turret at the end of the little inclosure, I heard a slight noise under the elm tree; at the same instant an indistinct form disengaged itself from the foliage. My heart beat violently, my sight grew dim; I saw the sky fill with stars. "Marguerite!" I said, stretching out my arms. I heard a little cry, then my name murmured softly, then—I felt her lips meet mine!

I have given Helen half my fortune; Marguerite is my wife. I close these pages forever; I have nothing more to confide to them. That can be said of men which has been said of nations: "Happy those who have no history!"



THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

AN ADVENTURE WITH BRIGANDS.[1]

By THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

(From "Captain Fracasse" Translated by Ellen Murray Beam)

[Théophile Gautier. A French writer; born in Tarbes, Hautes-Pyrénées, August 31, 1811, died in Paris, October 23, 1872. He was a traveler in many countries and wrote several delightful books of travel He was also a literary and art critic a prolific dramatist, and the author of many excellent essays His books include: "Poems" (1830), "Albertus" (1833), "Mademoiselle de Maupin" (1835), "The Loving Dead" (1836), "A Journey in Spain" (1843), "A Night of Cleopatra's" (1845), "Jean and Jeannette" (1846), "Italy" (1852), "Modern Art" and "The Arts in Europe" (1852), "Aria Marcella" (1852), "Constantinople" (1854), "The Tiger Skin" (1854-1855), "Spirite" (1866); and many plays, including "Posthumous Pierrot" (1845), "The Jewess of Constantine" (1846), and "Look but Do Not Touch" (1847).]

Let us return now to the little girl we left feigning to sleep soundly upon a settle in the kitchen. There was certainly something suspicious about the fierce way in which she eyed Isabelle's pearl necklace, and her little bit of clever acting afterwards. As soon as the door had closed upon the comedians, she slowly opened her large, dark eyes, looked sharply round the great, dim kitchen, and when she found that nobody was watching her, slipped quietly down from the bench, threw back her hair with a quick movement of the head peculiar to her, crept softly to the door, which she cautiously unlatched, and escaped into the open air without making any more sound than a shadow, then walked slowly and listlessly away until she had turned a corner and was out of sight of the house, when she set off running as fleetly as a deer pursued by the hounds — jumping over the frequent obstacles in her path with wonderful agility, never stumbling, and flying along, with her black hair streaming out behind her, like some wild creature of the desolate pine barrens through which she was skillfully threading her way.

She reached at last a little knoll, crowned by a group of pine trees crowded closely together, and dashing up the steep bank with undiminished speed came to a sudden stop in the very middle of the grove. Here she stood still for a moment, peering anxiously about her, and then, putting two fingers in her mouth, gave three shrill whistles, such as no traveler in

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those desolate regions can hear without a shudder. In an instant what seemed to be a heap of pine twigs stirred, and a man emerging from beneath them rose slowly to his feet at a little distance from the child.

"Is it you, Chiquita?" he asked. "What news do you bring? You are late. I had given over expecting you to-night, and gone to sleep."

The speaker was a dark, fierce-looking fellow of about five and twenty, with a spare, wiry frame, brilliant black eyes, and very white teeth — which were long and pointed like the fangs of a young wolf. He looked as if he might be a brigand, poacher, smuggler, thief, or assassin — all of which he had been indeed by turns. He was dressed like a Spanish peasant, and in the red woolen girdle wound several times around his waist was stuck a formidable knife, called in Spain a *navaja*. The desperadoes who make use of these terrible weapons usually display as many red stripes, cut in the steel, upon their long pointed blades as they have committed murders, and are esteemed by their companions in proportion to the number indicated by this horrible record. We do not know exactly how many of these scarlet grooves adorned Agostino's *navaja*, but judging by the savage expression of his countenance, and the fierce glitter of his eye, we may safely suppose them to have been creditably numerous.

"Well, Chiquita," said he, laying his hand caressingly on the child's head, "and what did you see at Maître Chirriguirri's inn?"

"A great chariot full of people came there this afternoon," she answered. "I saw them carry five large chests into the barn, and they must have been very heavy, for it took two men to lift them."

"Hum!" said Agostino, "sometimes travelers put stones into their boxes to make them seem very weighty and valuable, and deceive the innkeepers."

"But," interrupted the child, eagerly, "the three young ladies had trimmings of gold on their clothes; and one of them, the prettiest, had round her neck a row of round, shining, white things, and oh! they were so beautiful!" and she clasped her hands in an ecstasy of admiration, her voice trembling with excitement.

"Those must be pearls," muttered Agostino to himself, "and they will be worth having — provided they are real —

but then they do make such perfect imitations nowadays, and even rich people are mean enough to wear them."

"My dear Agostino, my good Agostino," continued Chiquita, in her most coaxing tones, and without paying any attention to his mutterings, "will you give me the beautiful, shining things if you kill that lady?"

"They would go so well with your rags and tatters!" he answered mockingly.

"But I have so often kept watch for you while you slept, and I have run so far to tell you when any one was coming, no matter how cold it was, nor how my poor, bare feet ached — and I have never once kept you waiting for your food, when I used to carry it to you in your hiding places, even when I was bad with the fever, or my teeth chattering with the chill, and I so weak that I could hardly drag myself along. Oh Agostino! do remember what I have done for you, and let me have the beautiful, shining things."

"Yes, you have been both brave and faithful, Chiquita, I admit; but we have not got the wonderful necklace yet, you know. Now, tell me, how many men were there in the party?"

"Oh! a great many. A big, tall man with a long beard; an old, fat man; one that looked like a fox; two thin men; and one that looked like a gentleman, though his clothes were very old and shabby."

"Six men," said Agostino, who had counted them on his fingers as she enumerated them, and his face fell. "Alas! I am the only one left of our brave band now; when the others were with me we would not have minded double the number. Have they arms, Chiquita?"

"The gentleman has a sword, and so has the tall, thin man — a very long one."

"No pistols or guns?"

"I didn't see any," answered Chiquita. "but they might have left them in the chariot, you know; only Maître Chirriguirri or Mionnette would have been sure to send you word if they had, and they said nothing to me about them."

"Well, we will risk it, then, and see what we can do," said Agostino, resolutely. "Five large, heavy chests, gold ornaments, a pearl necklace! they certainly are worth trying for."

The brigand and his little companion then went to a secret place in the thick pine grove, and set to work industriously, removing a few large stones, a quantity of branches, and finally

the five or six boards they had concealed, disclosing a large hole that looked like a grave. It was not very deep, and Agostino, jumping down into it, stooped and lifted out what seemed to be a dead body — dressed in its usual everyday clothes — which he flung down upon the ground beside the hole. Chiquita, who did not appear to be in the least agitated or alarmed by these mysterious proceedings, seized the figure by the feet, with the utmost sang-froid, and dragged it out of Agostino's way, with a much greater degree of strength than could have been expected from such a slight, delicate little creature. Agostino continued his work of exhumation until five other bodies lay beside the first one — all neatly arranged in a row by the little girl, who seemed to actually enjoy her lugubrious task. It made a strange picture in the weird light of the nearly full moon, half veiled by driving clouds — the open grave, the bodies lying side by side under the dark pine trees, and the figures of Agostino and Chiquita bending over them.

But the tragic aspect of the affair soon changed to a comic one; for when Agostino placed the first of the bodies in an upright position, it became apparent that it was only a sort of a scarecrow — a rude figure intended to frighten timid travelers — which being skillfully disposed at the edge of the grove, partly hidden among the trees, looked at a little distance exactly like a brigand — gun and all. Indeed, it really was dressed in the garments of one of his old comrades, who had paid the penalty of his crimes on the gallows. He apostrophized the figure as he arranged it to his liking, calling it by name, relating some of the brave deeds of its prototype, and bewailing the sad fate that had left him to ply his nefarious trade single-handed, with a rude eloquence that was not wanting in pathos. Returning to where the others lay, he lifted up one which he reminded Chiquita represented her father — whose valor and skill he eulogized warmly — whilst the child devoutly made the sign of the cross as she muttered a prayer. This one being put in position, he carried the remaining figures, one by one, to the places marked for them, keeping up a running commentary upon the ci-devant brigands whose representatives they were, and calling them each repeatedly by name, as if there were a certain sad satisfaction in addressing them in the old familiar way.

When this queer task was completed, the bandit and his

faithful little companion, taking advantage of a flood of moonlight as the clouds drifted away before the wind, went and stood on the road — not very far from their retreat — by which our travelers were to pass, to judge of the effect of their group of brigands. It was really very formidable, and had often been of great service to the bold originator of the plan; for on seeing so numerous a band apparently advancing upon them, most travelers took to their heels, leaving the coveted spoils behind them for Agostino to gather up at his leisure.

As they slowly returned to the pine grove he said to the child, who was clinging to his arm affectionately as she walked beside him, "The first stage of their journey to-morrow is a long one, and these people will be sure to start in good season, so that they will reach this spot just at the right time for us — in the uncertain light of the dawn. In the darkness of night our brigands yonder could not be seen, and in broad daylight the ruse would be apparent; so we are in luck, Chiquita! But now for a nap — we have plenty of time for it, and the creaking of the wheels will be sure to wake us." Accordingly Agostino threw himself down upon a little heap of pine branches and heather, Chiquita crept close to him, so that the large cloak with which he had covered himself might protect her also from the chilly night air, and both were soon sound asleep.

It was so early when our travelers were roused from their slumbers and told that it was time for them to resume their journey, by the treacherous landlord of the Blue Sun Inn, that it seemed to them like the middle of the night; so they arranged themselves as comfortably as they could in the great, roomy chariot, and despite the loud creaking and groaning that accompanied its every movement as it went slowly lumbering along, and the shrill cries of the driver to his oxen, they were all soon asleep again, excepting de Sigognac, who walked beside the chariot, lost in thoughts of Isabelle's beauty, grace and modesty, and adorable goodness, which seemed better suited to a young lady of noble birth than a wandering actress. He tormented himself with trying to devise some means to induce her to reciprocate the ardent love that filled his heart for her, not for an instant suspecting that it was already a *fait accompli*, and that the sweet, pure maiden had given him, unasked, her gentle, faithful heart. The bashful young baron imagined all sorts of romantic and perilous incidents in which he might con-

stitute himself her knight and protector, and show such brave and tender devotion to her as he had read of in the old books of chivalry; and which might lead up to the avowal he was burning to make, yet dared not. It never occurred to him that the look in his dark eyes whenever they rested on her fair face, the tone of his voice when he addressed her, the deep sighs he vainly sought to stifle, and the tender, eager care with which he strove to anticipate her every wish had spoken for him, as plainly as any words could do; and that, though he had not dared to breathe one syllable of his passionate love to Isabelle, she knew it, rejoiced in it, and was proud of it, and that it filled her with a delicious, rapturous joy, such as she had never felt before, or even dreamed of.

The morning began to break—the narrow band of pale light on the horizon, which was growing rapidly brighter and assuming a rosy tinge, was reflected here and there in the little pools of water that shone like bits of a broken mirror scattered over the ground—distant sounds were heard, and columns of smoke rising into the still morning air proved that even in this desolate God-forsaken part of the Landes there were human habitations to be found. Stalking along with giant strides on the highest part of some rising ground not very far off was a grotesque figure, clearly defined against the bright eastern sky, which would have been a puzzle to a stranger, but was a familiar sight to de Sigognac—a shepherd mounted on his high stilts, such as are to be met with everywhere throughout the Landes.

But the young baron was too much absorbed in his own engrossing thoughts to take any note of his surroundings as he kept pace with the slow-moving chariot, until his eye was caught and his attention fixed by a strange little point of light, glittering among the somber pines that formed the dense grove where we left Agostino and Chiquita sleeping. He wondered what it could be—certainly not a glowworm, the season for them was past long ago—and he watched it as he advanced towards it with a vague feeling of uneasiness. Approaching nearer he caught a glimpse of the singular group of figures lurking among the trees, and at first feared an ambuscade; but finding that they continued perfectly motionless he concluded that he must have been mistaken, and that they were only old stumps after all; so he forbore to arouse the comedians, as he had for a moment thought of doing.

A few steps farther and suddenly a loud report was heard from the grove, a bullet sped through the air, and struck the oxen's yoke — happily without doing any damage, further than causing the usually quiet, steady-going beasts to swerve violently to one side, when fortunately a considerable heap of sand prevented the chariot's being overturned into the ditch beside the road. The sharp report and violent shock startled the sleeping travelers in the chariot, and the younger women shrieked wildly in their terror, whilst the duenna, who had met with such adventures before, slipped the few gold pieces she had in her purse into her shoe. Beside the chariot, from which the actors were struggling to extricate themselves, stood Agostino — his cloak wrapped around his left arm and the formidable *navaja* in his right hand — and cried in a voice of thunder, "Your money or your lives! Resistance is useless! At the first sign of it my band will fire upon you."

Whilst the bandit was shouting out these terrible words, de Sigognac had quietly drawn his sword, and as he finished attacked him furiously. Agostino skillfully parried his thrusts, with the cloak on his left arm, which so disposed made an excellent shield, and watched his opportunity to give a murderous stab with his *navaja*, which indeed he almost succeeded in doing; a quick spring to one side alone saved the baron from a wound which must have been fatal, as the brigand threw the knife at him with tremendous force, and it flew through the air and fell ringing upon the ground at a marvelous distance, instead of piercing de Sigognac's heart. His antagonist turned pale, for he was quite defenseless, having depended entirely upon his trusty *navaja*, which had never failed him before, and he very well knew that his vaunted band could not come to his rescue. However, he shouted to them to fire, counting upon the sudden terror that command would inspire to deliver him from his dilemma; and, indeed, the comedians, expecting a broadside, did take refuge behind the chariot, whilst even our brave hero involuntarily bent his head a little, to avoid the shower of bullets.

Meantime Chiquita, who had breathlessly watched all that passed from her hiding place among some furze bushes close at hand, when she saw her friend in peril, crept softly forth, glided along on the ground like a snake until she reached the knife, lying unnoticed where it had fallen, and seizing it, in one instant had restored it to Agostino. She looked like a

little fury as she did so, and if her strength had been equal to her ferocity she would have been a formidable foe.

Agostino again aimed his *navaja* at the baron, who was at that moment off his guard, and would not perhaps have escaped the deadly weapon a second time if it had been hurled at him from that skillful hand, but that a grasp of iron fastened upon the desperado's wrist, just in time to defeat his purpose. He strove in vain to extricate his right arm from the powerful grip that held it like a vice — struggling violently, and writhing with the pain it caused him — but he dared not turn upon this new assailant, who was behind him, because de Sigognac would have surely scored his back for him; and he was forced to continue parrying his thrusts with his left arm, still protected by the ample cloak firmly wound around it. He soon discovered that he could not possibly free his right hand, and the agony became so great that his fingers could no longer keep their grasp of the knife, which fell a second time to the ground.

It was the tyrant who had come to de Sigognac's rescue, and now suddenly roared out in his stentorian voice, "What the deuce is nipping me? is it a viper? I felt two sharp fangs meet in the calf of my leg."

It was Chiquita, who was biting his leg like a dog, in the vain hope of making him turn round and loose his hold upon Agostino; but the tyrant shook her off with a quick movement, that sent her rolling in the dust at some distance, without relinquishing his captive, whilst Matamore dashed forward and picked up the *navaja*, which he shut together and put into his pocket.

Whilst this scene was enacting the sun had risen, and poured a flood of radiance upon the earth, in which the sham brigands lost much of their lifelike effect. "Ha, ha!" laughed the pedant, "it would appear that those gentlemen's guns take a long time to go off; they must be wet with dew. But whatever may be the matter with them they are miserable cowards, to stand still there at a safe distance and leave their chief to do all the fighting by himself."

"There is a good reason for that," answered Matamore, as he climbed up the steep bank to them, "these are nothing but scarecrows." And with six vigorous kicks he sent the six absurd figures rolling in every direction, making the most comical gestures as they fell.

"You may safely alight now, ladies," said the baron, reassuringly, to the trembling actresses, "there's nothing more to fear; it was only a sham battle after all."

In despair at his overwhelming defeat, Agostino hung his head mournfully, and stood like a statue of grief, dreading lest worse still should befall him, if the comedians, who were in too great force for him to attempt to struggle any longer against them, decided to take him on to the next town and deliver him over to the jailer to be locked up, as indeed he richly deserved. His faithful little friend, Chiquita, stood motionless at his side, as downcast as himself. But the farce of the false brigands so tickled the fancy of the players that it seemed as if they never would have done laughing over it, and they were evidently inclined to deal leniently with the ingenious rascal who had devised it. The tyrant, who had loosened, but not quitted, his hold upon the bandit, assumed his most tragic air and voice, and said to him, "You have frightened these ladies almost to death, you scoundrel, and you richly deserve to be strung up for it; but if, as I believe, they will consent to pardon you — for they are very kind and good — I will not take you to the lockup. I confess that I do not care to furnish a subject for the gallows. Besides, your stratagem is really very ingenious and amusing — a capital farce to play at the expense of cowardly travelers — who have doubtless paid you well for the entertainment, eh? As an actor, I appreciate the joke, and your ingenuity inclines me to be indulgent. You are not simply and brutally a robber, and it would certainly be a pity to cut short such a fine career."

"Alas!" answered Agostino, mournfully, "no other career is open to me, and I am more to be pitied than you suppose. I am the only one left of a band formerly as complete as yours; the executioner has deprived me of my brave comrades one by one, and now I am obliged to carry on my operations entirely alone — dressing up my scarecrows, as your friend calls them, and assuming different voices to make believe that I am supported by a numerous company. Ah! mine is a sad fate; and then my road is such a poor one — so few travelers come this way — and I have not the means to purchase a better one. Every good road is owned by a band of brigands, you know. I wish that I could get some honest work to do, but that is hopeless, who would employ such a looking fellow as I am? all in rags and tatters, worse than the poorest beggar. I must

surely have been born under an unlucky star. And now this attempt has failed, from which I hoped to get enough to keep us for two months, and buy a decent cloak for poor Chiquita besides; she needs it badly enough, poor thing! Yesterday I had nothing to eat, and I had to tighten my belt to sustain my empty stomach. Your unexpected resistance has taken the very bread out of my mouth; and since you would not let me rob you, at least be generous and give me something."

"To be sure," said the tyrant, who was greatly amused; "as we have prevented your successfully plying your trade we certainly do owe you an indemnity. Here, take these two *pistoles* to drink our healths with."

Isabelle meantime sought in the chariot for a piece of new woolen stuff she happened to have with her, which was soft and warm, and gave it to Chiquita, who exclaimed, "Oh! but it is the necklace of shining white things that I want."

Kind Isabelle immediately unclasped it, and then fastened it round the slender neck of the child, who was so overwhelmed with delight that she could not speak. She silently rolled the smooth, white beads between her little brown fingers in a sort of mute ecstasy for a few moments, then suddenly raising her head and tossing back her thick black hair, she fixed her sparkling eyes on Isabelle, and said in a low, earnest voice, "Oh! you are very, very good, and I will never, never kill you." Then she ran swiftly back to the pine grove, clambered up the steep bank, and sat down to admire and enjoy her treasure. As to Agostino, after making his best bow, and thanking the tyrant for his really princely munificence, he picked up his prostrate comrades, and carried them back to be buried again until their services should be needed on some, he hoped, more auspicious occasion.

The driver, who had deserted his oxen and run to hide himself among the furze bushes at the beginning of the affray, returned to his post when he saw that all danger was over, and the chariot once more started upon its way — the worthy duenna having taken her doubloons out of her shoes and restored them to her purse, which was then deposited in the depths of a mysterious pocket.

"You behaved like a real hero of romance," Isabelle said in an undertone to de Sigognac, "and I feel that under your protection we can travel securely; how bravely you attacked

that bandit single-handed! when you had every reason to believe that he was supported by an armed band."

"You overestimate my little exploit," the baron replied modestly; "there was no danger worth mentioning;" then sinking his voice to a whisper, "But to protect you I would meet and conquer giants, put to flight a whole host of Saracens, attack and destroy dragons and horrid monsters; I would force my way through enchanted forests filled with snares and perils, such as we read of, and even descend into hell itself, like Æneas of old. In your dear service the most difficult feats would be easy; your beautiful eyes inspire me with indomitable courage, and your sweet presence, or even the bare thought of you, seems to endue me with a superhuman strength."

This was, perhaps, rather exaggerated, but perfectly sincere, and Isabelle did not doubt for a moment that de Sigognac would be able to accomplish fabulous deeds of prowess in her honor and for her sake; and she was not so very far wrong, for he was becoming hourly more passionately enamored of her, and ardent young lovers *are* capable of prodigies of valor, inspired by the fair objects of their adoration.

Serafina, who had overheard some of the baron's impassioned words, could not repress a scornful smile; so many women are apt to find the fervid protestations of lovers, when addressed to others than themselves, supremely ridiculous, yet joyfully receive the very same protestations, without detecting anything in the least absurd in them, when whispered into their own ears. For a moment she was tempted to try the power of her many charms, which she believed to be irresistible, with the young baron, and win him away from Isabelle; but this idea was speedily rejected, for Serafina held beauty to be a precious gem that should be richly set in gold — the gem was hers, but the golden setting was lamentably wanting, and poor de Sigognac could not possibly furnish it. So the accomplished coquette decided not to interfere with this newly born love affair, which was "all very well for a simple-minded young girl like Isabelle," she said to herself, with a disdainful smile and toss of the head.

Profound silence had fallen upon the party after the late excitement, and some of them were even growing sleepy again, when several hours later the driver suddenly called out, "There is the Château de Bruyères."

A WOMAN'S QUESTIONING

BY ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

[1825-1864]

BEFORE I trust my fate to thee,
  Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
  Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me!

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
  A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the Past
  That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
  A possible future shine
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
  Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
O tell me, before all is lost!

Look deeper still! If thou canst feel
  Within thy inmost soul
That thou hast kept a portion back,
  While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so!

Is there within thy heart a need
  That mine cannot fulfill,
One chord that any other hand
  Could better wake, or still?
Speak now, lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
  The demon spirit — Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
  On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone:
But shield my heart against thy own



"Before I trust my fate to thee"

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
  And answer to my claim
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
  Not thou, had been to blame?
Some soothe their conscience thus: but thou
Wilt surely warn and save me now.

Nay! answer not! I dare not hear:
  The words would come too late
Yet I would spare thee all remorse:
  So comfort thee, my Fate!
Whatever on my heart may fall,
Remember—I would risk it all



ON THE VALUE AND USE OF LIBRARIES[1]

BY JAMES BALDWIN

[JAMES BALDWIN: An American editor and author; born in Hamilton county, Ind., December 15, 1841 He was educated at the district school and at a Friends' academy; taught a district school, was superintendent of schools in various places; and from 1887 to 1890 was connected with the educational department of the firm of Harper and Brothers, New York He was an assistant editor of *Harper's Magazine*, 1890–1893, and since 1894 has been editor of the American Book Company He has published "The Story of Siegfried" (1882) "The Story of Roland" (1883), "The Book Lover" (1884), "A Story of the Golden Age" (1886), "Harper's Readers" (5 vols, 1887–1890), "Old Greek Stories" (1895), "Fairy Stories and Fables" (1895), "A Guide to Systematic Readings in the Encyclopædia Britannica" (1896), "Four Great Americans" (1896), "The Horse Fair" (1896), and "Baldwin's Readers" (8 vols, 1897).]

A LIBRARY is the scholar's workshop. To the teacher or professional man, a collection of good books is as necessary as a kit of tools to a carpenter. And yet I am aware that many persons are engaged in teaching, who have neither a library of their own, nor access to any other collection of books suitable to their use. There are others who, having every opportunity to secure the best of books,—with a public library near at hand offering them the free use of works most valuable to them,—yet make no effort to profit by these advantages. They care nothing for any books save the text-books indispensable to their profession, and for these only so far as necessity obliges them

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to do so. The libraries of many persons calling themselves teachers consist solely of schoolbooks, many of which have been presented them by accommodating book agents, "for examination with a view to introduction." And yet we hear these teachers talk learnedly about the introduction of English literature into the common schools of the country, and the necessity of cultivating among the children a wholesome love and taste for reading. If inquiry were made, we might discover that such persons understand a study of English literature to consist simply of some memoriter exercises in Shaw's "Manual" or Brooke's "Primer," and that, as to good reading, they are oftener entertained by the cheap slops of the news stands than by the English classics. Talk not about directing and cultivating the reading tastes of your pupils until you have successfully directed and cultivated your own! And the first step towards doing this is the selection and purchase of a library for yourself, which shall be all your own. A very few books will do, if they are of the right kind; and they must be *yours*. A borrowed book is but a cheap pleasure, an unappreciated and unsatisfactory tool. To know the true value of books, and to derive any satisfactory benefit from them, you must first feel the sweet delight of buying them,—you must know the preciousness of possession.

You plead poverty,—the insufficiency of your income? But do you not spend for other things, entirely unnecessary, much more every year than the cost of a few books? The immediate outlay need not be large, the returns which you will realize will be great in proportion to your good judgment and earnestness. Not only will the possession of a good library add to your means of enjoyment and increase your capacity for doing good, it may, if you are worldly-minded,—and we all are,—put you in the way of occupying a more desirable position and earning a more satisfactory reward for your labors.

There are two kinds of books that you will need in your library: first, those which are purely professional, and are in the strictest sense the tools of your craft; second, those which belong to your chosen department of literature, and are to be regarded as your friends, companions, and counselors. I cannot, of course, dictate to you what these books shall be. But in a library of fifty or even thirty well-chosen volumes you may possess infinite riches, and means for a lifetime of enjoyment; while, on the other hand, if your selection is injudicious, you

may expend thousands of dollars for a collection of the odds and ends of literature, which will only be an incumbrance and a hindrance to you.

"I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of his due and wise provision for his household," says John Ruskin, "to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable, and steadily — however slowly — increasing series of books for use through life; making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece; every volume having its assigned place, like a little statue in its niche, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own literary possessions lightly and deliberately, with no chance of tearing or dog's-ears."

And Henry Ward Beecher emphasizes the same thing, remarking that, among the early ambitions to be excited in clerks, workmen, journeymen, and indeed among all that are struggling up in life from nothing to something, the most important is that of forming and continually adding to a library of good books. "A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessaries of life."

"How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses?" asks another enthusiastic lover of books "If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad,— a bibliomaniac. But you never call any one a horsemaniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books . . We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body: now, a good book contains such food inexhaustibly; it is a provision for life, and for the best of us; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such trial, and more the pity: for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading, as well as in munch-

pictures and costly ornaments, and a great variety of decoration; yet, so far as my judgment goes, I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply. The only subject of lamentation is — one feels that always, I think, in the presence of a library — that life is too short, and I am afraid I must say also that our industry is so far deficient that we seem to have no hope of a full enjoyment of the ample repast that is spread before us. In the houses of the humble a little library, in my opinion, is a most precious possession."

Jean Paul Richter, it is said, was always melancholy in a large library, because it reminded him of his ignorance.

"A library may be regarded as the solemn chamber in which a man can take counsel of all that have been wise and great and good and glorious amongst the men that have gone before him," said George Dawson, also at Birmingham. "If we come down for a moment and look at the bare and immediate utilities of a library, we find that here a man gets himself ready for his calling, arms himself for his profession, finds out the facts that are to determine his trade, prepares himself for his examination. The utilities of it are endless and priceless. It is, too, a place of pastime; for man has no amusement more innocent, more sweet, more gracious, more elevating, and more fortifying than he can find in a library. If he be fond of books, his fondness will discipline him as well as amuse him. . . . A library is the strengthener of all that is great in life, and the repeller of what is petty and mean; and half the gossip of society would perish if the books that are truly worth reading were read. . . . When we look through the houses of a large part of the middle classes of this country, we find there everything but what there ought most to be. There are no books in them worth talking of If a question arises of geography, they have no atlases. If the question be when a great man was born, they cannot help you. They can give you a gorgeous bed, with four posts, marvelous adornments, luxurious hangings, and lacquered shams all round; they can give you dinners *ad nauseam*, and wine that one can, or cannot, honestly praise. But useful books are almost the last things that are to be found there; and when the mind is empty of those things that books can alone fill it with, then the seven devils of pettiness, frivolity, fashionableness, gen-

tility, scandal, small slander, and the chronicling of small beer come in and take possession. Half this nonsense would be dropped if men would only understand the elevating influences of their communing constantly with the lofty thoughts and high resolves of men of old times."

The author of "Dreamthorpe," filled with love and enthusiasm, discourses thus: "I go into my library, and all history unrolls before me. I breathe the morning air of the world while the scent of Eden's roses yet lingers in it, while it vibrates only to the world's first brood of nightingales and to the laugh of Eve. I see the pyramids building; I hear the shoutings of the armies of Alexander; I feel the ground shake beneath the march of Cambyses. I sit as in a theater,—the stage is time; the play is the play of the world. What a spectacle it is! What kingly pomp, what processions file past, what cities burn to heaven, what crowds of captives are dragged at the chariot wheels of conquerors! I hiss, or cry 'Bravo,' when the great actors come on, shaking the stage. I am a Roman emperor when I look at a Roman coin. I lift Homer, and I shout with Achilles in the trenches. The silence of the unpeopled Assyrian plains, the outcomings and ingoings of the patriarchs,—Abraham and Ishmael, Isaac in the fields at eventide, Rebekah at the well, Jacob's guile, Esau's face reddened by desert sun heat, Joseph's splendid funeral procession,—all these things I find within the boards of my Old Testament. What a silence in those old books as of a half-peopled world,—what bleating of flocks, what green pastoral rest, what indubitable human existence! Across brawling centuries of blood and war, I hear the bleating of Abraham's flocks, the tinkling of the bells of Rebekah's camels. O men and women, so far separated yet so near, so strange yet so well known, by what miraculous power do I know you all? Books are the true Elysian fields, where the spirits of the dead converse? and into these fields a mortal may venture unappalled. What king's court can boast such company? What school of philosophy, such wisdom? The wit of the ancient world is glancing and flashing there. There is Pan's pipe, there are the songs of Apollo. Seated in my library at night, and looking on the silent faces of my books, I am occasionally visited by a strange sense of the supernatural. They are not collections of printed pages, they are ghosts. I take one down, and it speaks with me in a tongue not now heard on earth, and of

men and things of which it alone possesses knowledge. I call myself a solitary, but sometimes I think I misapply the term. No man sees more company than I do. I travel with mightier cohorts around me than did ever Timour or Genghis Khan on their fiery marches. I am a sovereign in my library; but it is the dead, not the living, that attend my levees."



LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD MACAULAY.[1]

By G. O. TREVELYAN.

[GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN: An English statesman and author; born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, July 20, 1838. He was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was for many years a member of Parliament, being appointed parliamentary secretary to the Admiralty, 1880, chief secretary for Ireland, 1882, and secretary for Scotland in 1885 and again in 1892. His published works include: "Letters of a Competition Wallah" (1864), "Cawnpore" (1865), "The Ladies in Parliament, and Other Pieces" (1869), "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay" (his uncle) (1876), and "Early History of Charles James Fox" (1880).]

YOUTHFUL PRECOCITY OF MACAULAY.

IN a room paneled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the ancient mansion, with oak almost black from age — looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden — Lord Macaulay was born. It was on the 25th of October, 1800, the day of St. Crispin, the anniversary of Agincourt (as he liked to say), that he opened his eyes on a world which he was destined so thoroughly to learn and so intensely to enjoy. His father was as pleased as a father could be; but fate seemed determined that Zachary Macaulay should not be indulged in any great share of personal happiness. The next morning a spinning jenny set off in a cottage as he was riding past. His horse started and threw him: both arms were broken; and he spent in a sick room the remainder of the only holiday worth the name which (as far as can be traced in the family records) he ever took during his married life. Owing to this accident, the young couple were detained at Rothley into the winter, and the child was baptized, in the private chapel which formed part of the house, on the

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26th of November, 1800, by the names of Thomas Babington, the Rev. Aulay Macaulay and Mr. and Mrs. Babington acting as sponsors.

The two years which followed were passed in a house in Birchin Lane, where the Sierra Leone Company had its office. The only place where the child could be taken for exercise, and what might be called air, was Drapers' Garden, which (already under sentence to be covered with bricks and mortar at an early date) lies behind Throgmorton Street and within a hundred yards of the Stock Exchange. To this dismal yard, containing as much gravel as grass, and frowned upon by a board of rules and regulations almost as large as itself, his mother used to convoy the nurse and the little boy through the crowds that toward noon swarmed along Cornhill and Threadneedle Street, and thither she would return after a due interval to escort them back to Birchin Lane. So strong was the power of association upon Macaulay's mind that in after years Drapers' Garden was among his favorite haunts. Indeed, his habit of roaming for hours through and through the heart of the City (a habit that never left him as long as he could roam at all), was due in part to the recollection which caused him to regard that region as native ground.

Baby as he was when he quit it, he retained some impression of his earliest home. He remembered standing up at the nursery window by his father's side, looking at a cloud of black smoke pouring out of a tall chimney. He asked if that was hell, an inquiry that was received with a grave displeasure which at the time he could not understand. The kindly father must have been pained almost against his own will at finding what feature of his stern creed it was that had embodied itself in so very material a shape before his little son's imagination. When, in after days, Mrs. Macaulay was questioned as to how soon she began to detect in the child a promise of the future, she used to say that his sensibilities and affections were remarkably developed at an age which to her hearers appeared next to incredible. He would cry for joy on seeing her after a few hours' absence, and (till her husband put a stop to it) her power of exciting his feelings was often made an exhibition to her friends. She did not regard this precocity as a proof of cleverness, but, like a foolish young mother, only thought that so tender a nature was marked for early death.

The next move which the family made was into as healthy

an atmosphere, in every sense, as the most careful parent could wish to select. Mr. Macaulay took a house in the High Street of Clapham, in the part now called the Pavement, on the same side as the Plow Inn, but some doors nearer to the Common. It was a roomy, comfortable dwelling, with a very small garden behind, and in front a very small one indeed, which has entirely disappeared beneath a large shop thrown out toward the roadway by the present occupier, who bears the name of Heywood. Here the boy passed a quiet and most happy childhood. From the time that he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. A very clever woman who then lived in the house as parlor maid told how he used to sit in his nankeen frock, perched on the table by her as she was cleaning the plate, and expounding to her out of a volume as big as himself. He did not care for toys, but was very fond of taking his walk, when he would hold forth to his companion, whether nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language far above his years. His memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book which he had been last engaged on, and he talked, as the maid said, "quite printed words," which produced an effect that appeared formal, and often, no doubt, exceedingly droll. Mrs. Hannah More was fond of relating how she called at Mr. Macaulay's, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with abundance of light hair, about four years of age, who came to the front door to receive her, and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits: a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who had never aspired beyond cowslip wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this period his father took him on a visit to Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill, and was much pleased to exhibit to his old friend the fair bright boy, dressed in a green coat with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trousers. After some time had been spent among the wonders of the Orford Collection, of which he ever after carried a catalogue in his head, a servant who was waiting upon the company in the great gallery spilled some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was all kindness and compassion, and when, after a while, she asked

how he was feeling, the little fellow looked up in her face, and replied, "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

But it must not be supposed that his quaint manners proceeded from affectation or conceit; for all testimony declares that a more simple and natural child never lived, or a more lively and merry one. He had at his command the resources of the Common; to this day the most unchanged spot within ten miles of St. Paul's, and which to all appearance will ere long hold that pleasant preeminence within ten leagues. That delightful wilderness of gore bushes and poplar groves, and gravel pits, and ponds great and small, was to little Tom Macaulay a region of inexhaustible romance and mystery. He explored its recesses; he composed, and almost believed, its legends; he invented for its different features a nomenclature which has been faithfully preserved by two generations of children. A slight ridge intersected by deep ditches toward the west of the common, the very existence of which no one above eight years old would notice, was dignified with the title of the Alps; while the elevated island, covered with shrubs, that gives a name to the Mount pond, was regarded with infinite awe, as being the nearest approach within the circuit of his observation to a conception of the majesty of Sinai. Indeed, at this period his infant fancy was much exercised with the threats and terrors of the Law. He had a little plot of ground at the back of the house, marked out as his own by a row of oyster shells, which a maid one day threw away as rubbish. He went straight to the drawing-room, where his mother was entertaining some visitors, walked into the circle, and said, very solemnly, "Cursed be Sally; for it is written, Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark."

While still the merest child, he was sent as a day scholar to Mr. Greaves, a shrewd Yorkshireman with a turn for science, who had been originally brought to the neighborhood in order to educate a number of African youths sent over to imbibe Western civilization at the fountain head. The poor fellows had found as much difficulty in keeping alive at Clapham as Englishmen experience at Sierra Leone; and, in the end, their tutor set up a school for boys of his own color, and at one time had charge of almost the entire rising generation of the Common. Mrs. Macaulay explained to Tom that he must learn to study without the solace of bread and butter, to which he replied, "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention

my butter." But, as a matter of fact, no one ever crept more unwillingly to school. Each several afternoon he made piteous entreaties to be excused returning after dinner, and was met by the unvarying formula, "No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go."

His reluctance to leave home had more than one side to it. Not only did his heart stay behind, but the regular lessons of the class took him away from occupations which in his eyes were infinitely more delightful and important; for these were probably the years of his greatest literary activity. As an author he never again had more facility, or anything like so wide a range. In September, 1808, his mother writes: "My dear Tom continues to show marks of uncommon genius. He gets on wonderfully in all branches of his education, and the extent of his reading, and of the knowledge he has derived from it, are truly astonishing in a boy not yet eight years old. He is at the same time as playful as a kitten. To give you some idea of the activity of his mind, I will mention a few circumstances that may interest you and Colin. You will believe that to him we never appear to regard anything he does as anything more than a schoolboy's amusement. He took it into his head to write a compendium of universal history about a year ago, and he really contrived to give a tolerably connected view of the leading events from the Creation to the present time, filling about a quire of paper. He told me one day that he had been writing a paper which Henry Daly was to translate into Malabar, to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion. On reading it, I found it to contain a very clear idea of the leading facts and doctrines of that religion, with some strong arguments for its adoption. He was so fired with reading Scott's 'Lay' and 'Marmion,' the former of which he got entirely, and the latter almost entirely, by heart, merely from his delight in reading them, that he determined on writing himself a poem in six cantos which he called 'The Battle of Cheviot.' After he had finished about three of the cantos, of about one hundred and twenty lines each, which he did in a couple of days, he became tired of it. I make no doubt he would have finished his design, but as he was proceeding with it the thought struck him of writing an heroic poem to be called 'Olaus the Great; or, The Conquest of Mona,' in which, after the manner of Virgil, he might introduce in prophetic song the future fortunes of the family —

among others, those of the hero who aided in the fall of the tyrant of Mysore, after having long suffered from his tyranny; and of another of his race who had exerted himself for the deliverance of the wretched Africans. He has just begun it. He has composed I know not how many hymns. I send you one as a specimen, in his own handwriting, which he wrote about six months ago on one Monday morning while we were at breakfast."

The affection of the last generation of his relatives has preserved all these pieces, but the piety of this generation will refrain from submitting them to public criticism. A marginal note in which Macaulay has expressed his cordial approval of Uncle Toby's remark about the great Lipsius, indicates his own wishes in the matter too clearly to leave any choice for those who come after him. But there still may be read in a boyish scrawl the epitome of universal history, from "a new king who knew not Joseph"—down through Rameses, and Dido, and Tydeus, and Tarquin, and Crassus, and Gallienus, and Edward the Martyr—to Louis, who "set off on a crusade against the Albigenses," and Oliver Cromwell, who "was an unjust and wicked man." The hymns remain, which Mrs. Hannah More, surely a consummate judge of the article, pronounced to be "quite extraordinary for such a baby." To a somewhat later period probably belongs a vast pile of blank verse, entitled "Fingal: a Poem in XII Books," two of which are in a complete and connected shape, while the rest of the story is lost amidst a labyrinth of many hundred scattered lines, so transcribed as to suggest a conjecture that the boy's demand for foolscap had outrun the paternal generosity.

CHARACTERISTICS OF MACAULAY.

Macaulay's outward man was never better described than in two sentences of Praed's Introduction to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*. "There came up a short manly figure, marvelously upright, with a bad neckcloth and one hand in his waistcoat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good humor, or both, you do not regret its absence." This picture, in which every touch is correct, tells all that there is to be told. He had a massive head, and features of a powerful and rugged cast; but so constantly lighted up by every joyful

and ennobling emotion that it mattered little if, when absolutely quiescent, his face was rather homely than handsome. While conversing at table, no one thought him otherwise than good-looking; but when he rose, he was seen to be short and stout in figure. "At Holland House, the other day," writes his sister Margaret, in September, 1831, "Tom met Lady Lyndhurst for the first time. She said to him, 'Mr. Macaulay, you are so different to what I expected. I thought you were dark and thin, but you are fair, and, really, Mr. Macaulay, you are fat.'" He at all times sat and stood straight, full, and square; and in this respect Woolner, in the fine statue at Cambridge, has missed what was undoubtedly the most marked fact in his personal appearance. He dressed badly, but not cheaply. His clothes, though ill put on, were good, and his wardrobe was always enormously overstocked. Later in life he indulged himself in an apparently inexhaustible succession of handsome embroidered waistcoats, which he used to regard with much complacency. He was unhandy to a degree quite unexampled in the experience of all who knew him. When in the open air, he wore perfectly new dark kid gloves, into the fingers of which he never succeeded in inserting his own more than half-way. After he had sailed for India, there were found in his chambers between fifty and sixty strops, hacked into strips and splinters, and razors without beginning or end. About the same period he hurt his hand, and was reduced to send for a barber. After the operation, he asked what was to pay. "Oh, sir," said the man, "whatever you usually give the person who shaves you." "In that case," said Macaulay, "I should give you a great gash on each cheek."

During an epoch when, at our principal seats of education, athletic pursuits are regarded as a leading object of existence, rather than as a means of health and recreation, it requires some boldness to confess that Macaulay was utterly destitute of bodily accomplishments, and that he viewed his deficiencies with supreme indifference. He could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot. He seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly. When in attendance at Windsor, as a cabinet minister, he was informed that a horse was at his disposal. "If her majesty wishes to see me ride," he said, "she must order out an elephant." The only exercise in which he can be said to have excelled was that of threading crowded streets with his eyes fixed upon a book. He might be seen in

such thoroughfares as Oxford Street and Cheapside walking as fast as other people walked, and reading a great deal faster than anybody else could read. As a pedestrian he was, indeed, above the average. Till he had passed fifty, he thought nothing of going on foot from the Albany to Clapham, and from Clapham on to Greenwich, and, while still in the prime of life, he was forever on his feet indoors as well as out. "In those days," says his cousin, Mrs. Conybeare, "he walked rapidly up and down a room as he talked. I remember on one occasion, when he was making a call, he stopped short in his walk in the midst of a declamation on some subject, and said, 'You have a brick floor here.' The hostess confessed that it was true, though she hoped that it had been disguised by double matting and a thick carpet. He said that his habit of always walking enabled him to tell accurately the material he was treading on."

His faults were such as give annoyance to those who dislike a man rather than anxiety to those who love him. Vehemence, overconfidence, the inability to recognize that there are two sides to a question or two people in a dialogue, are defects which during youth are perhaps inseparable from gifts like those with which he was endowed. Moultrie, speaking of his undergraduate days, tells us that

To him
There was no pain like silence — no constraint
So dull as unanimity. He breathed
An atmosphere of argument, nor shrunk
From making, where he could not find, excuse
For controversial fight

At Cambridge he would say of himself that whenever anybody enunciated a proposition all possible answers to it rushed into his mind at once, and it was said of him by others that he had no politics except the opposite of those held by the persons with whom he was talking. To that charge, at any rate, he did not long continue liable. He left college a stanch and vehement Whig, eager to maintain against all comers and at any moment that none but Whig opinions had a leg to stand upon. His cousin, George Babington, a rising surgeon, with whom at one time he lived in the closest intimacy, was always ready to take up the Tory cudgels. The two friends "would walk up and down the room, crossing each other for hours, shouting one another down with a continuous simulta-

neous storm of words, until George at length yielded to arguments and lungs combined. Never, so far as I remember, was there any loss of temper. It was a fair, good-humored battle, in not very mannerly lists."

Even as a very young man nine people out of ten liked nothing better than to listen to him: which was fortunate; because in his early days he had scanty respect of persons, either as regarded the choice of his topics or the quantity of his words. But with his excellent temper, and entire absence of conceit, he soon began to learn consideration for others in small things as well as in great. By the time he was fairly launched in London, he was agreeable in company as well as forcible and amusing. Wilberforce speaks of his "unruffled good humor." Sir Robert Inglis, a good observer, with ample opportunity of forming a judgment, pronounced that he conversed, and did not dictate, and that he was loud, but never overbearing. As far back as the year 1826, Crabb Robinson gave a very favorable account of his demeanor in society, which deserves credence as the testimony of one who liked his share of talk, and was not willing to be put in the background for anybody. "I went to James Stephen, and drove with him to his house at Hendon. A dinner party. I had a most interesting companion in young Macaulay, one of the most promising of the rising generation I have seen for a long time. He has a good face — not the delicate features of a man of genius and sensibility, but the strong lines and well-knit limbs of a man sturdy in body and mind. Very eloquent and cheerful. Overflowing with words, and not poor in thought. Liberal in opinion, but no radical. He seems a correct as well as a full man. He showed a minute knowledge of subjects not introduced by himself."

So loyal and sincere was Macaulay's nature that he was unwilling to live upon terms of even apparent intimacy with people whom he did not like, or could not esteem; and, as far as civility allowed, he avoided their advances, and especially their hospitality. He did not choose, he said, to eat salt with a man for whom he could not say a good word in all companies. He was true throughout life to those who had once acquired his regard and respect. Moultrie says of him: —

His heart was pure and simple as a child's
Unbreathed on by the world. in friendship warm,

Confiding, generous, constant; and, though now
He ranks among the great ones of the earth,
And hath achieved such glory as will last
To future generations, he, I think,
Would sup on oysters with as right good will
In this poor home of mine as e'er he did
On Petty Cury's classical first floor
Some twenty years ago.

He loved to place his purse, his influence, and his talents at the disposal of a friend; and any one whom he called by that name he judged with indulgence, and trusted with a faith that would endure almost any strain. If his confidence proved to have been egregiously misplaced, which he was always the last to see, he did not resort to remonstrance or recrimination. His course under such circumstances he described in a couplet from an old French comedy: —

Le bruit est pour le fat, la plainte pour le sot;
L'honnête homme trompé s'éloigne et ne dit mot.

He was never known to take part in any family quarrel, or personal broil of any description whatsoever. His conduct in this respect was the result of self-discipline, and did not proceed from any want of sensibility. "He is very sensitive," said his sister Margaret, "and remembers long, as well as feels deeply, anything in the form of slight." Indeed, at college his friends used to tell him that his leading qualities were "generosity and vindictiveness." Courage he certainly did not lack. During the years when his spirit was high, and his pen cut deep, and when the habits of society were different from what they are at present, more than one adversary displayed symptoms of a desire to meet him elsewhere than on paper. On these occasions, while showing consideration for his opponent, he evinced a quiet but very decided sense of what was due to himself which commanded the respect of all who were implicated, and brought difficulties that might have been grave to an honorable and satisfactory issue.

He reserved his pugnacity for quarrels undertaken on public grounds, and fought out with the world looking on as umpire. In the lists of criticism and of debate it cannot be denied that, as a young man, he sometimes deserved the praise which Dr. Johnson pronounced upon a good hater. He had

no mercy for bad writers and notably for bad poets, unless they were in want of money; in which case he became, within his means, the most open-handed of patrons. He was too apt to undervalue both the heart and the head of those who desired to maintain the old system of civil and religious exclusion, and who grudged political power to their fellow-countrymen, or at any rate to those of their fellow-countrymen whom he was himself prepared to enfranchise. Independent, frank, and proud almost to a fault, he detested the whole race of jobbers and timeservers, parasites and scandal mongers, led captains, led authors, and led orators. Some of his antipathies have stamped themselves indelibly upon literary history. He attributed to the Right Honorable John Wilson Croker, Secretary to the Admiralty during the twenty years preceding 1830, qualities which excited his disapprobation beyond control, and possibly beyond measure. In a singularly powerful letter, written as late as 1843, he recites in detail certain unsavory portions of that gentleman's private life which were not only part of the stock gossip of every bow window in St. James's Street, but which had been brought into the light of day in the course either of Parliamentary or judicial investigations. After illustrating these transactions with evidence which proved that he did not take up an antipathy on hearsay, Macaulay comments on them in such terms as clearly indicate that his animosity to Croker arose from incompatibility of moral sentiments, and not of political opinions. He then proceeds to remark on "the scandals of Croker's literary life"; "his ferocious insults to women, to Lady Morgan, Mrs. Austin, and others;" his twitting Harriet Martineau with deafness; his twitting Madame D'Arblay with concealing her age. "I might add," he says, "a hundred other charges. These, observe, are things done by a privy councilor, by a man who has a pension from the country of two thousand pounds a year, by a man who affects to be a champion of order and religion." Macaulay's judgment has been confirmed by the public voice, which, rightly or wrongly, identifies Croker with the character of Rigby in Mr. Disraeli's "Coningsby."

Macaulay was the more formidable as an opponent, because he could be angry without losing his command of the situation. His first onset was terrific; but in the fiercest excitement of the mêlée he knew when to call a halt. A certain member of Parliament named Michael Thomas Sadler had

fallen foul of Malthus, and very foul, indeed, of Macaulay, who in two short and telling articles took revenge enough for both. He writes on this subject to Mr. Macvey Napier, who, toward the close of 1829, had succeeded Jeffrey in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review:* "The position which we have now taken up is absolutely impregnable; and if we were to quit it, though we might win a more splendid victory we should expose ourselves to some risk. My rule in controversy has always been that to which the Lacedæmonians adhered in war: never to break the ranks for the purpose of pursuing a beaten enemy." He had, indeed, seldom occasion to strike twice. Where he set his mark, there was no need of a second impression. The unduly severe fate of those who crossed his path during the years when his blood was hot teaches a serious lesson on the responsibilities of genius. Croker, and Sadler, and poor Robert Montgomery, and the other less eminent objects of his wrath, appear likely to enjoy just so much notoriety, and of such a nature, as he has thought fit to deal out to them in his pages; and it is possible that even Lord Ellenborough may be better known to our grandchildren by Macaulay's oration on the gates of Somnauth than by the noise of his own deeds or the echo of his own eloquence.

When Macaulay went to college, he was justified in regarding himself as one who would not have to work for his bread. His father, who believed himself to be already worth a hundred thousand pounds, had statedly declared to the young man his intention of making him, in a modest way, an eldest son; and had informed him that, by doing his duty at the university, he would earn the privilege of shaping his career at choice. In 1818 the family removed to London, and set up an establishment on a scale suited to their improved circumstances in Cadogan Place, which, in everything except proximity to Bond Street, was then hardly less rural than Clapham. But the prosperity of the house of Macaulay Babington was short-lived. The senior member of the firm gave his whole heart, and five sixths of his time, to objects unconnected with his business; and he had selected a partner who did not possess the qualities necessary to compensate for his own deficiencies. In 1819, the first indications of possible disaster begin to show themselves in the letters to and from Cambridge; while waiting for a fellowship, Macaulay was glad to make a hundred guineas by taking pupils; and, as time

went on, it became evident that he was to be an eldest son only in the sense that throughout the coming years of difficulty and distress his brothers and sisters would depend mainly upon him for comfort, guidance, and support. He acknowledged the claim cheerfully, lovingly, and indeed almost unconsciously. It was not in his disposition to murmur over what was inevitable, or to plume himself upon doing what was right. He quietly took up the burden which his father was unable to bear; and, before many years had elapsed, the fortunes of all for whose welfare he considered himself responsible were abundantly assured.

To Hannah and Margaret Macaulay.

London, *July 6th*, 1832.

Be you Foxes, be you Pitts,
You must write to silly chits
Be you Tories, be you Whigs,
You must write to sad young gigs.
On whatever board you are —
Treasury, Admiralty, War,
Customs, Stamps, Excise, Control —
Write you must, upon my soul.

So sings the Judicious Poet: and here I sit in my parlor, looking out on the Thames, and divided, like Garrick in Sir Joshua's picture, between Tragedy and Comedy — a letter to you, and a bundle of papers about Hydrabad, and the firm of Palmer & Co., late bankers to the Nizan.

Poor Sir Walter Scott is going back to Scotland by sea to-morrow. All hope is over; and he has a restless wish to die at home. He is many thousand pounds worse than nothing. Last week he was thought to be so near his end that some people went, I understand, to sound Lord Althorp about a public funeral. Lord Althorp said, very like himself, that if public money was to be laid out, it would be better to give it to the family than to spend it in one day's show The family, however, are said to be not ill off.

I am delighted to hear of your proposed tour, but not so well pleased to be told that you expect to be bad correspondents during your stay at Welsh inns. Take pens and ink with you, if you think that you shall find none at The Bard's Head, or

The Glendower Arms. But it will be too bad if you send me no letters during a tour which will furnish so many subjects. Why not keep a journal, and minute down in it all that you see and hear? and remember that I charge you, as the venerable circle charged Miss Byron, to tell me of every person who "regards you with an eye of partiality."

What can I say more? as the Indians end their letters. Did not Lady Holland tell me of some good novels? I remember "Henry Masterton," three volumes, an amusing story and a happy termination. Smuggle it in, next time that you go to Liverpool, from some circulating library; and deposit it in a lock-up place out of the reach of them that are clothed in drab; and read it together at the curling hour.

My article on Mirabeau will be out in the forthcoming number. I am not a good judge of my own compositions, I fear; but I think that it will be popular. A Yankee has written to me to say that an edition of my works is about to be published in America with my life prefixed, and that he shall be obliged to me to tell him when I was born, whom I married, and so forth. I guess I must answer him slick right away. For, as the Judicious Poet observes,

> Though a New England man lolls back in his chair,
> With a pipe in his mouth, and his legs in the air,
> Yet surely an Old England man such as I
> To a kinsman by blood should be civil and spry.

How I run on in quotation! But when I begin to cite the verses of our great writers I never can stop. Stop I must, however. Yours, T. B. M.

To Hannah and Margaret Macaulay.

London, *July 18th*, 1832.

My dear Sisters,—I have heard from Napier. He speaks rapturously of my article on Dumont, but sends me no money. Allah blacken his face! as the Persians say. He has not yet paid me for Burleigh.

We are worked to death in the House of Commons, and we are henceforth to sit on Saturdays. This, indeed, is the only way to get through our business. On Saturday next we shall, I hope, rise before seven, as I am engaged to dine on that day

with pretty, witty Mrs. ——. I fell in with her at Lady Grey's great crush, and found her very agreeable. Her husband is nothing in society. Rogers has some very good stories about their domestic happiness — stories confirming a theory of mine which, as I remember, made you very angry. When they first married, Mrs. —— treated her husband with great respect. But, when his novel came out and failed completely, she changed her conduct, and has, ever since that unfortunate publication, henpecked the poor author unmercifully. And the case, says Rogers, is the harder, because it is suspected that she wrote part of the book herself. It is like the scene in Milton where Eve, after tempting Adam, abuses him for yielding to temptation. But do you not remember how I told you that much of the love of women depended on the eminence of men? And do you not remember how, on behalf of your sex, you resented the imputation?

As to the present state of affairs abroad and at home, I cannot sum it up better than in these beautiful lines of the poet: —

Peel is preaching, and Croker is lying
The cholera's raging, the people are dying.
When the House is the coolest, as I am alive,
The thermometer stands at a hundred and five
We debate in a heat that seems likely to burn us,
Much like the three children who sung in the furnace.
The disorders at Paris have not ceased to plague us
Don Pedro, I hope, is ere this on the Tagus:
In Ireland no tithe can be raised by a parson.
Mr. Smithers is just hanged for murder and arson.
Dr. Thorpe has retired from the Lock, and 'tis said
That poor little Wilks will succeed in his stead

Ever yours, T. B. M.

TO HANNAH AND MARGARET MACAULAY.

LONDON, *July* 21*st*, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTERS, — I am glad to find that there is no chance of Nancy's turning Quaker. She would, indeed, make a queer kind of female Friend.

What the Yankees will say about me I neither know nor care. I told them the dates of my birth and of my coming into Parliament. I told them also that I was educated at

Cambridge. As to my early bonsmots, my crying for holidays, my walks to school through showers of cats and dogs, I have left all those for the "Life of the late Right Honorable Thomas Babington Macaulay, with large extracts from his correspondence, in two volumes, by the Very Rev. J. Macaulay, Dean of Durham, and Rector of Bishopsgate, with a superb portrait from the picture by Pickersgill in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne."

As you like my verses, I will some day or other write you a whole rhyming letter. I wonder whether any man ever wrote doggerel so easily. I run it off just as fast as my pen can move, and that is faster by about three words in a minute than any other pen that I know. This comes of a schoolboy habit of writing verses all day long. Shall I tell you the news in rhyme? I think I will send you a regular singsong gazette.

We gained a victory last night as great as e'er was known.
We beat the opposition upon the Russian loan.
They hoped for a majority, and also for our places
We won the day by seventy-nine. You should have seen their faces.
Old Croker, when the shout went down our rank, looked blue with rage
You'd have said he had the cholera in the spasmodic stage.
Dawson was red with ire as if his face was smeared with berries;
But of all human visages the worst was that of Herries
Though not his friend, my tender heart I own could not but feel
A little for the misery of poor Sir Robert Peel!
But hang the dirty Tories! and let them starve and pine!
Huzza for the majority of glorious seventy-nine!

Ever yours, T. B. M.

To Thomas Flower Ellis.

Ootacamund, *July* 1*st*, 1834.

Dear Ellis, — You need not get your map to see where Ootacamund is, for it has not found its way into the maps. It is a new discovery; a place to which Europeans resort for their health, or, as it is called by the Company's servants — blessings on their learning! — a *sanaterion.* It lies at the height of seven thousand feet above the sea.

While London is a perfect gridiron, here am I, at 13° north from the equator, by a blazing wood fire, with my windows

closed. My bed is heaped with blankets, and my black servants are coughing round me in all directions. One poor fellow in particular looks so miserably cold that, unless the sun comes out, I am likely soon to see under my own roof the spectacle which, according to Shakespeare, is so interesting to the English — a dead Indian.

I traveled the whole four hundred miles between this and Madras on men's shoulders. I had an agreeable journey, on the whole. I was honored by an interview with the Rajah of Mysore, who insisted on showing me all his wardrobe, and his picture gallery. He has six or seven colored English prints not much inferior to those which I have seen in the sanded parlor of a country inn: "Going to Cover," "The Death of the Fox," and so forth. But the bijou of his gallery, of which he is as vain as the grand duke can be of the "Venus," or Lord Carlisle of "The Three Maries," is a head of the Duke of Wellington, which has most certainly been on a signpost in England.

Yet, after all, the rajah was by no means the greatest fool whom I found at Mysore. I alighted at a bungalow appertaining to the British Residency. There I found an Englishman who, without any preface, accosted me thus: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do not you think that Bonaparte was the Beast?" "No, sir, I cannot say that I do." "Sir, he was the Beast. I can prove it. I have found the number 666 in his name. Why, sir, if he was not the Beast, who was?" This was a puzzling question, and I am not a little vain of my answer. "Sir," said I, "the House of Commons is the Beast. There are 658 members of the House; and these, with their chief officers — the three clerks, the sergeant and his deputy, the chaplain, the doorkeeper, and the librarian — make 666." "Well, sir, that is strange. But I can assure you that, if you write Napoleon Bonaparte in Arabic, leaving out only two letters, it will give 666." "And pray, sir, what right have you to leave out two letters? And, as St. John was writing Greek and to Greeks, is it not likely that he would use the Greek rather than the Arabic notation?" "But, sir," said this learned divine, "everybody knows that the Greek letters were never used to mark numbers." I answered with the meekest look and voice possible: "I do not think that everybody knows that. Indeed, I have reason to believe that a different opinion — erroneous, no doubt — is universally embraced by all

the small minority who happen to know any Greek." So ended the controversy. The man looked at me as if he thought me a very wicked fellow; and, I dare say, has by this time discovered that, if you write my name in Tamul, leaving out T in Thomas, B in Babington, and M in Macaulay, it will give the number of this unfortunate Beast.

I am very comfortable here. The governor-general is the frankest and best-natured of men. The chief functionaries who have attended him hither are clever people, but not exactly on a par as to general attainments with the society to which I belonged in London. I thought, however, even at Madras, that I could have formed a very agreeable circle of acquaintance; and I am assured that at Calcutta I shall find things far better. After all, the best rule in all parts of the world, as in London itself, is to be independent of other men's minds. My power of finding amusement without companions was pretty well tried on my voyage. I read insatiably; the Iliad and Odyssey, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar's "Commentaries," Bacon, "De Augmentis," Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, "Don Quixote," Gibbon's "Rome," Mill's "India," all the seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondi's "History of France," and the seven thick folios of the "Biographia Britannica." I found my Greek and Latin in good condition enough. I liked the Iliad a little less, and the Odyssey a great deal more, than formerly. Horace charmed me more than ever; Virgil not quite so much as he used to do. The want of human character, the poverty of his supernatural machinery, struck me very strongly. Can anything be so bad as the living bush which bleeds and talks, or the Harpies who befoul Æneas' dinner? It is as extravagant as Ariosto, and as dull as Wilkie's "Epigoniad." The last six books which Virgil had not fully corrected pleased me better than the first six. I like him best on Italian ground. I like his localities; his national enthusiasm; his frequent allusions to his country, its history, its antiquities, and its greatness. In this respect he often reminded me of Sir Walter Scott, with whom, in the general character of his mind, he had very little affinity. The "Georgics" pleased me better; the "Eclogues" best—the second and tenth above all. But I think that the finest lines in the Latin language are those five which begin:

Sepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala—

I cannot tell you how they struck me. I was amused to find

that Voltaire pronounces that passage to be the finest in Virgil.

I liked the "Jerusalem" better than I used to do. I was enraptured with Ariosto; and I still think of Dante, as I thought when I first read him, that he is a superior poet to Milton; that he runs neck and neck with Homer; and that none but Shakespeare has gone decidedly beyond him.

As soon as I reach Calcutta I intend to read Herodotus again. By the bye, why do not you translate him? You would do it excellently; and a translation of Herodotus, well executed, would rank with original compositions. A quarter of an hour a day would finish the work in five years. The notes might be made the most amusing in the world. I wish you would think of it. At all events, I hope you will do something which may interest more than seven or eight people. Your talents are too great, and your leisure time too small, to be wasted in inquiries so frivolous (I must call them) as those in which you have of late been too much engaged — whether the Cherokees are of the same race with the Chickasaws; whether Van Diemen's Land was peopled from New Holland, or New Holland from Van Diemen's Land; what is the precise mode of appointing a headman in a village in Timbuctoo. I would not give the worst page in Clarendon or Fra Paola for all that ever was or ever will be written about the migrations of the Leleges and the laws of the Oscans.

I have already entered on my public functions, and I hope to do some good. The very wigs of the judges in the Court of King's Bench would stand on end if they knew how short a chapter my Law of Evidence will form. I am not without many advisers. A native of some fortune at Madras has sent me a paper on legislation. "Your honor must know," says this judicious person, "that the great evil is that men swear falsely in this country. No judge knows what to believe. Surely, if your honor can make men to swear truly, your honor's fame will be great, and the company will flourish. Now, I know how men may be made to swear truly; and I will tell your honor, for your fame, and for the profit of the company. Let your honor cut off the great toe of the right foot of every man who swears falsely, whereby your honor's fame will be extended." Is not this an exquisite specimen of legislative wisdom?

I must stop. When I begin to write to England, my pen runs as if it would run on forever.

13 Ever yours affectionately, T. B. M.

To Miss Fanny and Miss Selina Macaulay.

Ootacamund, *August* 10*th*, 1834.

My dear Sisters, — I sent last month a full account of my journey hither, and of the place, to Margaret, as the most stationary of our family; desiring her to let you all see what I had written to her. I think that I shall continue to take the same course. It is better to write one full and connected narrative than a good many imperfect fragments.

Money matters seem likely to go on capitally. My expenses, I find, will be smaller than I anticipated. The rate of exchange, if you know what that means, is very favorable indeed; and, if I live, I shall get rich fast. I quite enjoy the thought of appearing in the light of an old hunks who knows on which side his bread is buttered; a warm man; a fellow who will cut up well. This is not a character which the Macaulays have been much in the habit of sustaining; but I can assure you that after next Christmas I expect to lay up on an average about seven thousand pounds a year, while I remain in India.

At Christmas I shall send home a thousand or twelve hundred pounds for my father, and you all. I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to me to find that I shall be able to do this. It reconciles me to all the pains — acute enough, sometimes, God knows — of banishment. In a few years, if I live — probably in less than five years from the time at which you will be reading this letter — we shall be again together in a comfortable, though a modest home; certain of a good fire, a good joint of meat, and a good glass of wine; without owing obligations to anybody; and perfectly indifferent, at least as far as our pecuniary interest is concerned, to the changes of the political world. Rely on it, my dear girls, that there is no chance of my going back with my heart cooled toward you. I came hither principally to save my family, and I am not likely while here to forget them. Ever yours,

T. B. M.

TO A SWALLOW BUILDING UNDER THE EAVES AT CRAIGENPUTTOCK.

By JANE WELSH CARLYLE

[JANE BAILLIE WELSH CARLYLE was born at Haddington, Scotland, July 14, 1801 She was educated at the Haddington school She was married, October 17, 1826, to Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) Her published writings are contained in "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle and edited by J. A. Froude (3 vols., 1883). She died in London, April 21, 1866.]

THOU, too, hast traveled, little fluttering thing,
Hast seen the world, and now thy weary wing
Thou, too, must rest.
But much, my little bird, couldst thou but tell,
I'd give to know why here thou likest so well
To build thy nest

For thou hast passed fair places in thy flight,
A world lay all beneath thee where to light;
And strange thy taste,
Of all the varied scenes that met thine eye,
Of all the spots for building 'neath the sky,
To choose this waste.

Did fortune try thee? was thy little purse
Perchance run low, and thou, afraid of worse,
Felt here secure?
Ah no, thou need'st not gold, thou happy one!
Thou know'st it not—of all God's creatures, man
Alone is poor.

What was it then? Some mystic turn of thought
Caught under German eaves, and hither brought,
Marring thine eye
For the world's loveliness, till thou art grown
A sober thing that dost but mope and moan,
Not knowing why?

Nay, if thy mind be sound, I need not ask,
Since here I see thee working at thy task
With wing and beak.
A well-laid scheme doth that small head contain,
At which thou work'st, brave bird, with might and main,
Nor more need'st seek!

In truth, I rather take it thou hast got
By instinct wise much sense about thy lot,
And hast small care
Whether a desert or an Eden be
Thy home, so thou remain'st alive and free
To skim the air.

God speed thee, pretty bird! may thy small nest
With little ones, all in good time be blest!
I love thee much;
For well thou managest that life of thine,
While I—oh, ask not what I do with mine!
Would I were such!



HEROISM IN HOUSEKEEPING.

By JANE WELSH CARLYLE

So many talents are wasted, so many enthusiasms turned to smoke, so many lives spoiled for want of a little patience and endurance, for want of understanding and laying to heart the meaning of *The Present*—for want of recognizing that it is not the greatness or littleness of the duty nearest hand, but the spirit in which one does it, which makes one's doing noble or mean! I can't think how people who have any natural ambition, and any sense of power in them, escape going mad in a world like this, without the recognition of that. I know I was very near mad when I found it out for myself (as one has to find out for oneself everything that is to be of any real practical use to one).

Shall I tell you how it came into my head? Perhaps it may be of comfort to you in similar moments of fatigue and disgust. I had gone with my husband to live on a little estate of peat bog, that had descended to me all the way down from John Welsh, the Covenanter, who married a daughter of John Knox. *That* didn't, I'm ashamed to say, make me feel Craigenputtock a whit less of a peat bog and a most dreary, untoward place to live at. In fact, it was sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post office. Further, we were very poor, and further and

worst, being an only child, and brought up to great prospects, I was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar and very fair mathematician.

It behooved me in these astonishing circumstances to learn to sew: Husbands, I was shocked to find, wore their stockings into holes, and were always losing buttons, and *I* was expected to "look to all that"; also it behooved me to learn to *cook!* no capable servant choosing to live at such an out-of-the-way place, and my husband having bad digestion, which complicated my difficulties dreadfully. The *bread*, above all, brought from Dumfries, "soured on his stomach" (O Heaven!), and it was plainly my duty as a Christian wife to bake at home.

So I sent for Cobbett's "Cottage Economy," and fell to work at a loaf of bread. But, knowing nothing about the process of fermentation or the heat of ovens, it came to pass that my loaf got put into the oven at the time that myself ought to have been put into bed; and I remained the only person not asleep in a house in the middle of a desert.

One o'clock struck! and then two!! and then three!!! And still I was sitting there in the midst of an immense solitude, my whole body aching with weariness, my heart aching with a sense of forlornness and degradation. That I, who had been so petted at home, whose comfort had been studied by everybody in the house, who had never been required to do anything but cultivate my mind, should have to pass all those hours of the night in watching *a loaf of bread*—which mightn't turn out bread after all!

Such thoughts maddened me, till I laid down my head on the table and sobbed aloud. It was then that somehow the idea of Benvenuto Cellini sitting up all night watching his Perseus in the furnace came into my head, and suddenly I asked myself: "After all, in the sight of the upper Powers, what is the mighty difference between a statue of Perseus and a loaf of bread, so that each be the thing that one's hand has found to do? The man's determined will, his energy, his patience, his resource were the really admirable things of which his statue of Perseus was the mere chance expression. If he had been a woman, living at Craigenputtock with a dyspeptic husband, sixteen miles from a baker, and he a bad one, all these qualities would have come out more fitly in a *good* loaf of bread!"

I cannot express what consolation this germ of an idea

spread over my uncongenial life during the years we lived at that savage place, where my two immediate predecessors had gone mad, and a third had taken to drink.



EACH AND ALL.

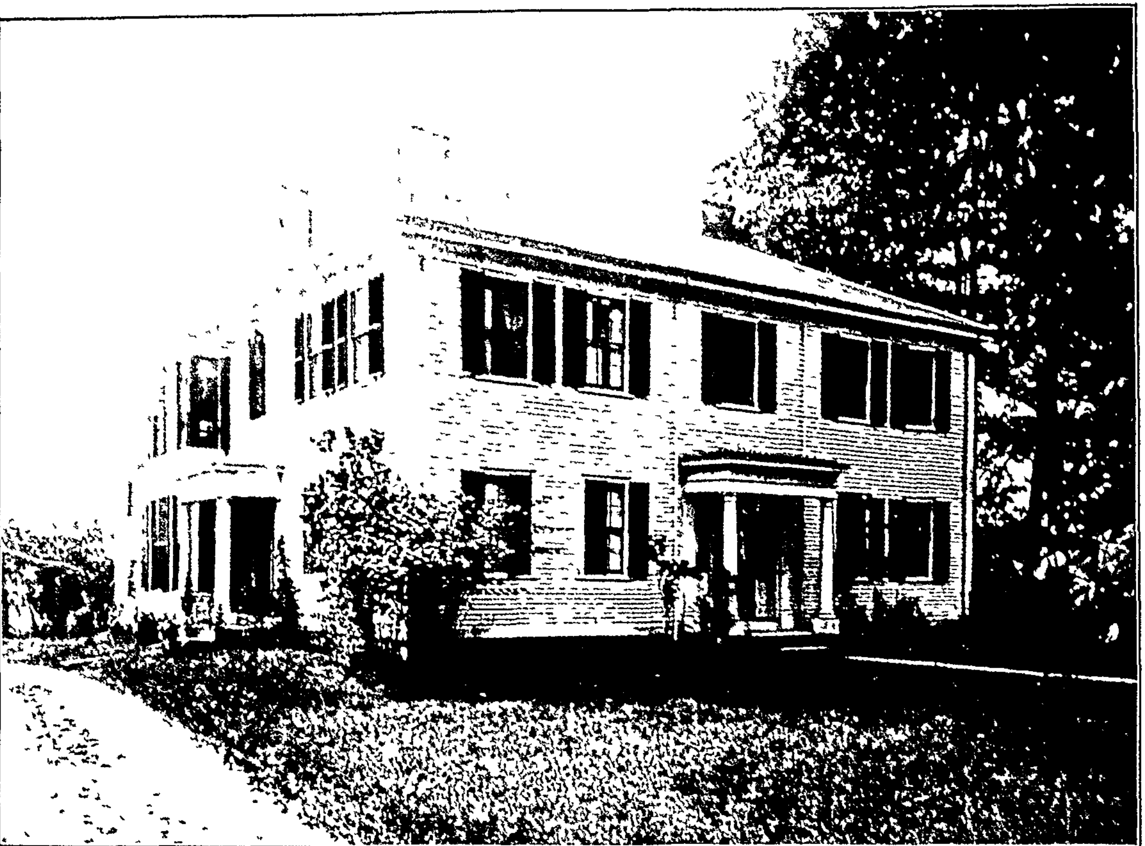
By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee, from the hilltop looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;



HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone —
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said: "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth" —
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole —
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.



WOMEN AND MEN.[1]

By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

[Thomas Wentworth Higginson: An American writer; born in Cambridge, Mass., December 22, 1823. He was graduated from Harvard in arts in 1841 and in divinity in 1847, and entered the Unitarian ministry, from which he retired in 1858 to devote himself to literature. At the breaking out of the Civil War he recruited several companies of Massachusetts volunteers, and in 1862 organized and became colonel of the first regiment of colored soldiers to enter the army, and served until 1864, when a wound rendered it necessary for him to retire. Among his published works are "Outdoor Papers" (1863), "Malbone: an Oldport Romance" (1869), "Army Life in a Black Regiment" (1870), "Atlantic Essays" (1871), "Oldport Days" (1873), "Young Folks' History of the United States" (1875), "Brief Biographies of European Public Men" (4 vols., 1875–1877), "History of Education in Rhode Island" (1876), "Young Folks' Book of American Explorers" (1877), "Short Studies of American Authors" (1880), "Common Sense about Women" (1882), "Margaret Fuller Ossoli"

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(1884), "A Larger History of the United States" (1886), "Travelers and Outlaws" (1889), "Concerning All of Us" (1892), "The New World and the New Book" (1892), and many essays, sermons, and translations]

Vacations for Saints.

"It is so tiresome," said once a certain lady of my acquaintance, "to be a saint all the time! There ought to be vacations." And as it was once my pleasant lot to be the housemate of a saint when enjoying one of these seasons of felicity, I know what my friend meant by it. The saint in question was one of the most satisfactory and unquestionable of her class; she was the wife of a country clergyman, a woman of superb physique, great personal attractiveness, and the idol of her husband's large parish, from oldest to youngest. I had always supposed it to be mere play for her to be a saint, but you could see what her life in that direction had cost her by the way she took her vacation, as you know how the bow has been bent when you see the motion of the arrow. Off from her shapely shoulders fell the whole world of ministers' meetings, and missionary meetings, and mothers' meetings. I do not know why they all begin with an *m*, unless it is because that letter, by its very shape, best designates that which is reiterated and interminable. Be that as it may, they all dropped from her; and she danced about the halls of her girlhood, the gayest of the gay. How indignantly she declined the offer of a ticket to a certain very instructive historical lecture! "Do not offer me anything intellectual," she indignantly said, "on a week like this. If you have a ticket to anything improper, bring me that. I think I should like to see the 'Black Crook'!" It appeared, upon inquiry, that she had never witnessed that performance, and had only a general impression that it was a little naughty. But the proposal certainly indicated a kind of "Saints' Rest" which would greatly have amazed Mr. Richard Baxter.

The present writer, never having been a saint, cannot speak from personal experience; but his sympathies are often thoroughly aroused for those who belong to this neglected class. It is a shame not to recognize needs like theirs. Why do we all spend our strength on organizing Country Weeks in summer for people who need to get out of the city, and not also undertake City Weeks in winter for people who need to get into the city? Why forever preach "plain living and high

thinking," when so many persons would be benefited by any kind of living, if it could only be combined with no thinking at all? These clergymen's wives, with all the needs and hopes and fears and cares and woes of a hundred families heaped vicariously on their devoted heads, to say nothing of looking after the white cravats, and the digestion, and the weekly sermons of the reverend spouse; these farmers' wives, with twenty hungry haymakers for whom to make pies in summer, and the milk of twenty cows to be cared for all the year round; these widows, who have "known better days," but have never yet known a worse day than that on which they first undertook to make a living by keeping boarders; these elder sisters, who sit up half the night writing stories for the newspapers in order that their only brother may go to college and learn to play football—can any human being conjecture a work more beneficent than to organize a society to provide vacations for such as these? Yet nobody attempts it.

Supposing this indifference to be surmounted, and a society established to supply saints with vacations, what kind of edifices would it need? Perhaps like those of rich Jews in mediæval cities, humble and unpretending without—for the purpose, in this case, of warding off book peddlers and subscription agents—but full of lavish delights within. Like some of the old Jewish abodes in Frankfort, they should be difficult of access, and approachable only by winding passages full of pitfalls. Yet they should be near to sunny thoroughfares, and be well furnished with windows through which glimpses of the gay world should be seen. If it were necessary to designate these houses in any public way, they should be covered with warning mottoes: "Rest Cure for Saints! No Sympathy given away! No Committee Meetings held here! No Cause need apply! Domestic and Foreign Missions carefully excluded!" They should be furnished with no doorbells; or else these bells should be adjusted, like those you see at Safety Deposit Vaults, to summon the whole police force at a touch, for the protection of the treasures within. What deposit vaults, though they held millions, are so precious as the walls that are to guard our saints in their vacations?

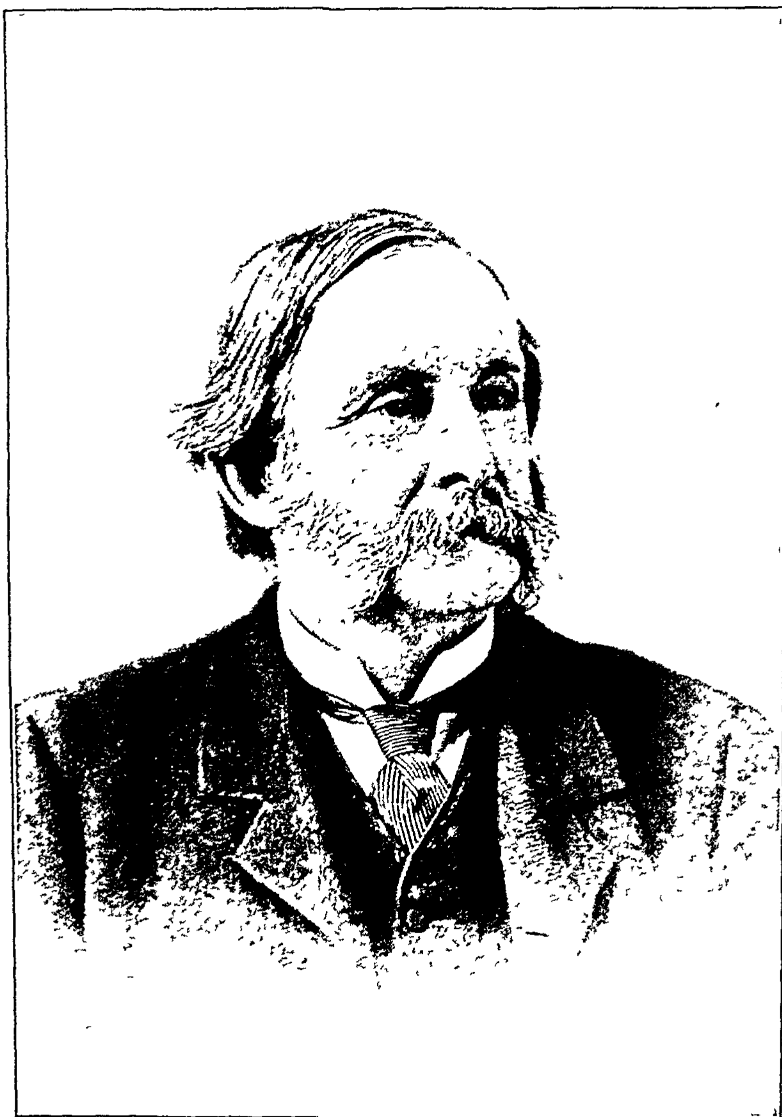
Within these abodes a variety of spiritual nervines and anodynes might be applied. Goethe recommends to people in health that they should every day read a good poem, hear a good piece of music, and if it be possible—mark the consider-

ateness of that suggestion — speak a few sensible words. In the Rest Cure for Saints the first two prescriptions may be applicable, but the last should be very guardedly administered. Some tolerably somnolent nonsense — for instance, extracts from the last English tourist's book about America — would be far better. To be sure, different cases would require different treatment. In mild instances a punning brother might be a sufficient alterative for the nervous tension of a too useful life. Others might be reached by readings from Mark Twain or "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." For convalescents able to go out of doors, a Dime Show with the Seven Long-haired Sisters might be, as physicians say, "exhibited"; or a comic theater, to bear at first, of course, the disinfecting name of Museum. Indeed, it is of less consequence what spiritual anodyne is applied than that it should suit the sufferer; as Hippocrates holds that the second best remedy is better than the best, if the patient likes it best.

No doubt the price of a vacation, particularly for saints, is perpetual vigilance. The force of habit is very great, and those who most need rest from their daily mission will require constant watchfulness lest they relapse into good works. The taste for serving on committees, in particular, is like the taste for blood, it is almost impossible to overcome it; the utmost that can be secured is temporary removal from danger. The patient may break from the keepers at any time, and be found ascending some stairway in search of some "Central Office," or other headquarters of dangerous philanthropy. After all, there is probably no complete vacation for overworked saints except an ocean voyage. True, they may be seasick, but even that may have its mission. For the real object of the whole enterprise is to induce our saint to be a little selfish; and if even the pangs of seasickness fail to bring about that result, nothing else ever will, and the case is incurable.

Mice and Martyrdom.

That fine old Anglo-American or Americano-Englishman, R—— S——, used to tell at his dinner table in London this story of a very celebrated English general. The military hero was once dining with Mr. S——, when a stray mouse was seen running to and fro, looking for a hiding place. With one spring the general was on his chair; with another, on the table.



THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

Amid much laughter the host rose and proceeded in the direction of the mouse. "Oh! stop, S——," shouted the man of war; "for Heaven's sake don't exasperate him!"

The exasperated mouse and the intimidated beholders are still on duty, it seems, in Mr. Howells' good-natured farce, "The Mouse Trap"; but the lions are the painters, and the sex is conveniently changed. Every woman who comes into the room in his little drama takes more or less gracefully to chair or table, when the mouse is announced; and even the Irish domestic follows them, though I have generally found Bridget ready to enforce home rule vigorously on such intruders by the aid of a pair of tongs. The only person in the tale who is not frightened is a man, and he is not severely tested, inasmuch as it was he who invented the mouse. But he is all ready to punish the ladies for their timidity, and, with a discipline severer than that of the British army, prohibits them from ever again attacking the political opponents of their sex. What if the Queen of England had caused General —— to be cashiered for cowardice by reason of his retreat before the "exasperated" animal?

Crossing the Atlantic once, and talking with the surgeon of the ocean steamer, I was told by him that in his wide experience he had found women, on the whole, cooler than men in case of disaster at sea. He told me of one occasion when they expected that the vessel would ultimately sink, and he asked the one woman on board to remain a few minutes in the cabin with her children, because they would be in the way on deck, he promising to call them in ample time for safety. When he went below, all was so quiet in the cabin that he thought they must have gone elsewhere, but he found the mother sitting on the sofa with the three children around her, telling them stories in a low voice to keep them still. All were carefully dressed in their warmest clothes, with everything tied carefully about them, ready for any emergency. She also had a small hand bag packed with a few essentials and a pillow-case filled with ship bread, and securely tied at the top. On his expressing surprise at the last piece of thoughtfulness, she said that she had been shipwrecked once before, and that a whole boat's crew had subsisted for several days upon a similar supply, which no one else had happened to remember. "She was the very coolest person," he said, "with whom I ever made a voyage."

It is pleasant to see that the reports of passengers on the ill-fated "Oregon" agree in the statement that the women on board behaved well. "An elderly gentleman," after describing the passengers as rushing on deck half-clothed and half-awake, says that "the ladies behaved splendidly, considering the circumstances." Mr. M. J. Emerson says that "most of the men were very much excited; the ladies, however, were very cool and self-possessed." Mrs. Emerson "spoke of the coolness of the ladies, saying that it was very noticeable." "Whatever you say about it," said Mr. S. Newton Beach, a London merchant, "say this: that the coolest persons on board were the ladies, as they always are when the case is not one of a mouse, but one of real danger."

What is the secret of this curious variableness of emotion, this undisguised terror of the little, this courage before that which is great? It may be said that women are cool in shipwreck because they are merely passive, or because they expect to be taken care of. But all military experience shows that the passive condition is least favorable to courage. The severest test of soldiers is to keep still under fire when they themselves can do nothing; the mere order to march or shoot is an immense relief to the nervous tension. Then as to the certainty of being taken care of, that is the very thing that never looks quite sure to the person most concerned, especially where, as on the "Oregon," women see the firemen taking possession of boats and running away with them before their eyes. Still, it is fair to remember that a good deal of the apparent excitement and confusion among men in a shipwreck, as at a fire, comes from the fact that they feel called upon as men to bustle about and see if they can find something to do — a necessity under which women do not labor.

When it comes to the test of the mouse, I fancy that we really pass beyond the domain of physical courage, and enter that of nervous excitability. I was once told by a very courageous woman that men also, if they wore long skirts, would probably scream and jump up on chairs whenever a mouse showed itself. The feeling is not properly to be called fear, any more than is the shriek of a girl when her wicked brother puts a caterpillar on her neck; she does not seriously think that the little woolly thing will hurt her, but it makes her "crawl." Great men and warriors have had similar nervous loathings for some particular animal. Shylock says,

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig,
Some that are mad if they behold a cat,"

and he adds that "there is no firm reason to be rendered" for these shrinkings. So the mouse and the caterpillar do not decide the question, while the general fact doubtless is that the outlets of tears and terrors are made easier in the case of women, without thereby prejudicing their capacity for great endurance. The woman who weeps over a little disappointment may be the same woman who watches without sleep for night after night over her sick husband. She who shuts her eyes and screams at the sight of the lightning may yet go in the path of rifle bullets to save her child. Apparently there is a difference of sex, in this respect, that runs through all nature. The lion with his mighty mane is the natural protector of the lioness; but hunters say that his mate, when in charge of her young, is the more formidable. In what may be called aggressive courage, man is doubtless the superior; but woman's courage is more the creature of self-devotion, and woman's cowardice more purely a matter of nerves.



THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

By RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

[Richard Harris Barham, English humorist and antiquary, was born December 6, 1788, at Canterbury, died June 17, 1845, at London Of a good old family, with a jolly and literary father, he had a first-rate private education, finished at St. Paul's in London, and at Brasenose College, Oxford Entering the church, he held livings in the district near Romney Marsh, with smuggling its chief trade and desperadoes its most noted denizens, he made rich literary capital out of it later Finally he obtained livings in London, and became a member of a famous circle of wits, including Sydney Smith and Theodore Hook In 1834 he began in *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of "Ingoldsby Legends," chiefly in verse, which still remain in unabated popularity, another series appearing in Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine* in 1843, they are largely burlesque developments of mediæval church legends or other stories, or local traditions.]

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot, and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,

With a great many more of lesser degree—
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamed of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out Through the motley rout
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there Like a dog in a fair
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Miter and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, He perched on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little Singing Boys,—dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, Two by two
Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:
From his finger he draws His costly turquoise;

And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the plates, —
They take up the poker and poke out the grates, —
They turn up the rugs, — They examine the mugs. —
But no! — no such thing; — They can't find the RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head,
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying,
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying! —
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way, —
His pinions drooped — he could hardly stand —

His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!—
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and Slower He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!—
When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied,—or if any one swore,—
Or slumbered in prayer time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

UNREASONABLE CLAIMS IN SOCIAL AFFECTIONS AND RELATIONS.

BY ARTHUR HELPS.

(From "Friends in Council.")

[SIR ARTHUR HELPS, English man of letters, was born at Streatham, July 10, 1813; graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge He was private secretary to the chancellor of the exchequer, and to the Irish secretary, in later life, clerk to the Privy Council. He published "Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd" (1835), "The Claims of Labor" (1844); "Friends in Council" (1847–1859), "The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen" (1848–1852); "The Spanish Conquest in America" (1855–1861); biographies of Las Casas, Columbus, Pizarro, and Cortes, "Thoughts upon Government" (1872); "Realmah" (1869), "Talks about Animals and their Masters" (1873), "Social Pressure" (1875). He died March 7, 1875.]

WE are all apt to magnify the importance of whatever we are thinking about, which is not to be wondered at; for everything human has an outlet into infinity, which we come to perceive on considering it. But with a knowledge of this tendency, I still venture to say that, of all that concerns mankind, this subject has, perhaps, been the least treated of in regard to its significance. For once that unreasonable expectations of gratitude have been reproved, ingratitude has been denounced a thousand times; and the same may be said of inconstancy, unkindness in friendship, neglected merit and the like.

To begin with ingratitude. Human beings seldom have the demands upon each other which they imagine; and for what they have done they frequently ask an impossible return. Moreover, when people really have done others a service, the persons benefited often do not understand it. Could they have understood it, the benefactor, perhaps, would not have had to perform it. You cannot expect gratitude from them in proportion to your enlightenment. Then, again, where the service is a palpable one, thoroughly understood, we often require that the gratitude for it should bear down all the rest of the man's character. The dog is the very emblem of faithfulness; yet I believe it is found that he will sometimes like the person who takes him out and amuses him more than the person who feeds him. So, amongst bipeds, the most solid service must sometimes give way to the claims of congeniality. Human creatures

are, happily, not to be swayed by self-interest alone: they are many-sided creatures; there are numberless modes of attaching their affections. Not only like likes like, but unlike likes unlike.

To give an instance which must often occur. Two persons, both of feeble will, act together; one as superior, the other as inferior. The superior is very kind, the inferior is grateful. Circumstances occur to break this relation. The inferior comes under a superior of strong will, who is not, however, as tolerant and patient as his predecessor. But this second superior soon acquires unbounded influence over the inferior: if the first one looks on, he may wonder at the alacrity and affection of his former subordinate towards the new man, and talk much about ingratitude. But the inferior has now found somebody to lean upon and to reverence. And he cannot deny his nature and be otherwise than he is. In this case it does not look like ingratitude, except perhaps to the complaining person. But there are doubtless numerous instances in which, if we saw all the facts clearly, we should no more confirm the charge of ingratitude than we do here.

Then, again, we seldom make sufficient allowance for the burden which there is in obligation, at least to all but great and good minds. There are some people who can receive as heartily as they would give; but the obligation of an ordinary person to an ordinary person is more apt to be brought to mind as a present sore than as a past delight.

Amongst the unreasonable views of the affections, the most absurd one has been the fancy that love entirely depends upon the will; still more that the love of others for us is to be guided by the inducements which seem probable to us. We have served them; we think only of them; we are their lovers, or fathers, or brothers; we deserve and require to be loved and to have the love proved to us. But love is not like property; it has neither duties nor rights. You argue for it in vain; and there is no one who can give it you. It is not his or hers to give. Millions of bribes and infinite arguments cannot prevail. For it is not a substance, but a relation. There is no royal road. We are loved as we are lovable to the person loving. It is no answer to say that in some cases the love is based on no reality, but is solely in the imagination — that is, that we are loved not for what we are, but for what we are fancied to be. That will not bring it any more into the dominions of logic;

and love still remains the same untamable creature, deaf to advocacy, blind to other people's idea of merit, and not a substance to be weighed or numbered at all.

Then, as to the complaints about broken friendship. Friendship is often outgrown; and his former child's clothes will no more fit a man than some of his former friendships. Often a breach of friendship is supposed to occur when there is nothing of the kind. People see one another seldom; their courses in life are different; they meet, and their intercourse is constrained. They fancy that their friendship is mightily cooled. But imagine the dearest friends, one coming home after a long sojourn, the other going out to new lands: the ships that carry these meet; the friends talk together in a confused way not relevant at all to their friendship, and, if not well assured of their mutual regard, might naturally fancy that it was much abated. Something like this occurs daily in the stream of the world. Then, too, unless people are very unreasonable, they cannot expect that their friends will pass into new systems of thought and action without new ties of all kinds being created, and some modification of the old ones taking place.

When we are talking of exorbitant claims made for the regard of others, we must not omit those of what is called neglected merit. A man feels that he has abilities or talents of a particular kind, that he has shown them, and still he is a neglected man. I am far from saying that merit is sufficiently looked out for; but a man may take the sting out of any neglect of his merits by thinking that at least it does not arise from *malice prepense*, as he almost imagines in his anger. Neither the public, nor individuals, have the time or will, resolutely to neglect anybody. What pleases us we admire, and, further, if a man in any profession, calling, or art does things which are beyond us, we are as guiltless of neglecting him as the Caffres are of neglecting the differential calculus. Milton sells his "Paradise Lost" for ten pounds; there is no record of Shakespeare dining much with Queen Elizabeth. And it is Utopian to imagine that statues will be set up to the right men in their day.

The same arguments which applied to the complaints of ingratitude apply to the complaints of neglected merit. The merit is oftentimes not understood. Be it ever so manifest, it

cannot absorb men's attention. When it is really great, it has not been brought out by the hope of reward any more than the kindest services by the hope of gratitude. In neither case is it becoming or rational to be clamorous about payment.

There is one thing that people hardly ever remember, or, indeed, have imagination enough to conceive; namely, the effect of each man being shut up in his individuality. Take a long course of sayings and doings in which many persons have been engaged. Each one of them is in his own mind the center of the web, though, perhaps, he is at the edge of it. We know that in our observations of the things of sense, any difference in the points from which the observation is taken gives a different view of the same thing. Moreover, in the world of sense, the objects and the points of view are each indifferent to the rest; but in life the points of view are centers of action that have had something to do with the making of the things looked at. If we could calculate the moral parallax arising from these causes, we should see, by the mere aid of the intellect, how unjust we often are in our complaints of ingratitude, inconstancy, and neglect. But without these nice calculations, such errors of view may be corrected at once by humility, a more sure method than the most enlightened appreciation of the cause of error. Humility is the true cure for many a needless heartache.

It must not be supposed that in thus opposing unreasonable views of social affections, anything is done to dissever such affections. The Duke of Wellington, writing to a man in a dubious position of authority, says, "The less you claim, the more you will have." This is remarkably true of the affections; and there is scarcely anything that would make men happier than teaching them to watch against unreasonableness in their claims of regard and affection; and which at the same time would be more likely to insure their getting what may be their due.

Ellesmere [*clapping his hands*] — An essay after my heart; worth tons of soft trash. In general, you are amplifying duties, telling everybody that they are to be so good to every other body. Now it is as well to let every other body know that he is not to expect all he may fancy from everybody. A man complains that his prosperous friends neglect him; infinitely overrating, in all probability, his claims, and his friends' power

of doing anything for him. Well, then, you may think me very hard, but I say that the most absurd claims are often put forth on the ground of relationship. I do not deny that there is something in blood, but it must not be made too much of. Near relations have great opportunities of attaching each other; if they fail to use these, I do not think it is well to let them imagine that mere relationship is to be the talisman of affection.

Dunsford — I do not see exactly how to answer all that you or Milverton have said; but I am not prepared, as official people say, to agree with you. I especially disagree with what Milverton has said about love. He leaves much too little power to the will.

Milverton — I dare say I may have done so. These are very deep matters, and any one view about them does not exhaust them. I remember C—— once saying to me that a man never utters anything without error. He may even think of it rightly; but he cannot bring it out rightly. It turns a little false, as it were, when it quits the brain and comes into life.

Ellesmere — I thought you would soon go over to the soft side. Here, Rollo; there's a good dog. You do not form unreasonable expectations, do you? A very little petting puts you into an ecstasy, and you are much wiser than many a biped who is full of his claims for gratitude, and friendship, and love, and who is always longing for well-merited rewards to fall into his mouth. Down, dog!

Milverton — Poor animal! it little knows that all this sudden notice is only by way of ridiculing us. Why I did not maintain my ground stoutly against Dunsford is that I am always afraid of pushing moral conclusions too far. Since we have been talking, I think I see more clearly than I did before what I mean to convey by the essay — namely, that men fall into unreasonable views respecting the affections *from imagining that the general laws of the mind are suspended for the sake of the affections.*

Dunsford — That seems safer ground.

Milverton — Now to illustrate what I mean by a very similar instance. The mind is avid of new impressions. It "travels over," or thinks it travels over, another mind, and, though it may conceal its wish for "fresh fields and pastures new," it does so wish. However harsh, therefore, and unromantic

What you say is still wholly built upon inducements, and does not touch the power of will.

Milverton — No; it does not.

Ellesmere — We must leave that alone. Infinite piles of books have not as yet lifted us up to a clear view of that matter.

Dunsford — Well, then, we must leave it as a vexed question; but let it be seen that there is such a question. Now, as to another thing: you speak, Milverton, of men's not making allowance enough for the unpleasant weight of obligation. I think that weight seems to have increased in modern times. Essex could give Bacon a small estate, and Bacon could take it comfortably, I have no doubt. That is a much more wholesome state of things among friends than the present.

Milverton — Yes, undoubtedly. An extreme notion about independence has made men much less generous in receiving.

Dunsford — It is a falling off, then. There was another comment I had to make. I think, when you speak about the exorbitant demands of neglected merit, you should say more upon the neglect of the just demands of merit.

Milverton — I would have the Government and the public in general try by all means to understand and reward merit, especially in those matters wherein excellence cannot, otherwise, meet with large present reward. But, to say the truth, I would have this done, not with the view of fostering genius so much as of fulfilling duty; I would say to a minister — it is becoming in you — it is well for the nation, to reward, as far as you can, and dignify men of genius. Whether you will do them any good, or bring forth more of them, I do not know.

Ellesmere — Men of great genius are often such a sensitive race, so apt to be miserable in many other than pecuniary ways and want of public estimation, that I am not sure that distress and neglect do not take their minds off worse discomforts. It is a kind of grievance, too, that they like to have.

Dunsford — Really, Ellesmere, that is a most unfeeling speech.

Milverton — At any rate, it is right for us to honor and serve a great man. It is our nature to do so, if we are worth anything. We may put aside the question whether our honor will do him more good than our neglect. That is a question for him to look to. The world has not yet so largely honored

deserving men in their own time that we can exactly pronounce what effect it would have upon them.

Ellesmere — Come, Rollo, let us leave these men of sentiment. Oh, you will not go, as your master does not move. Look how he wags his tail, and almost says, "I should dearly like to have a hunt after the water rat we saw in the pond the other day, but master is talking philosophy, and requires an intelligent audience." These dogs are dear creatures, it must be owned. Come, Milverton, let us have a walk.



COURAGE!

By ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

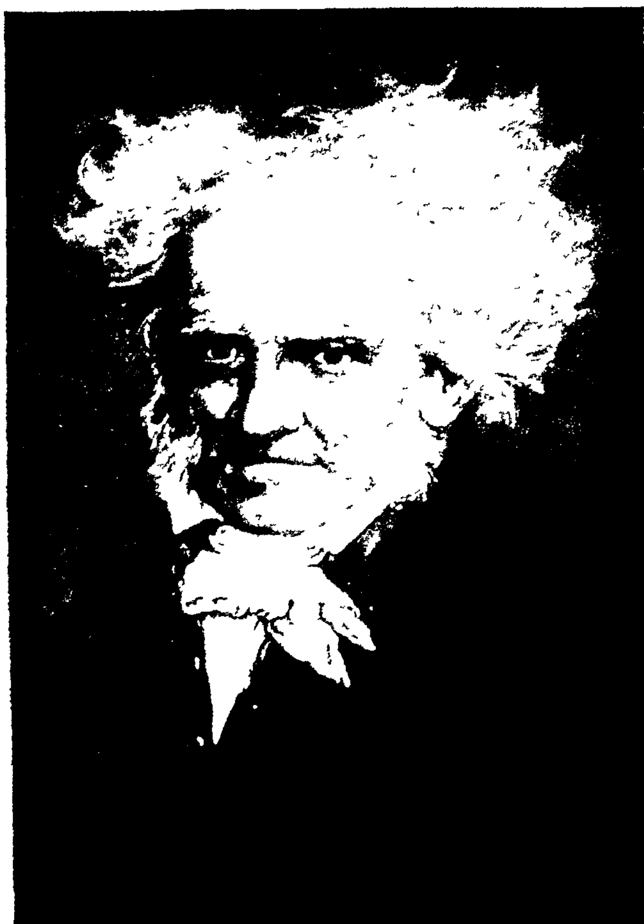
[1819-1861]

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
  The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
  And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
  It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
  And, but for you, possess the field

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
  Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
  Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
  When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
  But westward, look, the land is bright!



ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

By permission of F Bruckmann, Munich

SCHOPENHAUER'S ESSAYS.[1]

TRANSLATED BY ERNEST BELFORD BAX.

[ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER. A German philosopher, born at Dantzig, February 22, 1788, died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, September 20, 1860 He studied at Gottingen, Berlin, Dresden, and Rudolstadt, and received his degree at Jena in 1813. His graduation thesis, "The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason," showed the wonderful philosophical mind of the student, whose next notable work, "The World as Will and Idea" (1818), is his masterpiece. His other writings include a pamphlet on "Sight and Color" (1816), "The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics" (1841), and "Parerga and Paralipomena" (1851).]

THINKING FOR ONESELF.

As the richest library unarranged is not so useful as a very moderate one well arranged, so the greatest amount of erudition, if it has not been elaborated by one's own thought, is worth much less than a far smaller amount that has been well thought over. For it is through the combination on all sides of that which one knows, through the comparison of every truth with every other, that one assimilates one's own knowledge and gets it into one's power. One can only think out what one knows; hence one should learn something, but one only knows what one has thought out.

One can only apply oneself of set purpose to reading and learning, but not to thinking proper. The latter must, that is, be stimulated and maintained, like fire by a draught of air, by some interest in the subject itself, which may be either a purely objective or a merely subjective one. The latter is only present in the case of our personal interest, but the former only for thinking heads by nature, for which thought is as natural as breath, but which are very rare. For this reason it is so little the case with most scholars.

The distinction between the effect which thinking for oneself, and that which reading has upon the mind, is inconceivably great, hence it perpetually increases the original diversity of heads by virtue of which a man is driven to the one or to the other. Reading imposes thoughts upon the mind which are as foreign and heterogeneous to the direction and mood which it has for the moment as the seal is to the wax on which it impresses its stamp. The mind suffers thereby an entire compul-

[1] By permission of Geo Bell & Sons (Price 5s)

sion from without, to think now this, now that, for which it has no desire and no capacity. In thinking for itself, on the other hand, it follows its own natural impulse, as either external circumstance or some recollection has determined it for the moment. Perceptual surroundings, namely, do not impress one definite thought upon the mind as reading does, but merely give it material and occasion to think that which is according to its nature and present disposition. Hence much reading deprives the mind of all elasticity, as a weight continually pressing upon it does a spring, and the most certain means of never having any original thoughts is to take a book in hand at once, at every spare moment. This practice is the reason why scholarship makes most men more unintelligent and stupid than they are by nature, and deprives their writings of all success; they are, as Pope says —

Forever reading, never to be read.

Scholars are those who have read in books; but thinkers, geniuses, enlighteners of the world, and benefactors of the human race are those who have directly read in the book of the world.

At bottom it is only our own fundamental conceptions which have truth and life, for it is they alone that one thoroughly and correctly understands. Alien thoughts that we read remnants of another's meal, the cast-off clothes of a guest.

The alien thought arising within us is related t as the impression in stone of a plant of the early w the blooming plant of spring.

Reading is a mere surrogate for original though read-ing, one allows one's own thoughts to be guided b er in leading strings. Besides, many books are only goo showing how many false paths there are, and how serio e may miss one's way if one allows oneself to be guided b ; but he whom genius guides, he, that is, who think himself, thinks of free will, thinks correctly — he has th npass to find out the right way. One should only read wh e source of original thoughts fails, which is often enough t se even with the best heads. But to scare away one's original thoughts for the sake of taking a book in the ha a sin against the Holy Ghost. In this case, one resembles n who

runs away from free nature in order to look at a herbarium, or to contemplate a beautiful landscape in an engraving.

Even if sometimes one may find with ease in a book a truth or an insight already given, which one has worked out slowly, and with much trouble, by one's own thinking and combining, it is yet worth a hundred times more when one has attained it through one's original thought. Only then does it become as integral part, as living member, one with the whole system of our thoughts; only then does it stand in complete and firm cohesion with them, is understood in all its grounds and consequences, bears the color, the shade, the stamp, of our whole mode of thought, and this because it has come at the precise time that the need for it was present, and therefore sits firmly, secure from dispossession. Here accordingly Goethe's verse,

> What thou hast inherited from thy fathers
> Acquire it, in order to possess it,

finds its most perfect application and explanation. The self-thinker, namely, learns the authorities for his opinions afterwards, when they serve merely to confirm him in them and for his own strengthening. The book philosopher, on the other hand, starts from them, in that he constructs a whole for himself out of the alien opinions he has read up, which then resembles an automaton that has been put together of foreign material, while the former resembles a living man. For in this case it has arisen like the living man, since the outer world has impregnated the thinking mind which has carried it, and given it birth.

Truth that has only been learnt cleaves to us like a limb that has been stuck on — a false tooth, a waxen nose, or at best like a genuine one of alien flesh. But that which has been acquired by original thought resembles the natural limb; it alone really belongs to us. On this rests the distinction between the thinker and the mere scholar. Hence the intellectual acquirement of the self-thinker is like a fine painting, which stands out lifelike with accurate light and shade, well-balanced tone, and complete harmony of color. The intellectual acquirement of the mere scholar, on the contrary, resembles a large palette full of bright colors, systematically arranged indeed, but without harmony, cohesion, and significance.

Reading means thinking with an alien head, not one's own.

But to original thought, from which a coherent whole, even if not a strictly rounded-off system, seeks to develop itself, nothing is more injurious than too great an influx of foreign thoughts through continual reading. For these, each sprung from another mind, belonging to another system, bearing another color, never of themselves flow together to form a whole of thought, of knowledge, of insight, and conviction, but rather set up a Babylonian confusion of tongues in the head, and rob the mind which has been filled with them of all clear insight, and thus almost disorganize it. This state is noticeable with many scholars, and the result is that they are behind many unlearned persons in healthy understanding, accurate judgment, and practical tact, the latter having always subordinated to and incorporated with their own thought what has come to them from without, through experience, conversation, and a little reading. The scientific *thinker* does this in a greater degree. Although he needs much knowledge, and therefore must read much, his mind is nevertheless strong enough to master all this, to assimilate it, to incorporate it into the system of his thoughts, and so to subordinate it to the organically coherent whole of a magnificent insight, which is always growing. In this, his own thinking, like the ground bass of the organ, perpetually dominates all, and is never drowned by foreign tones, as is the case with merely polyhistorical heads, in which, as it were, musical fragments from all keys run into one another, and the fundamental note is no more to be heard.

People who have occupied their life with reading, and who have derived their wisdom from books, resemble those who have acquired a correct knowledge of a country from many descriptions of travel. Such persons can give information about much, but at bottom they have no coherent, clear, fundamental knowledge of the structure of the country. Those, on the contrary, who have occupied their life with thought, resemble persons who have themselves been in that country. They alone know, properly speaking, what is in question, since they know the things there in their connection, and are truly at home in them.

The ordinary book philosopher is related to the self-thinker as an historical investigator to an eyewitness. The latter speaks from his own direct apprehension of the matter. Hence

all self-thinkers agree in the last resort and their diversity only arises from that of their standpoint; and where this does not alter anything they all say the same. For they only put forward what they have objectively apprehended. I have often found propositions which, on account of their paradoxical nature, I only brought before the public with hesitation, to my agreeable surprise repeated in the old works of great men. The book philosopher, on the contrary, reports what this one has said, and what that one has thought, and what another has objected, etc. This he compares, weighs, criticises, and thus seeks to get at the truth of things, a point in which he strongly resembles the critical historian. Thus, for example, he will institute investigations as to whether Leibnitz had ever been for a time at any period a Spinozist, etc. Conspicuous instances of what is here said are furnished to the curious admirer in Herbart's "Analytical Explanation of Moral and Natural Right," as also in his "Letters on Freedom." One might well wonder at the considerable trouble which such a one gives himself, for it seems as though, if he would only fix his eye on the subject itself, he would soon, by a little self-thought, attain to the goal. But as to this, there is one small hindrance, namely, that it does not depend on our will. One can always sit down and read, but not always think as well. It is, namely, with thoughts as with men, one cannot always have them called up at one's pleasure, but must wait till they come. Thought on a subject must make an appearance of itself by a happy, harmonious concurrence of the outward occasion with the inward mood and interest; and it is precisely this which will never occur to the foregoing persons. The above finds its explanation even in those thoughts which concern our personal interest. If we under certain circumstances have to form a decision, we cannot well sit down at any time we choose, think over the reasons, and then decide; for often our reflections on the subject will then precisely not hold, but wander to other things, for which sometimes even the disinclination for the circumstance is responsible. We should not therefore attempt to force it, but wait till the mood comes of itself; it will often do so unexpectedly and repeatedly, and every different mood at a different time throws a new light on the subject. This slow procedure it is which is understood as *maturity of judgment.* For the thought must be distributed; much that has before been overlooked will thereby be clear to us, and the disinclination

will thereby be lost, since things more clearly kept in view appear in general much more endurable. In the same way, in theoretical departments, the right time has to be waited for, and even the greatest mind is not always capable of thinking for itself. It will do well therefore to utilize the remainder of the time for reading, which is, as already said, a surrogate of original thought, and brings material to the mind, in that another thinks for us, albeit invariably in a manner which is not our own. For this reason one ought not to read too much, in order that the mind may not become accustomed to the surrogate, and thereby forget the thing itself; in other words, that it shall not accustom itself to an already trodden path, and by going along an alien track of thought become estranged from its own. Least of all ought one, for the sake of reading, to withdraw oneself entirely from the view of the real world. For the occasion and the disposition to original thought occur incomparably more often here than in reading. For the perpetual, the real, in its originality and power, is the natural object of the thinking mind, and is able most easily to move it deeply.

If these considerations are correct, we shall not wonder that the self-thinker and the book philosopher are easily to be recognized by their delivery; the former by the stamp of earnestness, directness, and originality, in the idiosyncrasy of all his thoughts and expressions; the latter, on the contrary, in that everything is pieced together at second hand, out of traditional notions and stuff that has been raked up, and is thus flat and dull, like the impression of an impression. His style, consisting of conventional, banal phrases and current tags, resembles a small state whose circulation consists solely in foreign money, because it does not itself coin.

Mere experience can replace thought just as little as reading. Pure empiricism is related to thinking as eating is to digestion and assimilation. When the former boasts that it alone, through its discoveries, has furthered human knowledge, it is as though the mouth should boast that the maintenance of the body was its work alone.

The works of all really competent heads distinguish themselves from the rest by their character of *decisiveness* and *definiteness*, together with the distinctness and clearness springing therefrom, for such heads always know definitely and distinctly

what they want to express, be it in prose, in verse, or in sounds. This decisiveness and clearness is wanting in the rest, and in this they may be at once recognized.

The characteristic sign of minds of the first order is the immediateness of all their judgments. All that they bring forward is the result of their own thinking, and everywhere proclaims itself as such by its delivery. They accordingly, like princes, have an imperial immediacy in the empire of mind; the rest are all mediatized, as may be easily seen from their style, which has no original stamp.

Every true self-thinker thus resembles *pro tanto* a monarch; he is immediate, and recognizes no one above himself. His judgments, like the decisions of a monarch, spring from his own supreme power, proceed directly from himself. For just as little as the monarch does he accept commands and authorizations, but lets nothing obtain that he has not confirmed himself. The common herd of heads, on the other hand, entangled in all sorts of opinions, authorities, and prejudices, resemble the people who silently obey his law and mandate.

Those persons who are so zealous and hasty in deciding most questions by the quotation of authorities are glad when, instead of their own understanding and insight, which is wanting, they can bring into the field some one else's. Their number is legion, for as Seneca says: "*Unus quisque mavult credere, quam judicare.*" In their controversies, authorities are the universally chosen weapons. With them they attack each other, and he who happens to be mixed up in them is badly advised if he attempt to defend himself with reasons and arguments. For against these weapons they are horned Siegfrieds, dipped in the flood of incapacity to think and to judge. They will therefore hold up their authorities before him as an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, and then cry *Victoria!*

In the realm of reality, however beautiful, happy, and cheerful it may happen to be, we move ourselves continuously under the influence of an oppression, which has ceaselessly to be overcome; while in the realm of thought we are incorporeal spirits, without weight and without trouble. There is, therefore, no happiness on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind in a happy hour finds in itself.

The presence of a thought is like the presence of a loved one. We deem that we shall never forget this thought, and that this loved one can never become indifferent to us. But out of sight, out of mind! The most beautiful thought runs the risk of being irrevocably forgotten if it is not written down, and the loved one to be torn from us if she has not been wedded.

There are many thoughts which have a value for him who thinks them, but few only among them which possess the power of acting through repercussion or reflection, that is, after they have been written down, to gain the reader's interest.

But as regards this, that only has true worth which one has in the first instance thought out *for oneself*. One may divide thinkers into such as at first think *for themselves*, and such as at once think *for others*. The former are the genuine *self-thinkers* in the double sense of the word; they are the true *philosophers*. For they alone take the matter seriously. The pleasure and happiness of their existence, indeed, consists in thinking. The others are the *sophists;* they wish to *appear* and seek their happiness in that which they hope thereby to obtain from others; herein lies their seriousness. To which of these two classes a writer belongs may be easily recognized by his whole style and manner. Lichtenberg is an example of the first kind, Herder already belongs to the second.

If one considers how great and how near us is the *problem of existence*, of this ambiguous, tormented, fleeting, dreamlike existence, so great and so near, that as soon as one is aware of it, all other problems and purposes are overshadowed and hidden by it; and if one keeps before one's eyes how all men. with few and rare exceptions, are never clearly conscious of this problem, seeming indeed not to be possessed of it, but to trouble themselves rather about anything else than about it, and are concerned only for the present day, and for the scarcely longer span of their personal future, either expressly declining the problem in question, or willingly contenting themselves in respect of it with any system of popular metaphysics; when one, I say, well considers this, one might almost be of the opinion that man could only in a very general sense be called a *thinking being*, and one might wonder at no trait of thoughtlessness

or simplicity, but rather recognize that the intellectual scope of the average man, although it indeed transcends that of the animal (unconscious of its whole existence, future and past, and living, as it were, a single present), but yet not so incalculably removed as one is accustomed to imagine.

It is in accordance with the above that in conversation one finds the thoughts of most men clipped as short as chopped straw, and therefore not admitting of any longer thread being spun out of them.

It would be impossible, moreover, if this world were peopled by merely thinking beings, that noise of every kind should be allowed and given such unlimited scope, even the most horrible and purposeless. If nature had intended man for thinking, she would never have given him ears, or would at least, as with bats, whom I envy on this account, have furnished him with air-tight covers. But he, like the rest, is in truth a poor creature, whose powers are merely directed to the maintenance of his existence, for which reason he always requires open ears, which unsolicited, and by night as well as by day, announce the approach of the persecutor.

On Reading and Books.

Ignorance first degrades a man when it is met with in company with riches. The poor man is crushed by his poverty and distress; his work takes the place of knowledge with him, and occupies his thoughts. The rich, on the contrary, who are ignorant, live merely for their lusts, and resemble brutes, as may daily be seen. To this is to be added further the reproach that they have not used their riches and leisure for that which gives them their greatest value.

When we read, another thinks for us; we merely repeat his mental process. It is as when in learning to write the pupil follows with his pen the strokes that have been made in pencil by the teacher. In reading, accordingly, we are relieved of the greater part of the work of thinking. Hence the perceptible relief when we pass from the occupation of our own thoughts to reading. But while we read, our head is, properly speaking, only the arena of alien thoughts. Hence it is that he who reads very much and almost the whole day, amusing himself in the intervals of his reading with thoughtless pas-

time, gradually loses the capacity even to think, just as one who always rides at last forgets how to walk. But such is the case with many scholars; they have read themselves stupid. For perpetual reading recurred to immediately at every free moment cripples the mind more than perpetual work with the hands, for with the latter one can always follow one's own thoughts. Just as a spring by the continuous pressure of a foreign body loses its elasticity, so does the mind through the continuous pressure of foreign thoughts. Just as one injures the stomach by too much aliment, and thereby damages the whole body, so the mind may be clogged and suffocated by too much intellectual nourishment. For the more one reads the fewer traces does what is read leave on the mind. It is like a tablet on which many things have been written over one another. It never comes to rumination therefore; but it is only by this that one makes what one reads one's own. If one reads incessantly, without afterwards thinking further upon it, it does not take root, and gets for the most part lost. For it is precisely the same with the intellectual nourishment as with the corporeal; scarcely the fiftieth part of what we take is assimilated, the rest passes off through evaporation, respiration, or otherwise.

In addition to all this, thoughts reduced to paper are nothing more than the footprint of a wayfarer in the sand; one sees well enough the way which he has taken, but in order to know what he saw on the way we must use our own eyes.

There is no literary quality, as, for example, persuasive power, wealth of imagery, the gift of comparison, boldness, or bitterness, or brevity, or grace, or facility of expression; or, again, wit, striking contrasts, a laconic style, *naiveté*, etc., which we can acquire by reading authors who possess such qualities. But we may nevertheless call forth thereby these qualities in ourselves if we already possess them as disposition, that is, *in potentia*, and bring them to our consciousness; we can see all that is to be done with them, we can be strengthened in the inclination, or indeed in the courage to use them; we can judge by instances of the effect of their application, and so learn the right employment of them, after which we assuredly first possess them *in actu*. This then is the only way in which reading educates to writing, inasmuch as it teaches us the use we can make of our own natural gifts, always sup-

merely write for money, and are therefore invariably to be had in crowds, and in consequence, to know the works of the rare and deep-thinking minds of all times and countries merely by name! The belletristic daily press is especially a cunningly devised plan to rob the æsthetic public of the time which it should devote for the sake of its culture to the genuine productions in this department, in order that it may accrue to the daily twaddlings of these everyday minds.

Hence, in respect of our reading, the art *not* to read is extremely important. It consists in that, what at all times occupies the greater public, should for this very reason not be taken in hand, as, for instance, political or ecclesiastical pamphlets, novels, poems, etc., and this notwithstanding that they make much noise, and reach many editions in their first and last year of life. But rather let us remember that he who writes for fools will always find a large public, and let us turn the always comparatively short time we have for reading exclusively to the works of the great minds of all times and peoples, which tower above the rest of humanity, and which the voice of fame indicates as such. These only really educate and instruct. We can never read the bad too little, nor the good too often; bad books are intellectual poison, they destroy the mind. Because people, instead of reading the best of all times, only read the *newest*, writers remain in the narrow circle of circulating ideas, and the age sinks ever deeper into the slough of its own filth.

There are at all times two literatures which go along a parallel course tolerably independent of each other: a real, and a merely apparent. The former grows to be *enduring literature*, carried on by persons who live *for* science or poetry; it goes its way seriously and quietly, but with exceeding slowness; produces in Europe scarcely a dozen works in a century, which works however *endure*. The other, carried on by persons who live *on* science or poetry, goes in a gallop, amid the great noise and applause of those interested, and brings yearly many thousand works to market. But after a few years one asks, Where are they? Where is their so early and so loud fame? One may therefore designate the latter as the floating, the former as the standing literature.

In the history of the world, half a century is always considerable, since its material is always flowing on, inasmuch as

something is always happening. In the history of literature, on the other hand, the same period of time is often not to be reckoned at all, since nothing has happened, for clumsy attempts do not concern it. One is, in this case, where one was fifty years before.

In order to make this clear, let us view the progress of knowledge in the human race under the figure of a planetary orbit. Let us then represent the deviations which it mostly acquires after every important progress, by Ptolemaic epicycles, after passing through each of which it is again where it was before the deviation began. The great heads, however, which really lead the race farther along this planetary orbit do not participate in the recurring epicycle. From this is to be explained why the fame of posterity is generally paid for by the loss of the applause of contemporaries, and *vice versâ*. Such an epicycle is, for example, the philosophy of Fichte and Schelling, crowned at its close by the Hegelian caricature of it. This epicycle began from the last circle described by Kant, which I have since again resumed in order to carry it farther. But in the mean time the above sham philosophers, together with sundry others, have passed through their epicycle, which is now just completed, the public which has gone with them having become aware that it finds itself precisely where it was at starting.

With this progress of things is connected the fact that we see the scientific, literary, and artistic spirit of the age make a declaration of bankruptcy about every thirty years. During such a period, the recurring errors have so increased, that they collapse under the weight of their absurdity, and at the same time the opposition to them has strengthened. The position is now reversed; there often follows now an error in the opposite direction. To show this course of things in its periodical return would be the correct pragmatical material of literary history, but with that the latter troubles itself little. The data of such periods, moreover, are, on account of their comparative shortness, often difficult to bring together from distant ages; and hence one can observe the matter most conveniently in one's own age. If one requires an illustration from the real sciences, one might take Werner's "Geology of Neptune." But I stand by the illustration already given, which lies nearest to us. There followed in German philosophy upon the brilliant period of Kant, another immediately after, in which

the endeavor was not to convince but to impress; instead of being deep and clear, to be brilliant and hyperbolical, but especially to be incomprehensible; indeed, instead of seeking the truth, to intrigue. In this way philosophy could make no progress. Finally, there came the bankruptcy of this entire school and method. For in Hegel and his consorts the barefacedness of nonsense on the one side, and of unconscientious glorification on the other, together with the obvious intention of the whole edifying procedure, reached such a colossal magnitude that at last the eyes of all were opened to the whole charlatanry; and as, in consequence of certain disclosures, protection from above was withdrawn from the concern, so was also the applause. The Fichtian and Schellingian antecedents of this most miserable of all philosophizings that has ever been were dragged by it into the abyss of discredit. Thereby appears the complete philosophical incompetence of Germany, during the first half of the century following upon Kant, and yet, notwithstanding, we boast in the face of foreign nations of the philosophical gifts of the Germans, especially since an English writer has had the malicious irony to call them a nation of thinkers.

But he who desires to have confirmation from the history of art of the general theory of epicycles here put forward need only consider the flourishing school of sculpture of Bernini in the last century, especially in its French development, which represents, instead of antique beauty, common nature, and instead of antique simplicity and grace, French ballroom etiquette. It became bankrupt when, after Winckelmann's criticism, there followed the return to the school of the ancients. The first quarter of this century again furnishes a confirmation from painting, since it regarded the art as a mere means and instrument of mediæval religiosity, and hence chose ecclesiastical subjects for its exclusive theme. These were now treated by painters who lacked the true seriousness of that belief, but who, nevertheless, in consequence of the delusion in question, took as models Francesco Francia, Pietro Perrugino, Angelo da Fiesole, and similar painters, and valued these even more highly than the really great masters who followed them. In connection with this craze, and because an analogous attempt had made itself apparent at the same time in poetry, Goethe wrote the parable "Priest Play." The latter school was thereupon seen to be based on whims, became bankrupt,

and there followed upon it the return to nature, announcing itself in genre pictures, and scenes from life of every kind, even though at times they ran into the commonplace.

In accordance with the course of human progress described is *literary history*, which is for the most part a catalogue of a cabinet of abortions. The spirit in which these preserve themselves the longest is swine leather. On the other hand, one does not require to seek for the few successful births. They remain living, and one encounters them everywhere in the world, where they go about immortal, in an ever-fresh youth. They alone constitute the *real* literature referred to in the preceding paragraph, a literature of whose history, poor in personalities, we learn from youth upwards from all educated persons, and not first of all from compendiums. Against the monomania for reading literary history dominant nowadays, in order to be able to gossip about everything, without properly knowing anything, I recommend an extremely readable passage from Lichtenberg, vol. ii., p. 302, of the old edition.

I could wish, however, that some one would attempt once in a way a *tragical literary history*, in which he would describe how the different nations, each of which places its highest prize in the great writers and artists whom it has to show, have treated them during their lives. In this he would bring before our eyes that endless struggle which the good and genuine of all times and countries has had to wage against the mistaken and bad which is always dominant; the martyrdom of almost all true enlighteners of mankind, of almost all great masters, in every department and art, would be described; he would bring before us how they, with few exceptions, have languished without recognition, without interest, without disciples, in poverty and misery, while fame, honor, and riches were the lot of the unworthy in their calling; how, in short, it has gone with them, as with Esau, who hunted and killed game for his father, while Jacob disguised in his cloak was at home stealing his father's blessing; how, nevertheless, notwithstanding all this, love for their cause kept them upright, till at last the bitter struggle of such an educator of the human race was accomplished, the undying laurel beckoned to him, and the hour struck, which meant that for him also —

> The heavy armor vanishes to a toy;
> Short is the sorrow, endless is the joy.

A COUNTRY PARTY.[1]

BY W. H. MALLOCK.

(From "The New Republic.")

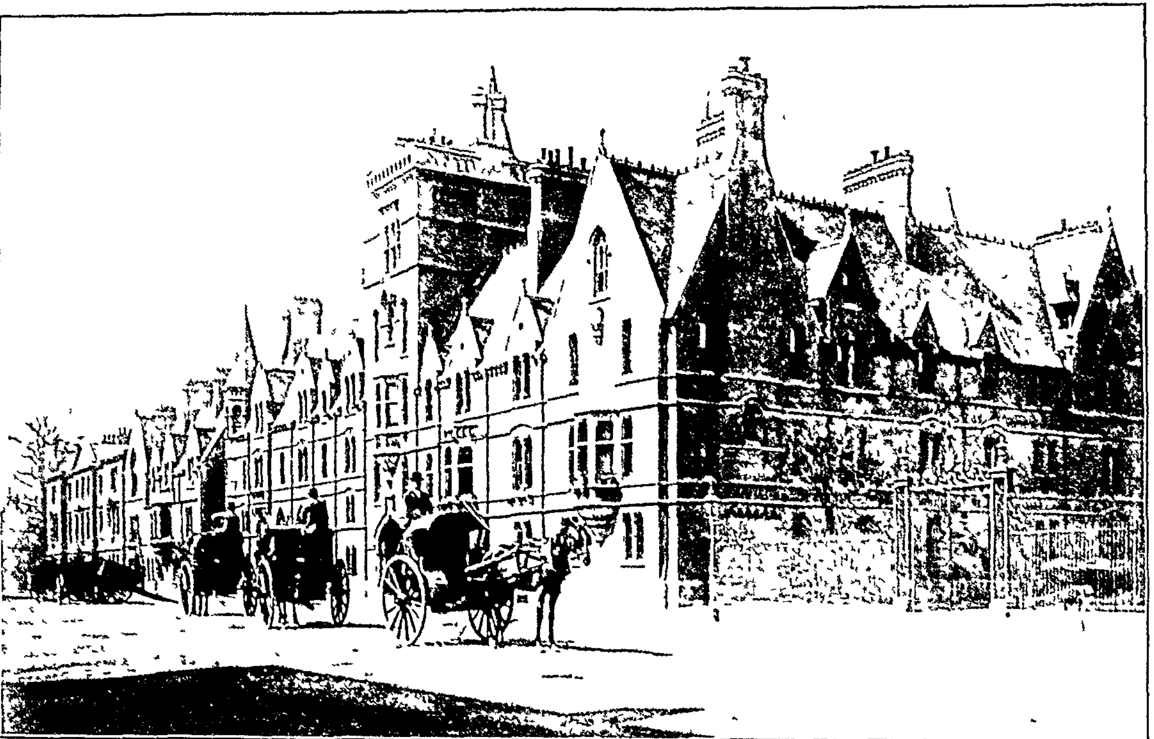
[WILLIAM HURRELL MALLOCK. An English author; born at Cockington Court, Devon, in 1849. He was educated privately and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he won the Newdigate prize (1872). He has traveled in the south of France, Italy, Cyprus, and eastern Europe; was editor of the *British Review* (1896), and of the *National Observer and British Review* (1897). Among his works are included. "The New Republic," "Is Life Worth Living?" "The New Paul and Virginia," "Social Equality," "Property and Progress"; the novels, "A Romance of the Nineteenth Century," "The Old Order Changes," "A Human Document," and "The Heart of Life"; and two volumes of verse.]

[NOTE — The reader must remember that the opinions expressed in the conversation are not the author's, but on the contrary travesties of those held by the persons satirized. "Dr. Jenkinson" is Dr. Jowett, "Mr. Storks," Professor Huxley; "Mr Stockton," Professor Tyndall; "Mr. Lute," Matthew Arnold, "Mr Rose," Walter Pater, "Lord Allen," Lord Rosebery, "Mr. Saunders," Professor Clifford; "Mr. Herbert," Mr. Ruskin; "Mrs. Sinclair," Mrs. Singleton ("Violet Fane"); "Miss Merton," Miss Froude.]

TOWARDS the close of last July, when the London season was fast dying of the dust, Otho Laurence had invited what the *Morning Post* called "a select circle of friends" to spend a quiet Sunday with him at his cool villa by the sea.

It was half-past eight, and the party were fast assembling in the twilight drawing-room. Leslie was lounging in one of the windows, by a large stand of flowers and broad-leaved plants, and was studying the company with considerable interest. His first impression was of little more than of a number of men's dark coats and white shirt fronts, tables, couches, and gilded chairs, and the pleasant many-colored glimmerings of female apparel. But before long he had observed more minutely. There were men who he instinctively felt were celebrities, discoursing to groups of ladies; there were ladies who he at once saw were attractive, being discoursed to by groups of men. He very soon detected Lady Ambrose, a fine handsome woman of perhaps thirty, with large gray eyes and a very clear complexion. Leslie was much prepossessed by her frank manner and by her charming voice, as she was talking with some animation to a tall distinguished-looking young man, whose fine features, keen earnest glance, and thoughtful

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BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD

expression prepossessed him still more. Forming a third in this group, dropping in a word or two at intervals, he recognized the celebrated Dr. Jenkinson, — still full of vigor, though his hair was silver, — the sharp and restless sparkle of whose eyes, strangely joined with the most benevolent of smiles, Leslie remembered to have noticed at Baron Isaacs' festival. He had just identified Lady Ambrose and the Doctor, when Laurence came up to him in the window, and began to tell him who was who.

"Dr. Jenkinson is the only one I know," said Leslie, "and, naturally enough, he forgets me."

"Well," said Laurence, "that man by himself, turning over the books on the table, — the man with the black whiskers, spectacles, and bushy eyebrows, — is Mr. Storks of the Royal Society, who is great on the physical basis of life and the imaginative basis of God. The man with long locks in the window, explaining a microscope in so eager a way to that dark-haired girl, is Professor Stockton — of the Royal Society also, and member and president of many Societies more. The girl — child, rather, I ought to call her — that he is talking to, is Lady Violet Gresham — my second cousin. You see my aunt, the old lady with gray curls, on the ottoman near the fireplace? Well — the supercilious-looking man, talking rather loudly and rather slowly to her about the dust in London, is Mr. Luke, the great critic and apostle of culture. That, too, is another critic close by him — the pale creature, with large mustache, looking out of the window at the sunset. He is Mr. Rose, the pre-Raphaelite. He always speaks in an undertone, and his two topics are self-indulgence and art. The young man there with Lady Ambrose and Dr. Jenkinson is Lord Allen. He is only two or three and twenty; still, had you been in England lately, you would often have heard his name. He has come early into an immense property, and he yet is conscious that he has duties in life. But," said Laurence, sighing, "he too feels, as I do, that he has fallen on evil days, in which there can be no peace for us — little but doubt and confusion, and what seems to me a losing battle against the spiritual darkness of this world. However — that red-headed youth thinks very differently. He is Mr. Saunders from Oxford, supposed to be very clever and advanced. Next him is Donald Gordon, who has deserted deer-stalking and the Kirk for literature and German metaphysics."

"And who is that," said Leslie, "the young lady with those

large and rather sad-looking eyes, and the delicate, proud mouth?"

"Which?" said Laurence.

"The one on the sofa," said Leslie, "who looks so like a Reynolds portrait—like a duchess of the last century—the lady in the pale blue dress, talking to that man with such a curiously attractive smile and the worn melancholy look."

"That," said Laurence, "is Miss Merton. I am glad you admire her. And don't you know who it is she is talking to? He is almost the only man of these days for whom I feel a real reverence—almost the only one of our teachers who seems to me to speak with the least breath of inspiration. But he is too impressionable, perhaps—too much like me, in that way. And now, as the years come, it seems that hope is more and more leaving him, and things look darker to him than ever. That is Herbert."

"Herbert!" exclaimed Leslie, "so it is. I thought I recollected the face. I have heard him lecture several times at the Royal Institution; and that singular voice of his, which would often hold all the theater breathless, haunts me still, sometimes. There was something strange and aerial in its exquisite modulations, that seemed as if it came from a disconsolate spirit, hovering over the waters of Babylon, and remembering Sion. I can't tell exactly why it was that—but, ah!—my dear Laurence—who is this, that is coming into the room now—this lovely creature, with a dress like a red azalea? What speaking eyes! And what hair, too—deep dead black, with those white starry blossoms in it. I don't think I ever saw any one move so gracefully; and how proudly and piquantly she poises

"On her neck the small head buoyant, like a bellflower on its bed!"

"That," said Laurence, when Leslie had done, "is Mrs. Sinclair, who has published a volume of poems, and is a sort of fashionable London Sappho. But come,—we shall be going in to dinner directly. You shall have Lady Ambrose on one side of you, and shall take in Miss Merton."

Laurence, though he had forewarned his guests of his *menu* before they left the drawing-room, yet felt a little anxious when they sat down to dinner; for he found it not altogether easy to get the conversation started. Lady Ambrose, who was the first to speak, began somewhat off the point.

"What a charming change it is, Mr. Laurence," she said, "to look out on the sea when one is dressing, instead of across South Audley Street!"

"Hush!" said Laurence, softly, with a grave, reproving smile.

"Really," said Lady Ambrose, "I beg your pardon. I thought Dr. Jenkinson had said grace."

"If he has," said Laurence, "it is very good of him, for I am afraid he was not asked. But what I mean is that you must only talk of what is on the cards; so be good enough to look at your *menu*, and devote your attention to the Aim of Life."

"Really, this is much too alarming," said Lady Ambrose. "How is one to talk at so short a notice on a subject one has never thought about before?"

"Why, to do so," said Laurence, "is the very art of conversation; for in that way one's ideas spring up fresh like young roses that have all the dew on them, instead of having been kept drying for half a lifetime between the leaves of a book. So do set a good example and begin, or else we shall never be started at all; and my pet plan will turn out a fiasco."

There was, indeed, as Laurence said this, something very near complete silence all round the table. It was soon broken.

"Are you High Church or Low Church?" was a question suddenly uttered in a quick, eager girl's voice by Miss Prattle, a young lady of eighteen, to the astonishment of the whole company. It was addressed to Dr. Jenkinson, who was sitting next her.

Had a pin been run into the Doctor's leg, he could not have looked more astounded, or given a greater start. He eyed his fair questioner for some time in complete silence.

"Can you tell me the difference?" he said at last, in a voice of considerable good humor, yet with just a touch of sharpness in it.

"I think," said Miss Merton, who was sitting on the other side of him, "that my card is a little different. I have the 'Aim of Life' on mine, and so I believe has everybody else."

"Well," said the Doctor, laughing, "let us ask Miss Prattle what is her aim in life."

"Thank Heaven," said Laurence, "Dr. Jenkinson has begun. I hope we shall all now follow."

Laurence's hope was not in vain. The conversation soon

sprang up everywhere; and the company, though in various humors, took most of them very kindly to the solemn topic that had been put before them. Mr. Luke, who was sitting by Mrs. Sinclair, was heard in a loudish voice saying that his own favorite Muse had always been Erato; Mr. Rose had taken a crimson flower from a vase on the table, and, looking at it himself with a grave regard, was pointing out its infinite and passionate beauties to the lady next him; and Mr. Stockton was explaining that the Alps looked grander, and the sky bluer than ever, to those who truly realized the atomic theory. No one, indeed, was silent except Mr. Herbert and Mr. Storks, the former of whom smiled rather sadly, whilst the latter looked about him with an inquisitorial frown.

Laurence was delighted with the state of things, and surveyed the table with great satisfaction. Whilst his attention was thus engaged, Lady Ambrose turned to Leslie, and began asking him if he had been in town much this season. She was taken with his look, and wished to find out if he would really be a nice person to like.

"Please," interposed Laurence, pleadingly, "do try and keep to the point — please, Lady Ambrose."

"I want to find out Mr. Leslie's aim in life by asking him where he has been," she answered.

"I have been in a great many places," said Leslie, "but not to pursue any end — only to try to forget that I had no end to pursue."

"This is a very sad state of things," said Lady Ambrose; "I can always find something to do, except when I am quite alone, or in the country when the house is empty. And even then I can *make* occupation. I draw, or read a book, or teach my little boy some lessons. But come — what do you think is the real aim of life? — since that is what I must ask him, is it not, Mr. Laurence?"

"Don't ask me," said Leslie; "I told you I hadn't a notion; and I don't suppose we any of us have."

"That can't be true," said Lady Ambrose, "for just listen how every one is talking. I wish we could hear what they are saying. You might learn something then, perhaps, Mr. Leslie, since you are so very ignorant."

It happened that, as Lady Ambrose said this, the conversation suddenly flagged, and Laurence took advantage of the lull to ask if any satisfactory conclusions had been come to during

the past five minutes, "because we up here," he said, "are very much in the dark, and want to be enlightened."

"Yes," said Mr. Storks, gruffly, "has any one found out what is the aim of life?" As he said this he looked about him defiantly, as though all the others were butterflies, that he could break, if he chose, upon his wheel. His eye at last lit upon Mr. Saunders, who, considering this a challenge to himself, immediately took up the gantlet. The young man spoke with the utmost composure, and, as his voice was high and piercing, everybody could hear him.

"The aim of life," he said, adjusting his spectacles, "is progress."

"What is progress?" interrupted Dr. Jenkinson, coldly, without looking at Mr. Saunders, and as though any answer to his question was the last thing he expected.

"Progress," replied Mr. Saunders, slowly, "has been found, like poetry, somewhat hard to define."

"Very true," said the Doctor, dryly, and looking straight before him.

His accents were of so freezing a sharpness that he seemed to be stabbing Mr. Saunders with an icicle. Mr. Saunders, however, was apparently quite unwounded.

"But I," he continued with the utmost complacency, "have discovered a definition which will, I think, meet with general acceptance. There is nothing original in it — it is merely an abstract of the meaning of all our great liberal thinkers — progress is such improvement as can be verified by statistics, just as education is such knowledge as can be tested by examinations. That, I conceive, is a very adequate definition of the most advanced conception of progress, and to persuade people in general to accept this is at present one of the chief duties of all earnest men."

"Entirely true!" said Mr. Herbert, with ironical emphasis; "an entirely true definition of progress as our age prizes it."

Mr. Saunders was delighted, and, imagining he had made a disciple, he turned to Mr. Herbert and went on.

"For just let us," he said, "compare a man with a gorilla, and see in what the man's superiority lies. It is evidently not in the man's ideas of God, and so forth, — for in his presumable freedom from these the gorilla is the superior of the man, — but in the hard and verifiable fact that the man can build houses

and cotton mills, whereas the highest monkey can scarcely make the rudest approach to a hut."

"But can you tell me," said Mr. Herbert, "supposing men some day come to a state in which no more of this progress is possible, what will they do then?"

"Mr. Mill, whom in almost all things I reverence as a supreme authority," said Mr. Saunders, "asked himself that very question. But the answer he gave himself was one of the few things in which I venture to dissent from him. For, when all the greater evils of life shall have been removed, he thinks the human race is to find its chief enjoyment in reading Wordsworth's poetry."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Herbert; "and did Mill come to any conclusion so sane as that?"

"I, on the contrary, believe," Mr. Saunders went on, "that as long as the human race lasts, it will still have some belief in God left in it, and that the eradication of this will afford an unending employment to all enlightened minds."

Leslie looked at Lady Ambrose, expecting to see her smile. On the contrary, she was very grave, and said, "I think this is shocking."

"Well," said Laurence, in a soothing tone, to her, "it is only the way of these young men in times of change like ours. Besides, he is very young — he has only just left Oxford ——"

"If these irreligious views are to be picked up at Oxford," said Lady Ambrose, "I shall be obliged to send my little boy, when he grows up, to Cambridge. And as for what you say about 'times of change' — I am not a conservative, as you know — indeed, I quite go in for reform, as my husband does; but I don't think *religion* ought to be dragged into the matter."

"Well," said Laurence, "let us listen to what Lord Allen is saying."

"*He* is sure," said Lady Ambrose, "not to say anything but what is nice."

Allen was speaking in a low tone, but his voice was so clear that Lady Ambrose was quite able to hear him.

"To me it seems," he was saying, blushing a little as he found suddenly how many people were listening to him, "that the aim of life has nearly always been plain enough in a certain way — always, and for all men ——"

"Indeed?" said Mr. Saunders, raising his eyebrows.

"Yes," said Allen, slightly turning towards him, and raising

his voice somewhat. "It has been, I think, as a single magnet, acting on all, though upon many by repulsion. It is quite indescribable in words. But there are two things by which you can tell a man's truth to it — a faith in God, and a longing for a future life."

"Lord Allen," exclaimed Mr. Herbert, and the sound of his voice made every one at once a listener, "that is very beautifully put! And it is, indeed, quite true, as you say, that the real significance of life must be forever indescribable in words. But, in the present day, I fear also that for most of us it is not even thinkable in thought. The whole human race," he went on in measured melancholy accents, "is now wandering in an accursed wilderness, which not only shows us no hilltop whence the promised land may be seen, but which, to most of the wanderers, seems a promised land itself. And they have a God of their own, too, who engages now to lead them out of it if they will only follow him: who, for visible token of his Godhead, leads them with a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night — the cloud being the black smoke of their factory chimneys, and the fire the red glare of their blast furnaces. And so effectual are these modern divine guides, that if we were standing on the brink of Jordan itself, we should be utterly unable to catch, through the fire and the smoke, one single glimpse of the sunlit hills beyond."

Mr. Herbert said these last words almost fiercely; and they were followed by a complete hush. It was almost directly broken by Mr. Rose.

"To me," he said, raising his eyebrows wearily, and sending his words floating down the table in a languid monotone, "Mr. Herbert's whole metaphor seems misleading. I rather look upon life as a chamber, which we decorate as we would decorate the chamber of the woman or youth that we love, tinting the walls of it with symphonies of subdued color, and filling it with works of fair form, and with flowers, and with strange scents, and with instruments of music. And this can be done now as well — better, rather — than at any former time: since we know that so many of the old aims were false, and so cease to be distracted by them. We have learned the weariness of creeds, and know that for us the grave has no secrets. We have learned that the aim of life is life; and what does successful life consist in? Simply," said Mr. Rose, speaking very slowly, and with a soft solemnity, "in the con-

sciousness of exquisite living,—in the making our own each highest thrill of joy that the moment offers us,—be it some touch of color on the sea or on the mountains, the early dew in the crimson shadows of a rose, the shining of a woman's limbs in clear water, or ——"

Here, unfortunately, a sound of "Sh" broke softly from several mouths. Mr. Rose was slightly disconcerted, and a pause that would have been a little awkward seemed imminent. Laurence, to prevent this, did the first thing that occurred to him, and hastily asked Dr. Jenkinson what his view of the matter was.

The Doctor's answer came in his very sharpest voice.

"Do any of us know what life is?" he said. "Hadn't we better find that out first?"

"Life," continued Mr. Rose, who had now recovered himself, "is a series of moments and emotions."

"And a series of absurdities too, very often," said Dr. Jenkinson.

"Life is a solemn mystery," said Mr. Storks, severely.

"Life is a damned nuisance," muttered Leslie to himself, but just loud enough to be heard by Lady Ambrose, who smiled at him with a sense of humor that won his heart at once.

"Life is matter." Mr. Storks went on, "which, under certain conditions not yet fully understood, has become self-conscious."

"Lord Allen has just been saying that it is the preface to eternity," said Mr. Saunders.

"Only, unfortunately," said Laurence, "it is a preface that we cannot skip, and the dedication is generally made to the wrong person."

"All our doubts on this matter," said Mr. Saunders, "are simply due to that dense pestiferous fog of crazed sentiment that still hides our view, but which the present generation has sternly set its face to dispel and conquer. Science will drain the marshy grounds of the human mind, so that the deadly malaria of Christianity, which has already destroyed two civilizations, shall never be fatal to a third."

"I should rather have thought," said Mrs. Sinclair, in her soft, clear voice, and casting down her eyes thoughtfully, "that passion and feeling were the real heart of the matter; and that religion of some sort was an ingredient in all perfect passion.

There are seeds of feeling in every soul, but these will never rise up into flowers without some culture — will they, Mr. Luke? And this culture is, surely," she said dreamily, "the work of Love, who is the gardener of the soul, and of Religion, the under gardener, acting as Love bids it."

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Luke, looking compassionately about him. "Culture! Mrs. Sinclair is quite right; for without culture we can never understand Christianity, and Christianity, whatever the vulgar may say of it, is the key to life, and is co-extensive with it."

Lady Ambrose was charmed with this sentiment.

"Quite so, Mr. Luke, I quite agree with you," she said, in her most cordial manner. "But I wish you would tell me a little more about Culture. I am always so much interested in those things."

"Culture," said Mr. Luke, "is the union of two things — fastidious taste and liberal sympathy. These can only be gained by wide reading, guided by sweet reason; and when they are gained, Lady Ambrose, we are conscious, as it were, of a new sense, which at once enables us to discern the Eternal and the absolutely righteous, wherever we find it, whether in an epistle of St. Paul's or in a comedy of Menander's. It is true that culture sets aside the larger part of the New Testament as grotesque, barbarous, and immoral; but what remains, purged of its apparent meaning, it discerns to be a treasure beyond all price. And in Christianity — such Christianity, I mean, as true taste can accept — culture sees the guide to the real significance of life, and the explanation," Mr. Luke added with a sigh, "of that melancholy which in our day is attendant upon all clear sight."

"But why," said Allen, "if you know so well what life's meaning is, need you feel this melancholy at all?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Luke, "it is from this very knowledge that the melancholy I speak of springs. We — the cultured — we indeed see. But the world at large does not. It will not listen to us. It thinks we are talking nonsense. Surely that is enough to sadden us. Then, too, our ears are perpetually being pained and deafened by the din of the two opposing Philistinisms, — science and orthodoxy, — both equally vulgar and equally useless. But the masses cannot see this. It is impossible to persuade some that science can teach them nothing worth knowing, and others that the dogmatic utterances of

the gospels are either ignorant mistakes or oriental metaphors. Don't you find this, Jenkinson?" he added, addressing the Doctor across the table in a loud, mournful voice.

"Laurence," said the Doctor, apparently not hearing the question, "haven't we talked of this quite long enough? *Town and Country*—let us go on to that; or else we shall be getting very much behindhand."

These words of the Doctor's caused a rapid change in the conversation. And as it appeared impossible to agree as to what the aim of life was, most turned eagerly to the simpler question of where it might be best attained. At first there seemed to be a general sense on all sides that it was a duty to prefer the country. There, the voices of Nature spoke to the soul more freely; the air was purer and fresher; the things in life that were really valuable were more readily taken at their true worth; foolish vanities and trivial cares were less likely to degrade the character; one could have flowers; one could listen to the music of birds and rivers; a country house was more comfortable than a town one; and few prospects were so charming as an English park. But the voice of Mr. Saunders was soon heard proclaiming that progress was almost entirely confined to towns, and that the modern liberal could find little scope for action in the country. "If he does anything there," Mr. Saunders said, "he can only make his tenants more comfortable and contented; and that is simply attaching them more to the existing order of things. Indeed, even now, as matters stand, the healthy rustic, with his fresh complexion and honest eye, is absolutely incapable of appreciating the tyranny of religion and society. But the true liberal is undeceived by his pleasing exterior, and sees a far nobler creature in the pale, narrow-chested operative of the city, who at once responds to the faintest cry of insurgence."

Slight causes often produce large results; and these utterances of Mr. Saunders turned the entire torrent of opinion into a different channel. Mr. Luke, who had a moment before been talking about "liberal air," and "sedged brooks," and "meadow grass," now admitted that one's country neighbors were sure to be narrow-minded sectarians, and that it was better to live amongst cultured society, even under a London fog, than to look at all the splendor of provincial sunsets, in company with a parson who could talk of nothing but his parishioners and justification by faith. Others, too, followed in the same direction; and

the verdict of the majority soon seemed to be that, except in a large country house, country life, though it might be very beautiful, was still very tiresome.



THE GOAL OF LIFE.[1]

BY GEORGE DU MAURIER.

(From "Peter Ibbetson."[1])

[GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU MAURIER, the author of "Trilby," was born in Paris, March 6, 1834, died in London October 8, 1896 His father was French and his mother of English birth. The son was taken to London in his childhood, and from 1856 devoted himself to art. He studied in the British Museum, in Paris, and in Antwerp, and returning to London obtained employment in drawing his famous society pictures for *Once a Week*, *Punch*, and *The Cornhill* His first book, "Peter Ibbetson," was published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1891, and immediately afterward in book form His most successful book, "Trilby," of which more than two hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold, appeared in 1894. This was dramatized and had enormous success "The Martian," his last book, was published in *Harper's* after the author's death.]

THE whole cosmos is in a man's brains — as much of it, at least, as a man's brains will hold; perhaps it is nowhere else. And when sleep relaxes the will, and there are no earthly surroundings to distract attention, — no duty, pain, or pleasure to compel it, — riderless Fancy takes the bit in its teeth, and the whole cosmos goes mad and has its wild will of us.

Ineffable false joys, unspeakable false terror and distress, strange phantoms only seen as in a glass darkly, chase each other without rhyme or reason, and play hide and seek across the twilit field and through the dark recesses of our clouded and imperfect consciousness.

And the false terrors and distress, however unspeakable, are no worse than such real terrors and distress as are only too often the waking lot of man, or even so bad; but the ineffable false joys transcend all possible human felicity while they last, and a little while it is! We wake, and wonder, and recall the slight foundation on which such ultra-human bliss has seemed to rest. What matters the foundation if but the bliss be there, and the brain has nerves to feel it?

Poor human nature, so richly endowed with nerves of

[1] By permission of Harper Bros (Price 6s)

anguish, so splendidly organized for pain and sorrow, is but slenderly equipped for joy.

What hells have we not invented for the after life! Indeed, what hells we have often made of this, both for ourselves and others, and at really such a very small cost of ingenuity, after all!

Perhaps the biggest and most benighted fools have been the best hell makers.

Whereas the best of our heavens is but a poor perfunctory conception, for all that the highest and cleverest among us have done their very utmost to decorate and embellish it, and make life there seem worth living. So impossible it is to imagine or invent beyond the sphere of our experience.

Now, these dreams of mine (common to many), of the false but ineffable joys, are they not a proof that there exist in the human brain hidden capacities, dormant potentialities of bliss, unsuspected hitherto, to be developed some day, perhaps, and placed within the reach of all, wakers and sleepers alike?

A sense of ineffable joy, attainable at will, and equal in intensity and duration to (let us say) an attack of sciatica, would go far to equalize the sorrowful, one-sided conditions under which we live.

[*Mimi speaks.*]

"And this I know: the longer and more strenuously and completely one lives one's life on earth the better for all. It is the foundation of everything. Though if men could guess what is in store for them when they die, without also knowing *that*, they would not have the patience to live — they wouldn't wait! For who would fardels bear? They would just put stones in their pockets and make for the nearest pond.

* * * * * * *

"Nothing *is* lost — nothing! From the ineffable, high, fleeting thought a Shakespeare can't find words to express, to the slightest sensation of an earthworm — nothing! Not a leaf's feeling of the light, not a loadstone's sense of the pole, not a single volcanic or electric thrill of the mother earth.

"All knowledge must begin on earth for *us*. It is the most favored planet in this poor system of ours just now, and for a few short millions of years to come. There are just a couple of others, perhaps three; but they are not of great consequence. 'Il y fait trop chaud — ou pas assez!' They are failures.

"The sun, the father sun, *le bon gros père*, rains life on to

the mother earth. A poor little life it was at first, as you know — grasses and moss, and little wriggling, transparent things — all stomach; it is quite true! That is what we come from — Shakespeare, and you, and I!

"As far as *I* can make it out, everything everywhere seems to be an ever-deepening, ever-broadening stream that makes with inconceivable velocity for its own proper level, WHERE PERFECTION IS! . . . and ever gets nearer and nearer, and never finds it, and fortunately never will!

"Only that, unlike an earthly stream, and more like a fresh flowing tide up an endless, boundless, shoreless creek (if you can imagine that), the level it seeks is immeasurably higher than its source. And everywhere in it is Life, Life, Life! ever renewing and doubling itself, and ever swelling that mighty river which has no banks!

"And everywhere in it like begets like, *plus* a little better or a little worse; and the little worse finds its way into some backwater and sticks there, and finally goes to the bottom, and nobody cares. And the little better goes on bettering and bettering — not all man's folly or perverseness can hinder *that*, nor make that headlong torrent stay, or ebb, or roll backward for a moment — *c'est plus fort que nous!* . . . The record goes on beating itself, the high-water mark gets higher and higher, till the highest on earth is reached that can be, — and then, I suppose, the earth grows cold and the sun goes out, — to be broken up into bits, and used all over again, perhaps! And betterness flies to warmer climes and huger systems, to better itself still! And so on, from better to better, from higher to higher, from warmer to warmer, and bigger to bigger — forever and ever and ever!

"But the final superlative of all, absolute all-goodness and all-highness, absolute all-wisdom, absolute omnipotence, beyond which there neither is nor can be anything more, will never be reached at all — since there are no such things; they are abstractions, besides which attainment means rest, and rest stagnation, and stagnation an end of all! And there is no end, and never can be — no end to Time and all the things that are done in it — no end to Space and all the things that fill it, or all would come together in a heap and smash up in the middle — and there *is* no middle! — no end, no beginning, no middle! *no middle*, Gogo! think of *that!* it is the most inconceivable thing of all! ! !

"So who shall say where Shakespeare and you and I come in — tiny links in an endless chain, so tiny that even Shakespeare is no bigger than we! And just a little way behind us those little wriggling transparent things, all stomach, that we descend from; and far ahead of ourselves, but in the direct line of a long descent from *us*, an ever-growing conscious Power, so strong, so glad, so simple, so wise, so mild, and so beneficent that what can we do, even now, but fall on our knees with our foreheads in the dust, and our hearts brimful of wonder, hope, and love, and tender shivering awe; and worship as a yet unborn, barely conceived, and scarce-begotten *Child* — that which we have always been taught to worship as a *Father* — That which is not now, but *is* to be — That which we shall all share in and be part and parcel of in the dim future — That which is slowly, surely, painfully weaving Itself out of us and the likes of us all through the limitless Universe, and Whose coming we can but faintly foretell by the casting of its shadow on our own slowly, surely, painfully awakening souls!

* * * * * * *

"Happiness is like time and space — we make and measure it ourselves; it is a fancy — as big, as little, as you please; just a thing of contrasts and comparisons, like health or strength or beauty or any other good — that wouldn't even be noticed but for sad personal experience of its opposite! — or its greater!

"For 'as we sow we reap;' that is a true saying, and all the sowing is done here on earth, and the reaping beyond. Man is a grub; his dead clay, as he lies coffined in his grave, is the left-off cocoon he has spun for himself during his earthly life, to burst open and soar from with all his memories about him, even his lost ones. Like the dragon fly, the butterfly, the moth . . . and when *they* die it is the same, and the same with a blade of grass. We are all, *tous tant que nous sommes*, little bags of remembrance that never dies; that's what we're *for*. But we can only bring with us to the common stock what we've got."



LIFE.[1]

By PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

(From "Festus.")

[PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, the author of "Festus," was born in Nottingham, England, April 22, 1816. His first and best-known work, "Festus" (1839, 11th ed. 1887), was phenomenally successful, and its author was hailed as one of the

[1] By permission of the author and Geo Routledge & Sons (8vo, 3s 6d)

greatest poets of all time. It treats of philosophy and religion, and though extravagant and in some respects defective, contains much beauty and originality His other poems include "The Angel World" (1850), "The Mystic" (1855), "The Age," a satire (1858), and "The Universal Hymn" (1867).]

Festus —
Man hath a knowledge of a time to come,
His most important knowledge; the weight lies
Nearest the short end, this life; and the world
Depends on what's to be I would deny
The present, if the future Oh! there is
A life to come, or all's a dream.
Lucifer — And all
May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,
Clear, moving, full of speech and order. Why
May not, then, all this world be but a dream
Of God's? Fear not. Some morning God may waken.
Festus —
I would it were so This life's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's And yet men love to live,
As if mere life were worth the living for.
Lucifer —
What but perdition will it be to most?
Festus —
Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed
Of good, ere night would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,
Spent as is this by nations of mankind
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best
Life's but a means unto an end, that end,
To those who dwell in Him, He most in them,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.
The dead have all the glory of the world
Why will we live, and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die
It is the dead win battles; and the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close,

It dims his well-worn scythe But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us;
Saved us from woe and want and servitude.
The rapid and the deep, the fall, the gulf,
Have likenesses in feeling and in life;
And life so varied hath more loveliness
In one day, than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change,
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that's left be dark and dry;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system, as if ninety suns had rushed
To ruin earth, or heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
Through dust and mold. Can they be cleaned and read?
Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

Lucifer—

The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow;
The lithe limbs stiffen, and the sun-hued locks
Thin themselves off, or whitely wither; still,
Ages not spirit, even in one point,
Immeasurably minute; from orb to orb,
Rising in radiance ever like the sun
Shining upon the thousand lands of earth.
Look at the medley, motley throng we meet;
Some smiling, frowning some; their cares and joys
Alike not worth a thought; some sauntering slowly,
As if destruction never could overtake them:
Some hurrying on, as fearing judgment swift
Should trip the heels of death, and seize them living.



HERBERT SPENCER

From a photo by Elliott & Fry

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LAUGHTER.[1]

By HERBERT SPENCER.

(From "Illustrations of Universal Progress.")

[HERBERT SPENCER, philosopher, was born at Derby, England, April 27, 1820. He began active life as a civil engineer and was later subeditor of the *Economist* newspaper. He published: "The Proper Sphere of Government" (1842), "Social Statics" (1851), "Prospectus of a System of Synthetic Philosophy" (1860), "Education" (1861), "Essays" (1858–1863), "First Principles" (1862), "Principles of Biology" (1864), "Classification of the Sciences" (1864), "Principles of Psychology" (1872), "The Study of Sociology" (1873), "Principles of Sociology" (1876), "Ceremonial Institutions" (1879), "Data of Ethics" (1879), "Political Institutions" (1882), "The Man versus the State" (1884), "Ecclesiastical Institutions" (1885), "Essays" (1891), "Principles of Ethics" (1893), and the final volume of "Principles of Sociology" (1896).]

WHY do we smile when a child puts on a man's hat? or what induces us to laugh on reading that the corpulent Gibbon was unable to rise from his knees after making a tender declaration? The usual reply to such questions is that laughter results from a perception of incongruity. Even were there not on this reply the obvious criticism that laughter often occurs from extreme pleasure or from mere vivacity, there would still remain the real problem — How comes a sense of the incongruous to be followed by these peculiar bodily actions? Some have alleged that laughter is due to the pleasure of a relative self-elevation, which we feel on seeing the humiliation of others. But this theory, whatever portion of truth it may contain, is, in the first place, open to the fatal objection that there are various humiliations to others which produce in us anything but laughter; and, in the second place, it does not apply to the many instances in which no one's dignity is implicated: as when we laugh at a good pun. Moreover, like the other, it is merely a generalization of certain conditions to laughter; and not an explanation of the odd movements which occur under these conditions. Why, when greatly delighted, or impressed with certain unexpected contrasts of ideas, should there be a contraction of particular facial muscles, and particular muscles of the chest and abdomen? Such answer to this question as may be possible can be rendered only by physiology.

Every child has made the attempt to hold the foot still while it is tickled, and has failed; and probably there is scarcely any one who has not vainly tried to avoid winking,

[1] By permission of the author and Williams & Norgate

when a hand has been suddenly passed before the eyes. These examples of muscular movements which occur independently of the will, or in spite of it, illustrate what physiologists call reflex action; as likewise do sneezing and coughing. To this class of cases, in which involuntary motions are accompanied by sensations, has to be added another class of cases, in which involuntary motions are unaccompanied by sensations: instance the pulsations of the heart; the contractions of the stomach during digestion. Further, the great mass of seemingly voluntary acts in such creatures as insects, worms, mollusks, are considered by physiologists to be as purely automatic as is the dilatation or closure of the iris under variations in quantity of light; and similarly exemplify the law that an impression on the end of an afferent nerve is conveyed to some ganglionic center, and is thence usually reflected along an efferent nerve to one or more muscles which it causes to contract.

In a modified form this principle holds with voluntary acts. Nervous excitation always *tends* to beget muscular motion; and when it rises to a certain intensity, always does beget it. Not only in reflex actions, whether with or without sensation, do we see that special nerves, when raised to a state of tension, discharge themselves on special muscles with which they are indirectly connected; but those external actions, through which we read the feelings of others, show us that under any considerable tension the nervous system in general discharges itself on the muscular system in general: either with or without the guidance of the will. The shivering produced by cold, implies irregular muscular contractions, which, though at first only partly involuntary, become, when the cold is extreme, almost wholly involuntary. When you have severely burnt your finger, it is very difficult to preserve a dignified composure: contortion of face, or movement of limb, is pretty sure to follow. If a man receives good news with neither change of feature nor bodily motion, it is inferred that he is not much pleased, or that he has extraordinary self-control — either inference implying that joy almost universally produces contraction of the muscles; and so alters the expression, or attitude, or both. And when we hear of the feats of strength which men have performed when their lives were at stake — when we read how, in the energy of despair, even paralytic patients have regained for a time the use of their limbs, we see still more clearly the relations between nervous and muscular excitements. It be-

comes manifest both that emotions and sensations tend to generate bodily movements, and that the movements are vehement in proportion as the emotions or sensations are intense.

This, however, is not the sole direction in which nervous excitement expends itself. Viscera as well as muscles may receive the discharge. That the heart and blood vessels (which, indeed, being all contractile, may in a restricted sense be classed with the muscular system) are quickly affected by pleasures and pains, we have daily proved to us. Every sensation of any acuteness accelerates the pulse; and how sensitive the heart is to emotions is testified by the familiar expressions which use heart and feeling as convertible terms. Similarly with the digestive organs. Without detailing the various ways in which these may be influenced by our mental states, it suffices to mention the marked benefits derived by dyspeptics, as well as other invalids, from cheerful society, welcome news, change of scene, to show how pleasurable feeling stimulates the viscera in general into greater activity.

There is still another direction in which any excited portion of the nervous system may discharge itself; and a direction in which it usually does discharge itself when the excitement is not strong. It may pass on the stimulus to some other portion of the nervous system. This is what occurs in quiet thinking and feeling. The successive states which constitute consciousness result from this. Sensations excite ideas and emotions; these in their turns arouse other ideas and emotions; and so, continuously. That is to say, the tension existing in particular nerves, or groups of nerves, when they yield us certain sensations, ideas, or emotions, generates an equivalent tension in some other nerves, or groups of nerves, with which there is a connection: the flow of energy passing on, the one idea or feeling dies in producing the next.

Thus, then, while we are totally unable to comprehend how the excitement of certain nerves should generate feeling—while, in the production of consciousness by physical agents acting on physical structure, we come to an absolute mystery never to be solved; it is yet quite possible for us to know by observation what are the successive forms which this absolute mystery may take. We see that there are three channels along which nerves in a state of tension may discharge themselves; or rather, I should say, three classes of channels. They may pass on the excitement to other nerves that have no direct con-

nections with the bodily members, and may so cause other feelings and ideas; or they may pass on the excitement to one or more motor nerves, and so cause muscular contractions; or they may pass on the excitement to nerves which supply the viscera, and may so stimulate one or more of these.

For simplicity's sake, I have described these as alternative routes, one or other of which any current of nerve force must take; thereby, as it may be thought, implying that such current will be exclusively confined to some one of them. But this is by no means the case. Rarely, if ever, does it happen that a state of nervous tension, present to consciousness as a feeling, expends itself in one direction only. Very generally it may be observed to expend itself in two; and it is probable that the discharge is never absolutely absent from any one of the three. There is, however, variety in the *proportions* in which the discharge is divided among these different channels under different circumstances. In a man whose fear impels him to run, the mental tension generated is only in part transformed into a muscular stimulus: there is a surplus which causes a rapid current of ideas. An agreeable state of feeling produced, say by praise, is not wholly used up in arousing the succeeding phase of the feeling, and the new ideas appropriate to it; but a certain portion overflows into the visceral nervous system, increasing the action of the heart, and probably facilitating digestion. And here we come upon a class of considerations and facts which open the way to a solution of our special problem.

For, starting with the unquestionable truth, that at any moment the existing quantity of liberated nerve force, which in an inscrutable way produces in us the state we call feeling, *must* expend itself in some direction, — *must* generate an equivalent manifestation of force somewhere, — it clearly follows that, if of the several channels it may take, one is wholly or partially closed, more must be taken by the others; or that if two are closed, the discharge along the remaining one must be more intense; and that, conversely, should anything determine an unusual efflux in one direction, there will be a diminished efflux in other directions.

Daily experience illustrates these conclusions. It is commonly remarked that the suppression of external signs of feeling makes feeling more intense. The deepest grief is silent grief. Why? Because the nervous excitement, not discharged in muscular action, discharges itself in other nervous excite-

ments — arouses more numerous and more remote associations of melancholy ideas, and so increases the mass of feelings. People who conceal their anger are habitually found to be more revengeful than those who explode in loud speech and vehement action. Why? Because, as before, the emotion is reflected back, accumulates, and intensifies. Similarly, men who, as proved by their powers of representation, have the keenest appreciation of the comic, are usually able to do and say the most ludicrous things with perfect gravity.

On the other hand, all are familiar with the truth that bodily activity deadens emotion. Under great irritation we get relief by walking about rapidly. Extreme effort in the bootless attempt to achieve a desired end greatly diminishes the intensity of the desire. Those who are forced to exert themselves after misfortunes, do not suffer nearly so much as those who remain quiescent. If any one wishes to check intellectual excitement, he cannot choose a more efficient method than running till he is exhausted. Moreover, these cases, in which the production of feeling and thought is hindered by determining the nervous energy towards bodily movements, have their counterparts in the cases in which bodily movements are hindered by extra absorption of nervous energy in sudden thoughts and feelings. If, when walking along, there flashes on you an idea that creates great surprise, hope, or alarm, you stop; or if sitting cross-legged, swinging your pendent foot, the movement is at once arrested. From the viscera, too, intense mental action abstracts energy. Joy, disappointment, anxiety, or any moral perturbation rising to a great height will destroy appetite; or if food has been taken, will arrest digestion; and even a purely intellectual activity, when extreme, will do the like.

Facts, then, fully bear out these *à priori* inferences, that the nervous excitement at any moment present to consciousness as feeling must expend itself in some way or other; that of the three classes of channels open to it, it must take one, two, or more, according to circumstances; that the closure or obstruction of one must increase the discharge through the others; and, conversely, that if to answer some demand, the efflux of nervous energy in one direction is unusually great, there must be a corresponding decrease of the efflux in other directions. Setting out from these premises, let us now see what interpretation is to be put on the phenomena of laughter.

That laughter is a display of muscular excitement, and so illustrates the general law that feeling passing a certain pitch habitually vents itself in bodily action, scarcely needs pointing out. It perhaps needs pointing out, however, that strong feeling of almost any kind produces this result. It is not a sense of the ludicrous only, which does it; nor are the various forms of joyous emotion the sole additional causes. We have, besides, the sardonic laughter and the hysterical laughter, which result from mental distress; to which must be added certain sensations, as tickling, and, according to Mr. Bain, cold, and some kinds of acute pain.

Strong feeling, mental or physical, being, then, the general cause of laughter, we have to note that the muscular actions constituting it are distinguished from most others by this, that they are purposeless. In general, bodily motions that are prompted by feelings are directed to special ends; as when we try to escape a danger, or struggle to secure a gratification. But the movements of chest and limbs which we make when laughing have no object. And now remark that these quasi-convulsive contractions of the muscles, having no object, but being results of an uncontrolled discharge of energy, we may see whence arise their special characters — how it happens that certain classes of muscles are affected first, and then certain other classes. For an overflow of nerve force, undirected by any motive, will manifestly take first the most habitual routes; and if these do not suffice, will next overflow into the less habitual ones. Well, it is through the organs of speech that feeling passes into movement with the greatest frequency. The jaws, tongue, and lips are used not only to express strong irritation or gratification; but that very moderate flow of mental energy which accompanies ordinary conversation finds its chief vent through this channel. Hence it happens that certain muscles round the mouth, small and easy to move, are the first to contract under pleasurable emotion. The class of muscles which, next after those of articulation, are most constantly set in action (or extra action, we should say) by feelings of all kinds are those of respiration. Under pleasurable or painful sensations we breathe more rapidly; possibly as a consequence of the increased demand for oxygenated blood. The sensations that accompany exertion also bring on hard breathing, which here more evidently responds to the physiological needs. And emotions, too, agreeable and disagreeable, both,

at first, excite respiration, though the last subsequently depress it. That is to say, of the bodily muscles the respiratory are more constantly implicated than any others in those various acts which our feelings impel us to; and, hence, when there occurs an undirected discharge of nervous energy into the muscular system, it happens that, if the quantity be considerable, it convulses not only certain of the articulatory and vocal muscles, but also those which expel air from the lungs.

Should the feeling to be expended be still greater in amount—too great to find vent in these classes of muscles—another class comes into play. The upper limbs are set in motion. Children frequently clap their hands in glee; by some adults the hands are rubbed together; and others, under still greater intensity of delight, slap their knees and sway their bodies backwards and forwards. Last of all, when the other channels for the escape of the surplus nerve force have been filled to overflowing, a yet further and less-used group of muscles is spasmodically affected; the head is thrown back and the spine bent inwards—there is a slight degree of what medical men call opisthotonos. Thus, then, without contending that the phenomena of laughter in all their details are to be so accounted for, we see that in their *ensemble* they conform to these general principles: that feeling excites to muscular action; that when the muscular action is unguided by a purpose, the muscles first affected are those which feeling most habitually stimulates; and that as the feeling to be expended increases in quantity, it excites an increasing number of muscles, in a succession determined by the relative frequency with which they respond to the regulated dictates of feeling.

There still, however, remains the question with which we set out. The explanation here given applies only to the laughter produced by acute pleasure or pain: it does not apply to the laughter that follows certain perceptions of incongruity. It is an insufficient explanation that in these cases laughter is a result of the pleasure we take in escaping from the restraint of grave feelings. That this is a part cause is true. Doubtless very often, as Mr. Bain says, "it is the coerced form of seriousness and solemnity without the reality that gives us that stiff position from which a contact with triviality or vulgarity relieves us, to our uproarious delight." And in so far as mirth is caused by the gush of agreeable feeling that follows the cessation of mental strain, it further illustrates the general prin-

ciple above set forth. But no explanation is thus afforded of the mirth which ensues when the short silence between the *andante* and *allegro* in one of Beethoven's symphonies is broken by a loud sneeze. In this, and hosts of like cases, the mental tension is not coerced, but spontaneous — not disagreeable, but agreeable; and the coming impressions to which the attention is directed promise a gratification that few, if any, desire to escape. Hence, when the unlucky sneeze occurs, it cannot be that the laughter of the audience is due simply to the release from an irksome attitude of mind: some other cause must be sought.

This cause we shall arrive at by carrying our analysis a step further. We have but to consider the quantity of feeling that exists under such circumstances, and then to ask what are the conditions that determine the direction of its discharge, to at once reach a solution. Take a case. You are sitting in a theater, absorbed in the progress of an interesting drama. Some climax has been reached which has aroused your sympathies — say, a reconciliation between the hero and heroine, after long and painful misunderstanding. The feelings excited by this scene are not of a kind from which you seek relief; but are, on the contrary, a grateful relief from the painful feelings with which you have witnessed the previous estrangement. Moreover, the sentiments these fictitious personages have for the moment inspired you with are not such as would lead you to rejoice in any indignity offered to them; but, rather, such as would make you resent the indignity. And now, while you are contemplating the reconciliation with a pleasurable sympathy, there appears from behind the scenes a tame kid, which, having stared round at the audience, walks up to the lovers and sniffs at them. You cannot help joining in the roar which greets this *contretemps*. Inexplicable as is this irresistible burst on the hypothesis of a pleasure in escaping from mental restraint, or on the hypothesis of a pleasure from relative increase of self-importance when witnessing the humiliation of others, it is readily explicable if we consider what, in such a case, must become of the feeling that existed at the moment the incongruity arose. A large mass of emotion had been produced, or, to speak in physiological language, a large portion of the nervous system was in a state of tension. There was also great expectation with respect to the further evolution of the scene, — a quantity of vague, nascent thought

and emotion, into which the existing quantity of thought and emotion was about to pass.

Had there been no interruption, the body of new ideas and feelings next excited would have sufficed to absorb the whole of the liberated nervous energy. But now this large amount of nervous energy, instead of being allowed to expend itself in producing an equivalent amount of the new thoughts and emotions which were nascent, is suddenly checked in its flow. The channels along which the discharge was about to take place are closed. The new channel opened—that afforded by the appearance and proceedings of the kid—is a small one; the ideas and feelings suggested are not numerous and massive enough to carry off the nervous energy to be expended. The excess must therefore discharge itself in some other direction; and in the way already explained there results an efflux through the motor nerves to various classes of the muscles, producing the half-convulsive actions we term laughter.

This explanation is in harmony with the fact that, when among several persons who witness the same ludicrous occurrence there are some who do not laugh, it is because there has arisen in them an emotion not participated in by the rest, and which is sufficiently massive to absorb all the nascent excitement. Among the spectators of an awkward tumble, those who preserve their gravity are those in whom there is excited a degree of sympathy with the sufferer, sufficiently great to serve as an outlet for the feeling which the occurrence had turned out of its previous course. Sometimes anger carries off the arrested current, and so prevents laughter. An instance of this was lately furnished me by a friend who had been witnessing the feats at Franconi's. A tremendous leap had just been made by an acrobat over a number of horses. The clown, seemingly envious of this success, made ostentatious preparation for doing the like; and then, taking the preliminary run with immense energy, stopped short on reaching the first horse, and pretended to wipe some dust from its haunches. In the majority of the spectators, merriment was excited; but in my friend, wound up by the expectation of the coming leap to a state of great nervous tension, the effect of the balk was to produce indignation. Experience thus proves what the theory implies: namely, that the discharge of arrested feelings into the muscular system takes place only in the absence of other adequate channels—does not take

place if there arise other feelings equal in amount to those arrested.

Evidence still more conclusive is at hand. If we contrast the incongruities which produce laughter with those which do not, we at once see that in the non-ludicrous ones the unexpected state of feeling aroused, though wholly different in kind, is not less in quantity or intensity. Among incongruities that may excite anything but a laugh, Mr. Bain instances: "A decrepit man under a heavy burden, five loaves and two fishes among a multitude, and all unfitness and gross disproportion; an instrument out of tune, a fly in ointment, snow in May, Archimedes studying geometry in a siege, and all discordant things; a wolf in sheep's clothing, a breach of bargain, and falsehood in general; the multitude taking the law in their own hands, and everything of the nature of disorder; a corpse at a feast, parental cruelty, filial ingratitude, and whatever is unnatural; the entire catalogue of the vanities given by Solomon are all incongruous, but they cause feelings of pain, anger, sadness, loathing, rather than mirth." Now in these cases, where the totally unlike state of consciousness suddenly produced is not inferior in mass to the preceding one, the conditions to laughter are not fulfilled. As above shown, laughter naturally results only when consciousness is unawares transferred from great things to small — only when there is what we call a *descending* incongruity.

And now observe, finally, the fact, alike inferable *à priori* and illustrated in experience, that an *ascending* incongruity not only fails to cause laughter, but works on the muscular system an effect of exactly the reverse kind. When after something very insignificant there arises without anticipation something very great, the emotion we call wonder results; and this emotion is accompanied, not by an excitement of the muscles, but by a relaxation of them. In children and country people, that falling of the jaw which occurs on witnessing something that is imposing and unexpected exemplifies this effect. Persons who have been wonder-struck at the production of very striking results by a seemingly inadequate cause, are frequently described as unconsciously dropping the things they held in their hands. Such are just the effects to be anticipated. After an average state of consciousness, absorbing but a small quantity of nervous energy, is aroused, without the slightest notice, a strong emotion of awe, terror, or admiration, joined with the astonishment due to

an apparent want of adequate causation. This new state of consciousness demands far more nervous energy than that which it has suddenly replaced; and this increased absorption of nervous energy in mental changes involves a temporary diminution of the outflow in other directions: whence the pendent jaw and the relaxing grasp.

One further observation is worth making. Among the several sets of channels into which surplus feeling might be discharged was named the nervous system of the viscera. The sudden overflow of an arrested mental excitement which, as we have seen, results from a descending incongruity, must doubtless stimulate not only the muscular system, as we see it does, but also the internal organs; the heart and stomach must come in for a share of the discharge. And thus there seems to be a good physiological basis for the popular notion that mirth-creating excitement facilitates digestion.

Though in doing so I go beyond the boundaries of the immediate topic, I may fitly point out that the method of inquiry here followed is one which enables us to understand various phenomena besides those of laughter. To show the importance of pursuing it, I will indicate the explanation it furnishes of another familiar class of facts.

All know how generally a large amount of emotion disturbs the action of the intellect, and interferes with the power of expression. A speech delivered with great facility to tables and chairs, is by no means so easily delivered to an audience. Every schoolboy can testify that his trepidation, when standing before a master, has often disabled him from repeating a lesson which he had duly learnt. In explanation of this we commonly say that the attention is distracted — that the proper train of ideas is broken by the intrusion of ideas that are irrelevant. But the question is, in what manner does unusual emotion produce this effect; and we are here supplied with a tolerably obvious answer. The repetition of a lesson, or set speech previously thought out, implies the flow of a very moderate amount of nervous excitement through a comparatively narrow channel. The thing to be done is simply to call up in succession certain previously arranged ideas — a process in which no great amount of mental energy is expended. Hence, when there is a large quantity of emotion, which must be discharged in some direction or other; and when, as usually happens, the

restricted series of intellectual actions to be gone through does not suffice to carry it off, there result discharges along other channels besides the one prescribed; there are aroused various ideas foreign to the train of thought to be pursued; and these tend to exclude from consciousness those which should occupy it.

And now observe the meaning of those bodily actions spontaneously set up under these circumstances. The schoolboy saying his lesson, commonly has his fingers actively engaged — perhaps in twisting about a broken pen, or perhaps squeezing the angle of his jacket; and if told to keep his hands still, he soon again falls into the same or a similar trick. Many anecdotes are current of public speakers having incurable automatic actions of this class: barristers who perpetually wound and unwound pieces of tape; members of parliament ever putting on and taking off their spectacles. So long as such movements are unconscious, they facilitate the mental actions. At least this seems a fair inference from the fact that confusion frequently results from putting a stop to them: witness the case narrated by Sir Walter Scott of his schoolfellow, who became unable to say his lesson after the removal of the waistcoat button that he habitually fingered while in class. But why do they facilitate the mental actions? Clearly because they draw off a portion of the surplus nervous excitement. If, as above explained, the quantity of mental energy generated is greater than can find vent along the narrow channel of thought that is open to it; and if, in consequence, it is apt to produce confusion by rushing into other channels of thought; then by allowing it an exit through the motor nerves into the muscular system, the pressure is diminished, and irrelevant ideas are less likely to intrude on consciousness.

This further illustration will, I think, justify the position that something may be achieved by pursuing in other cases this method of psychological inquiry. A complete explanation of the phenomena requires us to trace out *all* the consequences of any given state of consciousness; and we cannot do this without studying the effects, bodily and mental, as varying in quantity at each other's expense. We should probably learn much if we in every case asked — Where is all the nervous energy gone?

MORAL EDUCATION.[1]

BY HERBERT SPENCER

(From "Education")

Do not expect from a child any great amount of moral goodness. During early years every civilized man passes through that phase of character exhibited by the barbarous race from which he is descended. As the child's features — flat nose, forward-opening nostrils, large lips, wide-apart eyes, absent frontal sinus, etc. — resemble for a time those of the savage, so, too, do his instincts. Hence the tendencies to cruelty, to thieving, to lying, so general among children — tendencies which, even without the aid of discipline, will become more or less modified just as the features do. The popular idea that children are "innocent," while it may be true in so far as it refers to evil *knowledge*, is totally false in so far as it refers to evil *impulses*, as half an hour's observation in the nursery will prove to any one. Boys when left to themselves, as at a public school, treat each other far more brutally than men do; and were they left to themselves at an earlier age their brutality would be still more conspicuous.

Not only is it unwise to set up a high standard for juvenile good conduct, but it is even unwise to use very urgent incitements to such good conduct. Already most people recognize the detrimental results of intellectual precocity; but there remains to be recognized the truth that there is a *moral precocity* which is also detrimental. Our higher moral faculties, like our higher intellectual ones, are comparatively complex. By consequence they are both comparatively late in their evolution. And with the one as with the other, a very early activity produced by stimulation will be at the expense of the future character. Hence the not uncommon fact that those who during childhood were instanced as models of juvenile goodness, by and by undergo some disastrous and seemingly inexplicable change, and end by being not above but below par; while relatively exemplary men are often the issue of a childhood by no means so promising.

Be content, therefore, with moderate measures and moderate results. Constantly bear in mind the fact that a higher morality, like a higher intelligence, must be reached by a slow

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growth; and you will then have more patience with those imperfections of nature which your child hourly displays. You will be less prone to that constant scolding, and threatening, and forbidding, by which many parents induce a chronic domestic irritation, in the foolish hope that they will thus make their children what they should be.

This comparatively liberal form of domestic government, which does not seek despotically to regulate all the details of a child's conduct, necessarily results from the system for which we have been contending. Satisfy yourself with seeing that your child always suffers the natural consequences of his actions, and you will avoid that excess of control in which so many parents err. Leave him wherever you can to the discipline of experience, and you will so save him from that hothouse virtue which over-regulation produces in yielding natures, or that demoralizing antagonism which it produces in independent ones.

By aiming in all cases to administer the natural reactions to your child's actions, you will put an advantageous check upon your own temper. The method of moral education pursued by many, we fear by most, parents, is little else than that of venting their anger in the way that first suggests itself. The slaps, and rough shakings, and sharp words, with which a mother commonly visits her offspring's small offenses (many of them not offenses considered intrinsically), are very generally but the manifestations of her own ill-controlled feelings—result much more from the promptings of those feelings than from a wish to benefit the offenders. While they are injurious to her own character, these ebullitions tend, by alienating her children and by decreasing their respect for her, to diminish her influence over them. But by pausing in each case of transgression to consider what is the natural consequence, and how that natural consequence may best be brought home to the transgressor, some little time is necessarily obtained for the mastery of yourself; the mere blind anger first aroused in you settles down into a less vehement feeling, and one not so likely to mislead you.

Do not, however, seek to behave as an utterly passionless instrument. Remember that besides the natural consequences of your child's conduct which the working of things tends to bring round on him, your own approbation or disapprobation is also a natural consequence, and one of the ordained agencies

for guiding him. The terror which we have been combating is that of *substituting* parental displeasure and its artificial penalties, for the penalties which nature has established. But while it should not be *substituted* for these natural penalties, it by no means follows that it should not, in some form, *accompany* them. The *secondary* kind of punishment should not usurp the place of the *primary* kind; but, in moderation, it may rightly supplement the primary kind. Such amount of disapproval, or sorrow, or indignation, as you feel, should be expressed in words or manner or otherwise; subject, of course, to the approval of your judgment. The degree and kind of feeling produced in you will necessarily depend upon your own character, and it is therefore useless to say it should be this or that. All that can be recommended is, that you should aim to modify the feeling into that which you believe ought to be entertained. Beware, however, of the two extremes; not only in respect of the intensity, but in respect of the duration of your displeasure. On the one hand, anxiously avoid that weak impulsiveness, so general among mothers, which scolds and forgives almost in the same breath. On the other hand, do not unduly continue to show estrangement of feeling, lest you accustom your child to do without your friendship and so lose your influence over him. The moral reactions called forth from you by your child's actions, you should as much as possible assimilate to those which you conceive would be called forth from a parent of perfect nature.

Be sparing of commands. Command only in those cases in which other means are inapplicable, or have failed. "In frequent orders the parents' advantage is more considered than the child's," says Richter. As in primitive societies a breach of law is punished, not so much because it is intrinsically wrong as because it is a disregard of the king's authority — a rebellion against him; so in many families the penalty visited on a transgressor proceeds less from reprobation of the offense than from anger at the disobedience. Listen to the ordinary speeches — "How *dare* you disobey me?" "I tell you I'll *make* you do it, sir." "I'll soon teach you who is *master*"— and then consider what the words, the tone, and the manner imply. A determination to subjugate is much more conspicuous in them than an anxiety for the child's welfare. For the time being the attitude of mind differs but little from that of the despot bent on punishing a recalcitrant subject.

The right feeling parent, however, like the philanthropic legislator, will not rejoice in coercion, but will rejoice in dispensing with coercion. He will do without law in all cases where other modes of regulating conduct can be successfully employed; and he will regret the having recourse to law when it is necessary. As Richter remarks — "the best rule in politics is said to be '*pas trop gouverner*': it is also true in education." And in spontaneous conformity with this maxim parents, whose lust of dominion is restrained by a true sense of duty, will aim to make their children control themselves wherever it is possible, and will fall back upon absolutism only as a last resort.

But whenever you *do* command, command with decision and consistency. If the case is one which really cannot be otherwise dealt with, then issue your fiat, and having issued it, never afterwards swerve from it. Consider well beforehand what you are going to do; weigh all the consequences; think whether your firmness of purpose will be sufficient; and then, if you finally make the law, enforce it uniformly at whatever cost. Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature — inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent — if the consequences which you tell your child will follow certain acts follow with like uniformity, he will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of Nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils. Of errors in education one of the worst is that of inconsistency. As in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an immense increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of penalties. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs, — who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure, — who treats the same offense now with severity and now with leniency, according as the passing humor dictates, is laying up miseries both for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes; she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings; she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones; she is reducing their

minds to a moral chaos, which after years of bitter experience will with difficulty bring into order. Better even a barbarous form of domestic government carried out consistently, than a humane one inconsistently carried out. Again we say, avoid coercive measures whenever it is possible to do so; but when you find despotism really necessary, be despotic in good earnest.

Bear constantly in mind the truth that the aim of your discipline should be to produce a *self-governing* being; not to produce a being to be *governed by others*. Were your children fated to pass their lives as slaves, you could not too much accustom them to slavery during their childhood; but as they are by and by to be free men, with no one to control their daily conduct, you cannot too much accustom them to self-control while they are still under your eye. This it is which makes the system of discipline by natural consequences so especially appropriate to the social state which we in England have now reached. Under early, tyrannical forms of society, when one of the chief evils the citizen had to fear was the anger of his superiors, it was well that during childhood parental vengeance should be a predominant means of government. But now that the citizen has little to fear from any one — now that the good or evil which he experiences throughout life is mainly that which in the nature of things results from his own conduct, it is desirable that from his first years he should begin to learn, experimentally, the good or evil consequences which naturally follow this or that conduct. Aim, therefore, to diminish the amount of parental government as fast as you can substitute for it in your child's mind that self-government arising from a foresight of results. In infancy a considerable amount of absolutism is necessary. A three-year-old urchin, playing with an open razor, cannot be allowed to learn by this discipline of consequences; for the consequences may, in such case, be too serious. But as intelligence increases, the number of instances calling for peremptory interference may be, and should be, diminished, with the view of gradually ending them as maturity is approached. All periods of transition are dangerous; and the most dangerous is the transition from the restraint of the family circle to the non-restraint of the world. Hence the importance of pursuing the policy we advocate, which, alike by cultivating a child's faculty of self-restraint, by continually increasing the degree in which it is left to its self-constraint, and by so bring

to devise methods by which parallel results shall be entailed on the parallel acts of your children. You will daily be called upon to analyze the motives of juvenile conduct; you must distinguish between acts that are really good and those which, though externally simulating them, proceed from inferior impulses; while you must be ever on your guard against the cruel mistake, not unfrequently made, of translating neutral acts into transgressions, or ascribing worse feelings than were entertained. You must more or less modify your method to suit the disposition of each child; and must be prepared to make further modifications as each child's disposition enters on a new phase. Your faith will often be taxed to maintain the requisite perseverance in a course which seems to produce little or no effect. Especially if you are dealing with children who have been wrongly treated, you must be prepared for a lengthened trial of patience before succeeding with better methods; seeing that that which is not easy, even where a right state of feeling has been established from the beginning, becomes doubly difficult when a wrong state of feeling has to be set right. Not only will you have constantly to analyze the motives of your children, but you will have to analyze your own motives — to discriminate between those internal suggestions springing from a true paternal solicitude, and those which spring from your own selfishness, from your love of ease, from your lust of dominion. And then, more trying still, you will have not only to detect, but to curb these baser impulses. In brief, you will have to carry on your higher education at the same time that you are educating your children. Intellectually, you must cultivate to good purpose that most complex of subjects, — human nature and its laws, as exhibited in your children, in yourself, and in the world. Morally, you must keep in constant exercise your higher feelings, and restrain your lower. It is a truth yet remaining to be recognized, that the last stage in the mental development of each man and woman is to be reached only through the proper discharge of the parental duties. And when this truth is recognized, it will be seen how admirable is the ordination in virtue of which human beings are led by their strongest affections to subject themselves to a discipline which they would else elude.

While some will probably regard this conception of education as it should be, with doubt and discouragement, others will, we think, perceive in the exalted ideal which it involves

evidence of its truth. That it cannot be realized by the impulsive, the unsympathetic, and the shortsighted, but demands the higher attributes of human nature, they will see to be evidence of its fitness for the more advanced states of humanity. Though it calls for much labor and self-sacrifice, they will see that it promises an abundant return of happiness, immediate and remote. They will see that while in its injurious effects on both parent and child a bad system is twice cursed, a good system is twice blessed — it blesses him that trains and him that's trained.

It will be seen that we have said nothing in this chapter about the transcendental distinction between right and wrong, of which wise men know so little, and children nothing. All thinkers are agreed that we may find the criterion of right in the effect of actions, if we do not find the rule there; and that is sufficient for the purpose we have had in view. Nor have we introduced the religious element. We have confined our inquiries to a nearer and a much more neglected field, though a very important one. Our readers may supplement our thoughts in any way they please; we are only concerned that they should be accepted as far as they go.



VANITAS.

By GOETHE

I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me.
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be fellow of mine,
Why, let him take hold and help me twine
A wreath for the rosy Nine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth:
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health;
But, ah!
The slippery change went about like air;
And when I had clutched me a handful here,
Away it went there.



JOHN STUART MILL

From a photo by The London Stereoscopic and Photographic Co , Ltd

I set my heart upon travels grand,
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old fatherland;
But, ah!
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comfortless beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
Hurrah!
And, lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
And, ah!
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war.
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with eclat.
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame,—
And some of our friends fared quite the same.
I lost a leg for fame

Now I've set my heart upon nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And the whole wide world belongs to me.
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old spring we'll have one good bout:
Come, drink the waters out!



THE DESPOTISM OF CUSTOM.[1]

BY JOHN STUART MILL.

(From "On Liberty.")

[JOHN STUART MILL: Political economist and philosopher; born at London, May 20, 1806; died at Avignon, May 8, 1873 His education was conducted by his father, James Mill, the philosopher, and he is said to have begun to learn Greek at the age of three When fifteen years old he assisted his father in preparing a work on political economy. In 1823 he entered the India House as

[1] By permission of Miss Helen Taylor and Longmans, Green & Co (Crown 8vo, price 1s 4d)

junior clerk, rising to the position of chief examiner, and in 1865 he became a member of Parliament. Among his more important works are: "Logic" (1843), "Political Economy" (1848), "Essays on Liberty" (1859), "Utilitarianism" (1862), "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" (1865), "Auguste, Comte, and Positivism" (1865), and "On the Subjection of Women" (1869). His "Autobiography" was published in 1873.]

HUMAN nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

It will probably be conceded that it is desirable people should exercise their understandings, and that an intelligent following of custom, or even occasionally an intelligent deviation from custom, is better than a blind and simply mechanical adhesion to it. To a certain extent it is admitted that our understanding should be our own; but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise, or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being, as beliefs and restraints; and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced,—when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others, which ought to coexist with them, remain weak and inactive. It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience. The natural connection is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps, of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses; but more good may always be made of an energetic nature than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these that society both does its duty and protects its interests:

not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them. A person whose desires and impulses are his own — are the expression of his own nature, as it has been developed and modified by his own culture — is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own has no character, no more than a steam engine has a character. If, in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself must maintain that society has no need of strong natures — is not the better for containing many persons who have much character — and that a high general average of energy is not desirable.

In some early states of society these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of disciplining and controlling them. There has been a time when the element of spontaneity and individuality was in excess, and the social principle had a hard struggle with it. The difficulty then was to induce men of strong bodies or minds to pay obedience to any rules which required them to control their impulses. To overcome this difficulty, law and discipline, like the Popes struggling against the Emperors, asserted a power over the whole man, claiming to control all his life in order to control his character — which society had not found any other sufficient means of binding. But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences. Things are vastly changed, since the passions of those who were strong by station or by personal endowment were in a state of habitual rebellion against laws and ordinances, and required to be rigorously chained up to enable the persons within their reach to enjoy any particle of security. In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves — what do I prefer? or what would suit my character and disposition? or what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station

and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes; until, by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow; their human capacities are withered and starved; they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own. Now is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature?

It is so, on the Calvinistic theory. According to that, the one great offense of man is self-will. All the good of which humanity is capable is comprised in obedience. You have no choice; thus you must do, and no otherwise: "Whatever is not a duty is a sin." Human nature being radically corrupt, there is no redemption for any one until human nature is killed within him. To one holding this theory of life, crushing out any of the human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities is no evil: man needs no capacity, but that of surrendering himself to the will of God; and if he uses any of his faculties for any other purpose but to do that supposed will more effectually, he is better without them. This is the theory of Calvinism; and it is held, in a mitigated form, by many who do not consider themselves Calvinists: the mitigation consisting in giving a less ascetic interpretation to the alleged will of God, asserting it to be his will that mankind should gratify some of their inclinations; of course not in the manner they themselves prefer, but in the way of obedience, that is, in a way prescribed to them by authority, and, therefore, by the necessary condition of the case, the same for all.

In some such insidious form, there is at present a strong tendency to this narrow theory of life, and to the pinched and hidebound type of human character which it patronizes. Many persons, no doubt, sincerely think that human beings thus cramped and dwarfed are as their Maker designed them to be; just as many have thought that trees are a much finer thing

when clipped into pollards, or cut out into figures of animals, than as nature made them. But if it be any part of religion to believe that man was made by a good Being, it is more consistent with that faith to believe that this Being gave all human faculties that they might be cultivated and unfolded, not rooted out and consumed, and that he takes delight in every nearer approach made by his creatures to the ideal conception embodied in them, every increase in any of their capabilities of comprehension, of action, or of enjoyment. There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic: a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed on it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. "Pagan self-assertion" is one of the elements of human worth, as well as "Christian self-denial." There is a Greek ideal of self-development, which the Platonic and Christian ideal of self-government blends with, but does not supersede. It may be better to be a John Knox than an Alcibiades, but it is better to be a Pericles than either; nor would a Pericles, if we had one in these days, be without anything good which belonged to John Knox.

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it, and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to. In proportion to the development of his individuality, each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being more valuable to others. There is a greater fullness of life about his own existence, and when there is more life in the units there is more in the mass which is composed of them. As much compression as is necessary to prevent the stronger specimens of human nature from encroaching on the rights of others, cannot be dispensed with; but for this there is ample compensation even in the point of view of human development. The means of development which the individual loses by being prevented from gratifying his inclinations to the injury of others, are chiefly obtained at the expense of the development of other people. And even to himself there is a full equivalent in the better de-

velopment of the social part of his nature, rendered possible by the restraint put upon the selfish part. To be held to rigid rules of justice for the sake of others, develops the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting their good, by their mere displeasure, develops nothing valuable, except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects, so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

Having said that Individuality is the same thing with development, and that it is only the cultivation of individuality which produces, or can produce, well-developed human beings, I might here close the argument: for what more or better can be said of any condition of human affairs than that it brings human beings themselves nearer to the best thing they can be? or what worse can be said of any obstruction to good than that it prevents this? Doubtless, however, these considerations will not suffice to convince those who most need convincing; and it is necessary further to show that these developed human beings are of some use to the undeveloped — to point out to those who do not desire liberty, and would not avail themselves of it, that they may be in some intelligible manner rewarded for allowing other people to make use of it without hindrance.

In the first place, then, I would suggest that they might possibly learn something from them. It will not be denied by anybody that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few

persons in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist: it is they who keep the life in those which already exist. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*, more individual than any other people — less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of molds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these molds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point out with solemn warning as "wild," "erratic," and the like; much as if one should complain of the Niagara River for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely, both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in

thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them is that of opening their eyes; which, being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original. Meanwhile, recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are more in need of originality the less they are conscious of the want.

In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid, to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind. In ancient history, in the Middle Ages, and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself; and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinion are not always the same sort of public: in America they are the whole white population; in England chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity. And what is a still greater novelty, the mass do not now take their opinions from dignitaries in Church or State, from ostensible leaders, or from books. Their thinking is done for them by men much like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I am not complaining of all this. I do not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human mind. But that does not

hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government.

No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open. I am not countenancing the sort of "hero worship" which applauds the strong man of genius for forcibly seizing on the government of the world and making it do his bidding in spite of itself. All he can claim is freedom to point out the way. The power of compelling others into it is not only inconsistent with the freedom and development of all the rest, but corrupting to the strong man himself. It does seem, however, that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency would be the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought. It is in these circumstances most especially that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times there was no advantage in their doing so, unless they acted not only differently, but better. In this age, the mere example of nonconformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time.

I have said that it is important to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time

appear which of these are fit to be converted into customs. But independence of action and disregard of custom are not solely deserving of encouragement for the chance they afford that better modes of action, and customs more worthy of general adoption, may be struck out; nor is it only persons of decided mental superiority who have a just claim to carry on their lives in their own way. There is no reason that all human existence should be constructed on some one or some small number of patterns. If a person possesses any tolerable amount of common sense and experience, his own mode of laying out his existence is the best, not because it is the best in itself, but because it is his own mode. Human beings are not like sheep; and even sheep are not undistinguishably alike. A man cannot get a coat or a pair of boots to fit him, unless they are either made to his measure, or he has a whole warehouseful to choose from; and is it easier to fit him with a life than with a coat, or are human beings more like one another in their whole physical and spiritual conformation than in the shape of their feet? If it were only that people have diversities of taste, that is reason enough for not attempting to shape them all after one model. But different persons also require different conditions for their spiritual development, and can no more exist healthily in the same moral, than all the variety of plants can in the same physical, atmosphere and climate. The same things which are helps to one person towards the cultivation of his higher nature are hindrances to another. The same mode of life is a healthy excitement to one, keeping all his faculties of action and enjoyment in their best order, while to another it is a distracting burden, which suspends or crushes all internal life. Such are the differences among human beings in their sources of pleasure, their susceptibilities of pain, and the operation on them of different physical and moral agencies, that unless there is a corresponding diversity in their modes of life, they neither obtain their fair share of happiness, nor grow up to the mental, moral, and æsthetic stature of which their nature is capable. Why then should tolerance, as far as the public sentiment is concerned, extend only to tastes and modes of life which extort acquiescence by the multitude of their adherents? Nowhere (except in some monastic institutions) is diversity of taste entirely unrecognized; a person may, without blame, either like or dislike rowing, or smoking, or music, or athletic exercises, or chess, or

cards, or study, because both those who like each of these things, and those who dislike them, are too numerous to be put down. But the man, and still more the woman, who can be accused either of doing "what nobody does," or of not doing "what everybody does," is the subject of as much depreciatory remark as if he or she had committed some grave moral delinquency. Persons require to possess a title, or some other badge of rank, or of the consideration of people of rank, to be able to indulge somewhat in the luxury of doing as they like without detriment to their estimation. To indulge somewhat, I repeat: for whoever allow themselves much of that indulgence, incur the risk of something worse than disparaging speeches — they are in peril of a commission *de lunatico*, and of having their property taken from them and given to their relations.

There is one characteristic of the present direction of public opinion peculiarly calculated to make it intolerant of any marked demonstration of individuality. The general average of mankind are not only moderate in intellect, but also moderate in inclinations: they have no tastes or wishes strong enough to incline them to do anything unusual, and they consequently do not understand those who have, and class all such with the wild and intemperate whom they are accustomed to look down upon. Now, in addition to this fact, which is general, we have only to suppose that a strong movement has set in towards the improvement of morals, and it is evident what we have to expect. In these days such a movement has set in; much has actually been effected in the way of increased regularity of conduct and discouragement of excesses; and there is a philanthropic spirit abroad, for the exercise of which there is no more inviting field than the moral and prudential improvement of our fellow-creatures. These tendencies of the times cause the public to be more disposed than at most former periods to prescribe general rules of conduct, and endeavor to make every one conform to the approved standard. And that standard, express or tacit, is to desire nothing strongly. Its ideal of character is to be without any marked character: to maim by compression, like a Chinese lady's foot, every part of human nature which stands out prominently, and tends to make the person markedly dissimilar in outline to commonplace humanity.

As is usually the case with ideals which exclude one half of what is desirable, the present standard of approbation produces

only an inferior imitation of the other half. Instead of great energies guided by vigorous reason, and strong feelings strongly controlled by a conscientious will, its result is weak feelings and weak energies, which therefore can be kept in outward conformity to rule without any strength either of will or of reason. Already energetic characters on any large scale are becoming merely traditional. There is now scarcely any outlet for energy in this country except business. The energy expended in this may still be regarded as considerable. What little is left from that employment is expended on some hobby, which may be a useful, even a philanthropic, hobby, but is always some one thing, and generally a thing of small dimensions. The greatness of England is now all collective: individually small, we only appear capable of anything great by our habit of combining; and with this our moral and religious philanthropists are perfectly contented. But it was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline.

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary which is called, according to circumstances, the spirit of liberty, or that of progress or improvement. The spirit of improvement is not always a spirit of liberty, for it may aim at forcing improvements on an unwilling people; and the spirit of liberty, in so far as it resists such attempts, may ally itself locally and temporarily with the opponents of improvement; but the only unfailing and permanent source of improvement is liberty, since by it there are as many possible independent centers of improvement as there are individuals. The progressive principle, however, in either shape, whether as the love of liberty or of improvement, is antagonistic to the sway of Custom, involving at least emancipation from that yoke; and the contest between the two constitutes the chief interest of the history of mankind. The greater part of the world has, properly speaking, no history, because the despotism of Custom is complete. This is the case over the whole East. Custom is there, in all things, the final appeal; justice and right mean conformity to custom; the argument of custom no one, unless some tyrant intoxicated with power, thinks of resisting. And we see the result. Those nations must once have had originality; they

did not start out of the ground populous, lettered, and versed in many of the arts of life; they made themselves all this, and were then the greatest and most powerful nations of the world. What are they now? The subjects or dependents of tribes whose forefathers wandered in the forests when theirs had magnificent palaces and gorgeous temples, but over whom custom exercised only a divided rule with liberty and progress. A people, it appears, may be progressive for a certain length of time, and then stop: when does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality. If a similar change should befall the nations of Europe, it will not be in exactly the same shape: the despotism of custom with which these nations are threatened is not precisely stationariness. It proscribes singularity, but it does not preclude change, provided all change together. We have discarded the fixed costumes of our forefathers; every one must still dress like other people, but the fashion may change once or twice a year. We thus take care that when there is a change it shall be for change's sake, and not from any idea of beauty or convenience; for the same idea of beauty or convenience would not strike all the world at the same moment, and be simultaneously thrown aside by all at another moment. But we are progressive as well as changeable: we continually make new inventions in mechanical things, and keep them until they are again superseded by better, we are eager for improvement in politics, in education, even in morals, though in this last our idea of improvement chiefly consists in persuading or forcing other people to be as good as ourselves. It is not progress that we object to; on the contrary, we flatter ourselves that we are the most progressive people who ever lived. It is individuality that we war against: we should think we had done wonders if we had made ourselves all alike; forgetting that the unlikeness of one person to another is generally the first thing which draws the attention of either to the imperfection of his own type, and the superiority of another, or the possibility, by combining the advantages of both, of producing something better than either. We have a warning example in China — a nation of much talent, and, in some respects, even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers.

They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing, as far as possible, the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honor and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world. On the contrary, they have become stationary, have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at — in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules: and these are the fruits. The modern *régime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.

What is it that has hitherto preserved Europe from this lot? What has made the European family of nations an improving, instead of a stationary, portion of mankind? Not any superior excellence in them which, when it exists, exists as the effect, not as the cause; but their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, nations, have been extremely unlike one another: they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who traveled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road, their attempts to thwart each other's development have rarely had any permanent success, and each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered. Europe is, in my judgment, wholly indebted to this plurality of paths for its progressive and many-sided development. But it already begins to possess this benefit in a considerably less degree. It is decidedly advancing towards the Chinese ideal of making all people alike. M. de Tocqueville, in his last important work, remarks how much more the Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another, than did those even of the last generation. The same remark might be made of Englishmen in a far greater degree. In a

passage already quoted from Wilhelm von Humboldt, he points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to render people unlike one another; namely, freedom and variety of situations. The second of these two conditions is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more assimilated. Formerly, different ranks, different neighborhoods, different trades and professions, lived in what might be called different worlds; at present to a great degree in the same. Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them. Great as are the differences of position which remain, they are nothing to those which have ceased. And the assimilation is still proceeding. All the political changes of the age promote it, since they all tend to raise the low and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences, and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvement in the means of communication promotes it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact, and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, and opening all objects of ambition, even the highest, to general competition, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes. A more powerful agency than even all these, in bringing about a general similarity among mankind, is the complete establishment, in this and other free countries, of the ascendency of public opinion in the State. As the various social eminences which enabled persons intrenched on them to disregard the opinion of the multitude gradually become leveled; as the very idea of resisting the will of the public, when it is positively known that they have a will, disappears more and more from the minds of practical politicians, there ceases to be any social support for nonconformity — any substantive power in society which, itself opposed to the ascendency of numbers, is interested in taking under its protection opinions and tendencies at variance with those of the public.

The combination of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to Individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty, unless the intelligent part of the public can be made to feel its value — to see that it is good there should be differences, even though not for the better, even though, as it may appear to them, some should be for the worse. If the claims of Individuality are ever to be asserted, the time is now, while much is still wanting to complete the enforced assimilation. It is only in the earlier stages that any stand can be successfully made against the encroachment. The demand that all other people shall resemble ourselves grows by what it feeds on. If resistance waits till life is reduced *nearly* to one uniform type, all deviations from that type will come to be considered impious, immoral, even monstrous and contrary to nature. Mankind speedily become unable to conceive diversity, when they have been for some time unaccustomed to see it.



CROSSING THE BAR.[1]

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

SUNSET and evening star
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
  When I put out to sea!

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
  When I embark!

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crossed the bar.

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd

ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.[1]

By LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

(From "Episodes in a Life of Adventure.")

[LAURENCE OLIPHANT, author, was born in Capetown, England, in 1829, son of Sir Anthony and Maria (Campbell) Oliphant. In his youth he traveled extensively. He was admitted to the bar in Scotland and England, and in 1853 was appointed private secretary to the Governor General of Canada, Lord Elgin, whom he afterward accompanied on his mission to China in 1857. In 1861 he was first secretary of legation in Japan. He was a member of Parliament for the Stirling Burghs (1865–1867), and in 1870 became Paris correspondent for the London *Times*. In 1879 he went to Palestine to aid in colonizing that place with Jews, returning to England in 1880 His published works include: "A Journey to Khatmandu" (1852), "The Russian Shores of the Black Sea" (1853), "Minnesota and the Far West" (1855), "The Trans-Caucasian Campaign under Omer Pasha" (1856), "Patriots and Filibusters" (1860), "A Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan" (1859), "Piccadilly" (1870), "The Land of Gilead" (1880), "Traits and Travesties" (1882), "Altiora Peto" (1883), "Masollam" (1886), "Episodes in a Life of Adventure" (1887), "Fashionable Philosophy" (1887), and "Scientific Religion" (1888). See his "Life" (1891) by Mr O. W. Oliphant. He died at Twickenham, England, December 23, 1888]

I HAD not been many months back from Circassia, and, Micawberlike, was waiting for something to turn up — not anxiously, however, for the London season of 1856 was not without its attractions — when, towards the close of it, I found myself once more starting for Liverpool on another trip across the Atlantic, my fellow-traveler on this occasion being my much-valued and lamented friend Mr. Delane of the *Times*, to whom I was able to act as cicerone on our arrival at New York, where we underwent a round of festivities and enjoyed an amount of hospitality which, I used to think afterwards on perusing the columns of the Thunderer, had not been altogether without their effect. The pressure of my companion's editorial duties unfortunately obliged us to part all too soon — he to return to England, and I to visit each one of the British North American colonies in turn, on some business with which I had been intrusted; but I cannot neglect this opportunity of paying the tribute of a grateful memory to one of the best and truest men I have ever known.

My intimacy with Delane extended over nearly twenty years, during which I had frequent business as well as uninterrupted private relations with him. I had thus abundant opportunities

[1] By permission of W Blackwood & Sons (Post 8vo, price 3s 6d.)

of testing alike the power of his intellect and the warmth of his affections, and found in him a man who, with everything to spoil him, was never spoiled — who never allowed his social or public position to paralyze in the slightest degree that generosity of nature which was constantly prompting him to extend his strong arm to help those in trouble, and to perform acts of kindness which were never known except to the recipients of them. As an instance, I remember on one occasion bringing to his notice the case of a widow of an officer who had been severely wounded in the Crimea, who was refused her pension because, although it was not denied that he died of his wound, he lingered a day or two beyond the allotted time within which he ought to have succumbed, the plea of the War Office being that an awkward question might be asked in the House of Commons if an exception were made in his favor. On my showing him the correspondence, Delane immediately took up the cudgels for the widow, and a leading article appeared in the old slashing style, which concluded with the following stinging epigram, in allusion to the possibility of an objection being taken in Parliament: "The House of Commons is never stingy, except when it suspects a job; the War Office is always stingy, except when it commits one." But the question was never allowed to come before the House; for, two days after the appearance of this article, the widow got her pension.

We made at New York the acquaintance of all the leading members of the press of that city at an entertainment given by them to Mr. Delane; and the occasion was doubly interesting, because the presidential election was going on at the time, which resulted in Buchanan being sent to the White House at Washington. How little did any of us, in the political discussions in which we took part, foresee how pregnant with disastrous results that presidentship was destined to be — that it would involve the most bloody civil war of modern times, and that nearly thirty years would elapse before a Democratic administration would again be formed in the United States! Among the eminent men whose acquaintance we made, and whom it is interesting to recall to memory — for they have all, I think, passed away — were General Scott, then commander in chief of the army; Commodore Perry; Mr. Grinnell, who fitted out the first American Arctic expedition; and Bancroft, the historian. We fraternized much with a most agreeable group of Southerners, from whom I was glad to accept invitations to

visit them on their plantations — an experience I the less regret, as I was thus able to form an independent judgment of the practical working of the "peculiar institution" which was destined so soon to be abolished; to see the South in the palmy days of its prosperity, under conditions which can never occur again; and to enjoy a hospitality which possessed a charm of its own, however much one might regret the surroundings amid which it was exercised, or condemn the abuses to which the system of slavery gave rise.

I put the result of my observations on record at the time in an article in *Blackwood's Magazine;* and from what I saw and heard, it was not difficult to predict in it the cataclysm which took place four years later, though the idea of the South resorting to violence was scouted in the North; and when, upon more than one occasion, I ventured to suggest the possibility to Republicans, I was invariably met by the reply that I had not been long enough in the country to understand the temper of the people, and attached an importance it did not deserve to Southern "bounce." When, three months after the close of the war, I again traversed the same states which I was now visiting during a period of peace and plenty, the contrast was heartrending. Homesteads which then were rich and flourishing were now masses of charred ruins; whole towns had been swept away. This, I remember, was conspicuously the case at Atlanta, where only a few wooden shanties — where I found it very difficult to get accommodation for the night — indicated the site of the former town. It is now again a flourishing city. Ruin and devastation marked the track of invading armies over vast tracts of country, and testified alike to the severity of the struggle and the obstinacy of the resistance. In this respect the country exhibited a very striking contrast to France after the German campaign. As it was my fortune to accompany the German armies through a great part of the war, and to march with them through several provinces of France, I could compare the conditions of the theater of military operations with that of the Southern States immediately after the war, and judge of the nature of the conflict by the traces which it left. In the latter case, one may say that, except immediately round Paris and in one or two isolated localities like Châteaudun, it left no traces at all, and enabled one to estimate at its proper value, even if one had not been present at the battles, the flimsy nature of the resistance which had been offered.

Perhaps one of the best evidences of the different character of the fighting which took place between the Northern and Southern armies in America, and that which occurred in France, is to be found in the fact that the Franco-German battles were essentially artillery combats; and that, with the exception of one or two of the earlier battles, such as Spicheren and Gravelotte, the opposing forces never came to close quarters at all. In fact, during the Loire campaign, which I made with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, both sides played at such long bowls that it was very difficult, even with the aid of a field glass, to see a Frenchman; whereas, towards the close of the American war, both sides almost abandoned artillery as a useless arm, and a source of weakness rather than of strength, when men, not to be deterred by noise, rushed in on the guns. Modern inventions and machine guns may make this more difficult, but certainly the artillery of even fifteen years ago, mitrailleuse included, required an amount of protection when opposed by a resolute foe which scarcely compensated for the relatively small extent of injury it could inflict; and I have often thought that if the German armies had found themselves confronted with the comparatively raw and untrained levies of the American rebellion, they would have discovered that there is another art of war altogether from that in which they have perfected themselves — of which they have had as yet no experience — and which consists in an invincible determination to get at close quarters with the enemy as quickly as possible, and, if necessary, to die there rather than come away.

In no Southern city, perhaps, was the stress of war more severely felt than in New Orleans, though it was never devastated by shot and shell. At the time of my first visit, in the winter of 1856–57, it was socially the most delightful city in the Union; and as I was fortunate in the possession of many friends, and of an age to appreciate gayety, my stay there was one of unqualified enjoyment. In the autumn of 1865 it was the saddest place I ever entered, sadder to me, perhaps, from the contrast as I had known it in happier days. Some of my friends had been killed, others were totally ruined, others in self-imposed exile. A new and not a pleasant class had taken their place, trade was at a standstill, enterprise of all sorts was languishing, and a feeling of gloom and despondency reigned supreme. My last visit there was made during the last days of 1881, when it seemed like a city rising from the dead: hope

and joy beamed from every countenance; and though, after the lapse of so many years, I scarcely found a soul I knew, there was a life and animation which augured well for the recovery of the place from its long torpor. Still, it has undergone a change which will prevent it ever becoming the New Orleans I first remember. Then its charm lay in its French-Creole society — an element which has given way to the inroad from the North — and, if I may venture to confess it, in a certain lawlessness, which made it what, in local parlance, was called the "jumping-off place" for harebrained expeditions of a filibustering character to Cuba, Central America, or any other tempting locality.

Among the most hospitable houses on the occasion of my first visit was that of Mr. Pierre Soulé, formerly United States Minister to Madrid, and whose son — at whose wedding I assisted — fought a duel with the Duke of Alva, which made some noise at the time. At this juncture Walker was endeavoring to establish himself as President of Nicaragua, and engaged in a war with the Costa-Ricans, who were being aided in their resistance to his attempt by money and men supplied by Commodore Vanderbilt, with whom Walker had foolishly quarreled upon the subject of the transit route through Nicaragua, of which the American capitalist desired to retain the control. Mr. Soulé was acting in New Orleans as Walker's agent, and he explained to me that Walker's intention was not, as erroneously supposed by the British government, to conquer the small republics of Central America, with the view of annexing them to the United States, but for the purpose of welding them into a new Anglo-Saxon republic — a project which it seemed to me, though it was undertaken by a single man, was not more immoral than similar enterprises are when undertaken by governments, and one which was calculated to benefit not only the Central American States themselves, but the cause of civilization generally. Subsequent observation confirmed me in this view, which has been further illustrated by the history of the country during the thirty years which have elapsed since this time, when it has been the prey to constant revolutions, while it has made absolutely no advance in the arts of peace.

I therefore listened with a favorable ear to Mr. Soulé's offer of a free passage to Nicaragua in a ship conveying a reenforcement of three hundred men to Walker's army, and of

carrying strong personal recommendations to that noted filibuster, who was requested by Mr. Soulé to explain the political situation to me, in the hope that on my return to England I might induce the British government to regard his operations with a more favorable eye than they had hitherto done. The fact that if I succeeded I was to be allowed to take my pick out of a list of confiscated *haciendas*, or estates, certainly did not influence my decision to go, though it may possibly have acted as a gentle stimulant; but I remember at the time having some doubts on the subject from a moral point of view. Had I been brought up in the city, or been familiar with the processes of promoting joint-stock companies, these probably would not have occurred to me. As it was, I remember spending Christmas Day in high spirits at the novelty of the adventure upon which I was entering; and here I may remark, as an illustration of the rapidity with which, in my capacity of a moss-gathering stone, I was rolling about the world, that my Christmas Days during these years were passed in very varied localities.

On Christmas Day, 1854, I was in Quebec; on the same day, 1855, I was in Trebizond; in 1856, at New Orleans; and in 1857, in the Canton River.

It was the last day of the year that the good ship "Texas" cleared out of New Orleans with three hundred emigrants on board. At least we called ourselves emigrants — a misnomer which did not prevent the civic authorities, with the city marshal at their head, trying to stop us; but we had the sympathies of the populace with us, and under their ægis laughed the law to scorn. It would have been quite clear to the most simple-minded observer what kind of emigrants we were the day after we got out to sea and the men were put through their squad drill on deck. There were Englishmen who had been private soldiers in the Crimea, Poles who had fought in the last Polish insurrection, Hungarians who had fought under Kossuth, Italians who had struggled through the revolutions of '48, Western "boys" who had just had six months' fighting in Kansas, while of the "balance" the majority had been in one or other of the Lopez expeditions to Cuba. Many could exhibit bullet wounds and sword cuts, and scars from manacles, which they considered no less honorable — notwithstanding all which, the strictest order prevailed. No arms were allowed to be carried. There were always two officers of the day, who walked

about with swords buckled over their shooting jackets, and sixteen men told off as a guard to maintain discipline. Alas! the good behavior and fine fighting qualities of these amiable emigrants were destined to be of no avail; for on our arrival at the mouth of the San Juan River we found a British squadron lying at anchor to keep the peace, and the steamer by which we hoped to ascend the river in the hands of our enemies, the Costa-Ricans.

Our first feeling was that we were not to be deterred by such trifles. The men were all drawn up below, each had received his rifle, revolver, and bowie, with the necessary ammunition, and all the arrangements were made for cutting out our prize, which was lying about three hundred yards off, in the night. As a compliment, which I could not refuse but did not appreciate, I was given command of a boat (I think it was the dingy), and I costumed myself accordingly. Just before sunset we observed to our dismay a British man-of-war's boat pulling towards us; and a moment later Captain Cockburn, of Her Majesty's ship "Cossack," was in the captain's cabin, making most indiscreet inquiries as to the kind of emigrants we were. It did not require long to satisfy him; and as I incautiously hazarded a remark which betrayed my nationality, I was incontinently ordered into his boat as a British subject, being where a British subject had no right to be. As he further announced that he was about to moor his ship in such a position as would enable him, should fighting occur in the course of the night, to fire into both combatants with entire impartiality, I the less regretted this abrupt parting from my late companions, the more especially as, on asking him who commanded the squadron, I found it was a distant cousin. This announcement on my part was received with some incredulity, and I was taken on board the "Orion," an eighty-gun ship, carrying the flag of Admiral Erskine, to test its veracity, while Captain Cockburn made his report of the "Texas" and her passengers.

As soon as the admiral recovered from his amazement at my appearance, he most kindly made me his guest; and I spent a very agreeable time for some days, watching the "emigrants" disconsolately pacing the deck, for the Costa-Ricans gave them the slip in the night and went up the river, and their opponents found their occupation gone. The question they now had to consider was how to get to Walker. Few ever succeeded in doing so, and the nonarrival of this reenforcement was the

immediate cause of the disaster which obliged "the blue-eyed man of destiny," as his friend called him, not long after to escape from the country. Poor Walker! he owed all his misfortunes, and finally his own untimely end, to British interference; for on his return to Central America, where he intended to make Honduras the base of his operations, he was captured at Truxillo by Captain (now Sir Nowell) Salmon, and handed over to the Honduras government, who incontinently hung him. This was the usual fate which followed failure in this country; and those who fought in it knew they were doing so with a rope round their necks — which doubtless improved their fighting qualities. I did not know, however, until my return to England, that rumor had accredited me with so tragic an end, when, at the first party I went to, my partner, a very charming young person, whom I was very glad to see again after my various adventures, put out two fingers by way of greeting, raised her eyebrows with an air of mild surprise, and said, in the most silvery and unmoved voice, "Oh, how d'ye do? I thought you were hung!" I think it was rather a disappointment to her that I was not. There is a novelty in the sensation of an old and esteemed dancing partner being hanged, and it forms a pleasing topic of conversation with the other ones.

Eight years after this escapade, Admiral Erskine and I used to meet under very different circumstances: he was member for the county of Stirling, and I for the Stirling Burghs, and he used laughingly to maintain that he had rescued me from a gang of desperadoes and restored me to respectable society — a view which I attribute to narrow prejudice; for, if you come to sheer respectability, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has tried both that the life of a filibuster is infinitely superior in its aims and methods to that of a politician: a conclusion which was forcibly impressed upon my mind by one of my earliest experiences in the House of Commons, when a Reform Bill was passed by the Conservatives, which they would vehemently have opposed had it been brought in by the Liberals, and which the latter, in defiance of their political convictions, opposed because it was brought in by the Conservatives — a piece of political filibustering on the one side as immoral, to my unsophisticated mind, as the tactics by which it was met on the other, but which, by voting steadily against the party to which I had the honor to belong, I contributed my mite to thwart. It did not take me long after this to discover

that I was not cut out for a party man, and I entered into the repose of the Chiltern Hundreds.

To return to the purer atmosphere of Greytown: there was no inducement to go ashore, as there was absolutely nothing to see in the sleepy little *mestizo* town; so I took leave of my hospitable naval entertainers and embarked in a passing steamer for Aspinwall, and crossed the isthmus to Panama, where I found a mild revolution in progress, which had for the time handed over the town to the tender mercies of the negro part of its population.

It had always occurred to me that if one wanted to connect the two seas by a ship canal, the first part of the isthmus to examine was the narrowest. Yet, so far as I am aware, this route has never, even to this day, been surveyed. While at Panama I thought I would make the attempt, and, indeed, reached a point by the Bayanos River within seventeen miles of the Gulf of Mexico. It is true that I was confronted by a high range of hills, which the hostility of Darien Indians — who obstruct the progress of the explorer by shooting little poisoned arrows at him through blowpipes — prevented my traversing; but I heard that at one place there was a low pass, across which the Indians were in the habit of dragging their canoes; and I still think Monsieur Lesseps, before deciding to make the canal by the side of the railway, and thus encountering the most insuperable obstacle of the Chagres River — which it may be predicted with tolerable certainty will prevent the work from ever being completed — would have done well to examine the country between the Bayanos River and Manzanilla Bay. I argued these considerations in an account of my expedition which I published in *Blackwood's Magazine* at the time. Upon returning from it I recrossed the isthmus, and proceeded to Carthagena, meeting on the steamer an interesting priest, who, on discovering my filibustering propensities, proposed to me to enter into a conspiracy for making a revolution in Honduras and upsetting the government. This was to be done in the interest of the Church to which he belonged, the president for the time being having so far emancipated himself from spiritual guidance as — in the opinion of the highest ecclesiastical authorities — to render a change desirable. My informant assured me, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, that the whole matter was arranged; that the revolution would probably be bloodless or nearly so; that he was on his way to

Europe in search of funds — for just in proportion as you had money, could you save the shedding of blood; but that, in order to be prepared for all contingencies, a few resolute men were required. These he would prefer to obtain, if possible, from England — the importation of Americans for such purposes not having proved satisfactory — witness Walker, who was invited to help in a revolution, and who, when he had gained the day for the presidential candidate he came to assist, deliberately ousted him, and put himself in his place.

I expressed my sense of the compliment paid to the more disinterested character of my countrymen, and asked the holy father how many of them he wanted. To my astonishment he said twenty would be enough. They were only required as leaders when fighting was to be done; and if there were more, it would be difficult to provide for them afterwards. In fact I was to bring out from England twenty of the biggest daredevils I could find, land them at a time and place which would be appointed, and obey orders which I should receive from a bishop! My spiritual tempter was rather disappointed to learn that I was not a Romanist, as then I should have been supported by the high moral consciousness that I was fighting in the cause of the Church; and was obliged to rest satisfied with my assurances that I was free from theological bigotry of any kind. Men, he said, derived great spiritual benefit by fighting on the right side, even though, to begin with, the motives by which they were actuated were low ones. This naturally suggested the question, What temporal advantage was to accrue to me for the service I was rendering the Church? He was not in a position, he replied, to make me any definite promises in this respect; but I might count on high office, probably the head of the War Department, if I developed strong clerical sympathies. What a vista of conquest and greatness did this suggestion open to my youthful and ardent imagination! To be War Minister of Honduras at seven or eight and twenty, with Costa Rica, Gautemala, San Salvador, and Nicaragua all waiting to be gobbled up. I would out-Walker Walker.

Of course we did not get to this climax till after several days of secret confabulation, for I had to inspire the holy father with confidence. Meantime my moral sense was getting more and more confused. Decidedly there was something in the atmosphere of Central America which had a tendency to mix things up. Possibly it is still haunted by the shades of Pizarro

and Kidd and Morgan, and freebooting and buccaneering influences hang round the lovely land to tempt the lonely wanderer disgusted with the prosaic tendencies of modern civilization. I went so far as to learn a secret sign from this pious conspirator, so that on my return with my twenty men I should know how to find a friend in case of need. After all, he was only proposing to me to do on a small scale in Honduras what a clerical deputation five years afterwards proposed to the brother of the Emperor of Austria to do in Mexico on a larger one, and which that unhappy prince accepted as a religious duty.

I had a long talk with the Emperor Maximilian at Trieste just before he started for Mexico, and gave him the benefit of some of my Central American experiences; for when I heard the noble and lofty ambitions by which his soul was fired, I foresaw the bitter disappointment in store for him, though I could not anticipate his tragic end.

"It is the paradise of adventurers, sir," I remember saying, "but not a country for any man to go to who has a position to lose or a conscience to obey." In my small way I felt, after I had escaped from the influence of my ghostly tempter, that I had both, and dismissed him and his proposals from my mind. I watched, however, the fortunes of Honduras in the papers; and sure enough, not many months elapsed before the government was overthrown by a peaceful revolution, as the father had predicted, and a new president and administration were installed in its place, where the name of the priest himself figured more than once as an important character in the politics of the country.

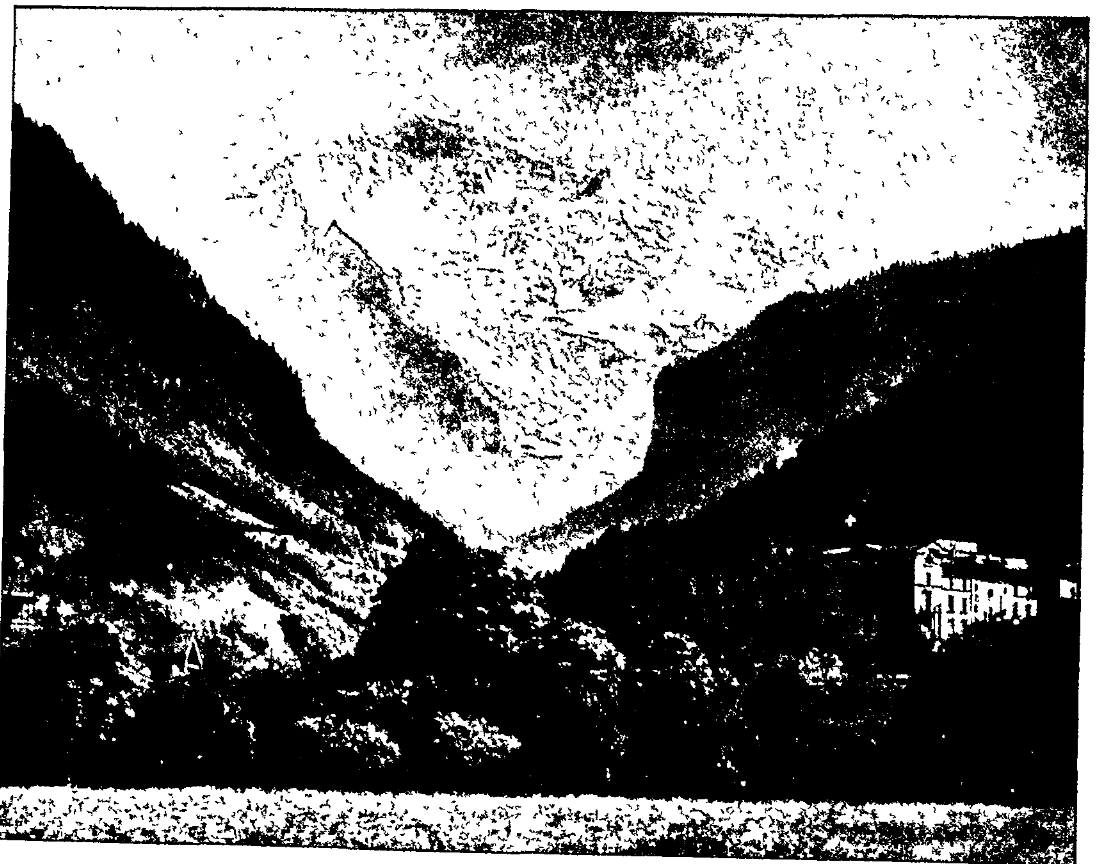
Almost immediately on my arrival in England, a dissolution of Parliament, followed by a general election, took place, and I was actively engaged for a fortnight endeavoring to filibuster a constituency. I failed in the attempt; but I was more than consoled by the fact that during the contest a special embassy to China was decided upon, with Lord Elgin as ambassador, who offered, if I did not get into Parliament, to take me out with him as his secretary. As special embassies to China are rarer events than general elections, I accepted my defeat with a light heart, more especially as I knew I had made the seat sure for next time, and a month afterwards was steaming down the Bay of Biscay on my way to far Cathay, with my dreams of empire in Central America relegated to the limbo of the past.

At Singapore we transferred ourselves from the P. & O.

Company's steamer, in which we had made the journey thus far, to H.M.S. "Shannon," a fifty-gun frigate commanded by Sir William Peel. She was a magnificent specimen of the naval architecture of those days; and her captain, who was justly proud of her, was, I think, not altogether satisfied with the prospect, during war time, of the peaceful duty of carrying about an ambassador, which had been allotted to him. Poor fellow! his fighting propensities were destined all too soon to be gratified, and the brilliant professional career which seemed in store for him to be abruptly and fatally terminated. I have never met a naval officer who so completely realized one's *beau idéal* of a sailor, or in whom a thorough knowledge of and devotion to his profession was combined with such a sound judgment, such gentle and amiable qualities, and such chivalrous daring. In some points there was a marked similarity in his character to that of General Gordon. There was the same high principle, stern sense of duty, lofty aspiration of aim, unbounded self-reliance, and intolerance of what seemed unworthy or ignoble, whether in governments or individuals.

It was at Galle that we heard the first news of the outbreak of the Indian mutiny; but the appalling details reached us at Singapore, and determined Lord Elgin, on his own responsibility, to divert the destination of the China expeditionary force from Hong Kong to Calcutta. Meantime we proceeded ourselves to the former place; and after staying there a few weeks to transact some necessary business, Lord Elgin determined to go himself to Calcutta, with the view of affording Lord Canning all the moral support in his power. On our return to Singapore in company with H.M.S. "Pearl," commanded by Captain Sotheby, we found the Ninetieth Regiment, together with some other troops, waiting for transport to Calcutta. These were embarked in the two ships, and we proceeded with them to India.

The transport which had conveyed the Ninetieth Regiment had been wrecked in the Straits of Sunda, and one young officer had particularly distinguished himself in the confusion attendant upon getting the men safely ashore and putting them under canvas. This was the junior captain; and as he took passage with us in the "Shannon," I was so fortunate as to make his acquaintance. I little suspected, however, when we parted at Calcutta, that the next time I was destined to meet him it would be as Lord Wolseley,



THE ALPS, SWITZERLAND

THE WEISSHORN.[1]

BY JOHN TYNDALL

(From "Hours of Exercise in the Alps.")

[JOHN TYNDALL: A British scientist, born near Carlow, Ireland, August 21, 1820, died at Haslemere, Surrey, England, December 4, 1893 In 1839 he became an assistant on an ordnance survey, and was subsequently a railway engineer and a teacher of physics After several years of study in Germany he secured his doctor's degree, and was made a Fellow of the Royal Society He was professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution (1853–1867) and superintendent (1867–1887). He was the first to climb the Weisshorn, and also climbed to the summit of the Matterhorn. Among his books are "Philosophical Transactions in Glaciers of the Alps" (1860), "Mountaineering in 1861" (1862), "Heat considered as a Mode of Motion" (1863), "Dust and Disease" (1870), "Faraday as a Discoverer" (1868), "Nine Lectures on Light" (1870), "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871), "Essays on the Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science" (1871), "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers" (1872), "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air" (1881), and "New Fragments" (1892).]

ON Friday the 16th of August I rose at 4.30; the eastern heaven was hot with the glow of the rising sun, and against it were drawn the mountain outlines. At 5.30 I bade good-by to the excellent little auberge of the Bel Alp, and went straight down the mountain to Briegg, took the diligence to Visp, and engaged a porter immediately to Randa. I had sent Bennen thither to inspect the Weisshorn. On my arrival I learned that he had made the necessary reconnaissance, and entertained hopes of our being able to gain the top.

This noble mountain, which is fourteen thousand eight hundred feet high, had been tried on various occasions and from different sides by brave and competent climbers, but all efforts had been hitherto unavailing.

Previous to quitting Randa to assail this formidable peak, I had two pairs of rugs sewed together so as to form two sacks. These and other coverlets, together with our wine and provisions, were sent on in advance of us. At 1 P M. on the 18th of August Bennen, Wenger, and myself quitted the hotel, and were soon zigzagging among the pines of the opposite mountain. Wenger had been the guide of my friend Forster, and had shown himself so active and handy on the Strahleck that I commissioned Bennen to engage him. During the previous night I had been very unwell, and as I climbed the slope I suf-

[1] By permission of Mrs Tyndall and Longmans, Green & Co

fered from intense thirst. Water seemed powerless to quench the desire for drink. We reached a chalet, and at our request a smart young Senner caught up a pail, and soon returned with it full of delicious milk. The effect of the milk was astonishing. It seemed to lubricate every atom of my body, and to exhilarate with its fragrance my brain.

Two hours' additional climbing brought us to our bivouac, a ledge of rock which jutted from the mountain side, and formed an overhanging roof. On removing the stones from beneath the ledge, a space of comparatively dry clay was laid bare. This was to be my bed, and to soften it Wenger considerately stirred it up with his ax. The position was excellent, for lying upon my left side I commanded the whole range of Monte Rosa, from the Mischabel to the Breithorn. We were on the edge of an amphitheater. Beyond the Schallenbach was the stately Mettelhorn. A row of eminences swept round to the right linked by lofty ridges of cliffs, which embraced the Schallenberg glacier. They formed, however, only a spur of the vaster Weisshorn, the cone of which was not visible from our dormitory. In company with Bennen I afterwards skirted the mountain until the whole colossal pyramid stood facing us. When I first looked at it my hopes sank, but both of us gathered confidence from a more lengthened gaze. The mountain is a pyramid with three faces, the intersections of which form three sharp edges or *arêtes.* The end of the eastern ridge was nearest to us, and on it our attention was principally fixed. We finally decided on the route to be pursued next morning, and with a chastened hope in both our breasts we returned to our shelter.

Water was our first necessity: it seemed everywhere, but there was none to drink. It was locked to solidity in the ice and snow. The sound of it came booming up from the Vispbach, as it broke into foam or rolled its bowlders over its water-worn bed; and the swish of many a minor streamlet mingled with the muffled roar of the large one. Bennen set out in search of the precious liquid, and after a long absence returned with a jug and pan full. At our meal, Wenger, who is a man rich in small expedients, turned the section of a cheese towards the flame of our pine fire; it fizzed and blistered and turned viscous, and, the toasted surface being removed, was consumed with relish by us all. The sunset had been unspeakably grand, steeping the zenith in violet, and flooding the base of the heavens

with crimson light. Immediately opposite to us rose the Mischabel, with its two great peaks, the Grubenhorn and the Taschhorn, each barely under 15,000 feet in height. Next came the Alphubel, with its flattened crown of snow; then the Allaleinhorn and Rympfischhorn; then the Cima di Jazzi; next the mass of Monte Rosa, flooded with light from bottom to top. The face of the Lyskamm turned towards us was for the most part shaded, but here and there its projecting portions jutted forth red hot as the light fell upon them. The "Twins" were most singularly illuminated; across the waist of each of them was drawn a black bar, produced by the shadow of a corner of the Breithorn, while their bases and crowns were exposed to the crimson light. Over the rugged face of the Breithorn itself the light fell as if in splashes, igniting its glaciers and swathing its black crags in a layer of transparent red. The Mettelhorn was cold, so was the entire range governed by the Weisshorn, while the glaciers they embraced lay gray and ghastly in the twilight shade.

The sunlight lingered, while up the arch of the opposite heavens the moon, within one day of being full, seemed hastening to our aid. She finally appeared exactly behind the peak of the Rympfischhorn, the cone of the mountain being projected for a short time as a triangle on the lunar disk. Only for a short time, however; the silver sphere soon cleared the mountain, and bore away through the tinted sky. The motion was quite visible, and resembled that of a vast balloon As the day approached its end the scene assumed the most sublime aspect. All the lower portions of the mountains were deeply shaded, while the loftiest peaks, ranged upon a semicircle, were fully exposed to the sinking sun. They seemed pyramids of solid fire, while here and there long stretches of crimson light drawn over the higher snow fields linked the summits together. An intensely illuminated geranium flower seems to swim in its own color, which apparently surrounds the petals like a layer, and defeats by its luster any attempt of the eye to seize upon the sharp outline of the leaves. A similar effect was here observed upon the mountains; the glory did not seem to come from them alone, but seemed also effluent from the air around them. As the evening advanced, the eastern heavens low down assumed a deep purple hue, above which, and blending with it by infinitesimal gradations, was a belt of red, and over this again zones of orange and violet. I walked round the corner of the moun-

tain at sunset, and found the western sky glowing with a more transparent crimson than that which overspread the east. The crown of the Weisshorn was imbedded in this magnificent light. After sunset the purple of the east changed to a deep neutral tint, and against the faded red which spread above it the sun-forsaken mountains laid their cold and ghastly heads. The ruddy color vanished more and more; the stars strengthened in luster, until finally the moon and they held undisputed possession of the sky.

My face was turned towards the moon until it became so chilled that I was forced to protect it by a light handkerchief. The power of blinding the eyes is ascribed to the moonbeams, but the real mischief is that produced by radiation from the eyes into clear space, and the inflammation consequent upon the chill. As the cold increased I was fain to squeeze myself more and more underneath the ledge, so as to lessen the space of sky against which my body could radiate. Nothing could be more solemn than the night. Up from the valley came the low thunder of the Vispbach. Over the Dom flashed in succession the stars of Orion, until finally the entire constellation hung aloft. Higher up in heaven was the moon, and her beams as they fell upon the snow fields and pyramids were sent back in silvery luster by some, while others remained a dead white. These, as the earth twirled round, came duly in for their share of the glory. The Twins caught it at length and retained it long, shining with a pure spiritual radiance, while the moon continued above the hills.

At twelve o'clock I looked at my watch, and a second time at 2 A.M. The moon was then just touching the crest of the Schallenberg, and we were threatened with the withdrawal of her light. This soon occurred. We rose at 2¼ A.M., consumed our coffee, and had to wait idly for the dawn. A faint illumination at length overspread the sky, and with this promise of the coming day we quitted our bivouac at 3½ A.M. No cloud was to be seen; as far as the weather was concerned we were sure to have fair play. We rounded the shingly shoulder of the mountain to the edge of a snow field, but before entering upon it I disburdened myself of my strong shooting jacket, leaving it on the mountain side. The sunbeams and my own exertion would, I knew, keep me only too warm during the day. We crossed the snow, cut our way through a piece of entangled glacier, reached the Bergschrund, and passed it with-

out a rope. We ascended the frozen snow of the couloir by steps, but soon diverged from it to the rocks at our right, and mounted them to the end of the eastern *arête* of the mountain.

A snow saddle separated us from the higher rocks. With our staff pikes at one side of the saddle, we pass by steps cut upon the other. We find the rocks hewn into fantastic turrets and obelisks, while the loose chips of this sculpture are strewn confusedly upon the ridge. Amid these we cautiously pick our way, winding round the towers or scaling them amain. The work was heavy from the first, the bending, twisting, reaching, and drawing up calling upon all the muscles of the frame. After two hours of this work we halted, and, looking back, saw two moving objects on the glacier below us. At first we took them to be chamois, but they were men. The leader carried an ax, and his companion a knapsack and an alpenstock. They followed our traces, losing them apparently now and then, and waiting to recover them. Our expedition had put Randa in a state of excitement, and some of its best climbers had urged Bennen to take them with him. This he did not deem necessary, and now here were two of them determined to try the thing on their own account, and perhaps to dispute with us the honor of the enterprise. On this point, however, our uneasiness was small.

Resuming our gymnastics, the rocky staircase led us to the flat summit of a tower, where we found ourselves cut off from a similar tower by a deep gap bitten into the mountain. The rope was here our refuge. Bennen coiled it round his waist; we let him down along the surface of the rock, until he fixed himself on a ledge, where he could lend me a helping hand. I followed him, and Wenger followed me. By a kind of screw motion we twisted ourselves round the opposite tower, and reached the ridge behind it. Work of this kind, however, is not to be performed by the day, and, with a view of sparing our strength, we quitted the ridge and endeavored to get along the southern slope of the pyramid. The mountain was scarred by long couloirs, filled with clear, hard ice. The cutting of steps across these couloirs proved to be so tedious and fatiguing that I urged Bennen to abandon them and try the ridge once more. We regained it and worked along it as before. Here and there upon the northern side the snow was folded over, and we worked slowly upward along the cornice snow. The ridge became gradually narrower, and the precipices on

each side more sheer. We reached the end of one of its subdivisions, and found ourselves separated from the next rocks by a gap about twenty yards across. The ridge had here narrowed to a mere wall, which, however, as rock, would present no serious difficulty. But upon the wall of rock was placed a second wall of snow, which dwindled to a pure knife edge at the top. It was white, of very fine grain, and a little moist. How to pass this snow catenary I knew not, for I did not think a human foot could trust itself upon so frail a support. Bennen's practical sagacity, however, came into play. He tried the snow by squeezing it with his foot, and to my astonishment began to cross it. Even after the pressure of his feet the space he had to stand on did not exceed a handbreadth. I followed him, exactly as a boy walking along a horizontal pole, with toes turned outwards. Right and left the precipices were appalling. We reached the opposite rock, and an earnest smile rippled over Bennen's countenance as he turned towards me. He knew that he had done a daring thing, though not a presumptuous one. "Had the snow," he said, "been less perfect, I should not have thought of attempting it; but I knew after I had set my foot upon the ridge that we might pass without fear."

It is quite surprising what a number of things the simple observation made by Faraday in 1846 enables us to explain. Bennen's instinctive act is justified by theory. The snow was fine in grain, pure, and moist. When pressed, the attachments of its granules were innumerable, and their perfect cleanness enabled them to freeze together with a maximum energy. It was this freezing which gave the mass its sustaining power.

Two fragments of ordinary table ice brought carefully together freeze and cement themselves at their place of junction; or if two pieces floating in water be brought together, they instantly freeze, and by laying hold of either of them gently you can drag the other after it through the water. Imagine such points of attachment distributed in great numbers through a mass of snow. The substance becomes thereby a semisolid instead of a mass of powder. My guide, however, unaided by any theory, did a thing from which I should have shrunk, though backed by all the theories in the world.

After this we found the rocks on the ridge so shaken that it required the greatest caution to avoid bringing them down upon us. With all our care, moreover, we sometimes dislodged vast masses, which leaped upon the slope adjacent, loosened



PROF TYNDALL'S WORKSHOP, NEAR HIS HOME ON HINDHEAD, SURREY

others by their shock, these again others, until finally a whole flight of them would escape, setting the mountain in a roar as they whizzed and thundered along its side to the snow fields 4000 feet below us. The day was hot, the work hard, and our bodies were drained of their liquids as by a Turkish bath. To make good our loss we halted at intervals where the melted snow formed liquid veins, and quenched our thirst. A bottle of champagne, poured sparingly into our goblets over a little snow, furnished Wenger and myself with many a refreshing draught. Bennen feared his eyes, and would not touch champagne. We, however, did not find halting good; for at every pause the muscles became set, and some minutes were necessary to render them again elastic. But for both mind and body the discipline was grand. There is scarcely a position possible to a human being which, at one time or another during the day, I was not forced to assume. The fingers, wrist, and forearm were my main reliance, and as a mechanical instrument the human hand appeared to me this day to be a miracle of constructive art.

For the most part the summit was hidden from us, but on reaching the successive eminences it came frequently into view. After three hours spent on the *arête*—about five hours, that is, subsequent to starting—we saw the summit over another minor summit, which gave it an illusive proximity. "You have now good hopes," I remarked, turning to Bennen. "I do not allow myself to entertain the idea of failure," he replied. Well, six hours passed on the ridge, each of which put in its inexorable claim to the due amount of mechanical work; and at the end of this time we found ourselves apparently no nearer to the summit than when Bennen's hopes cropped out in confidence. I looked anxiously at my guide as he fixed his weary eyes upon the distant peak. There was no confidence in his expression; still, I do not believe that either of us entertained for a moment the thought of giving in. Wenger complained of his lungs, and Bennen counseled him several times to remain behind; but this the Oberland man refused to do. At the commencement of a day's work one often feels anxious, if not timid; but when the work is very hard we become callous and sometimes stupefied by the incessant knocking about. This was my case at present, and I kept watch lest my indifference should become carelessness. I repeatedly supposed a case where a sudden effort might be required of me, and felt all through that I had

a fair residue of strength to fall back upon should such a call be made. This conclusion was sometimes tested by a spurt; flinging myself suddenly from rock to rock, I proved my condition by experiment instead of relying on surmise. An eminence in the ridge which cut off the view of the summit was now the object of our exertions. We reached it; but how hopelessly distant did the summit appear! Bennen laid his face upon his ax for a moment; a kind of sickly despair was in his eye as he turned to me, remarking, "Lieber Herr, die Spitze ist noch sehr weit oben."

Lest the desire to gratify me should urge him beyond the bounds of prudence, I told my guide that he must not persist on my account; that I should cheerfully return with him the moment he thought it no longer safe to proceed. He replied that, though weary, he felt quite sure of himself, and asked for some food. He had it, and a gulp of wine, which mightily refreshed him. Looking at the mountain with a firmer eye, he exclaimed, "Herr! wir mussen ihn haben," and his voice, as he spoke, rung like steel within my heart. I thought of Englishmen in battle, of the qualities which had made them famous: it was mainly the quality of not knowing when to yield—of fighting for duty even after they had ceased to be animated by hope. Such thoughts helped to lift me over the rocks. Another eminence now fronted us, behind which, how far we knew not, the summit lay. We scaled this height, and above us, but clearly within reach, a silvery pyramid projected itself against the blue sky. I was assured ten times over by my companions that it was the highest point before I ventured to stake my faith upon the assertion. I feared that it also might take rank with the illusions which had so often beset our ascent, and I shrunk from the consequent moral shock. A huge prism of granite, or granitic gneiss, terminated the *arête*, and from it a knife edge of pure white snow ran up to a little point. We passed along the edge, reached that point, and instantly swept with our eyes the whole range of the horizon. We stood upon the crown of the redoubtable Weisshorn.

The long-pent feelings of my two companions found vent in a wild and reiterated cheer. Bennen shook his arms in the air and shouted as a Valaisian, while Wenger raised the shriller yell of the Oberland. We looked downwards along the ridge, and far below, perched on one of its crags, could discern the two Randa men. Again and again the roar of triumph was sent

down to them. They had accomplished but a small portion of the ridge, and soon after our success they wended their way homewards. They came, willing enough, no doubt, to publish our failure had we failed; but we found out afterwards that they had been equally strenuous in announcing our success; they had seen us, they affirmed, like three flies upon the summit of the mountain. Both men had to endure a little persecution for the truth's sake, for nobody in Randa would believe that the Weisshorn could be scaled, and least of all by a man who for two days previously had been the object of Philomène the waitress' constant pity, on account of the incompetence of his stomach to accept all that she offered for its acceptance. The energy of conviction with which the men gave their evidence had, however, proved conclusive to the most skeptical before we arrived.

Bennen wished to leave some outward and visible sign of our success on the summit. He deplored having no suitable flag; but as a substitute for such it was proposed that he should use the handle of one of our axes as a flagstaff, and surmount it by a red pocket handkerchief. This was done, and for some time subsequently the extempore banner was seen flapping in the wind. To his extreme delight, it was shown to Bennen himself three days afterwards by my friend Mr. Francis Galton, from the Riffelberg hotel.

Every Swiss climber is acquainted with the Weisshorn. I have long regarded it as the noblest of all the Alps, and most other travelers share this opinion. The impression it produces is in some measure due to the comparative isolation with which it juts into the heavens. It is not masked by other mountains, and all around the Alps its final pyramid is in view. Conversely, the Weisshorn commands a vast range of prospect. Neither Bennen nor myself had ever seen anything at all equal to it. The day, moreover, was perfect; not a cloud was to be seen; and the gauzy haze of the distant air, though sufficient to soften the outlines and enhance the coloring of the mountains, was far too thin to obscure them. Over the peaks and through the valleys the sunbeams poured, unimpeded save by the mountains themselves, which sent their shadows in bars of darkness through the illuminated air. I had never before witnessed a scene which affected me like this one. I opened my notebook to make a few observations, but soon relinquished the attempt. There was something incongruous, if not profane, in allowing

the scientific faculty to interfere where silent worship seemed the "reasonable service."

We had been ten hours climbing from our bivouac to the summit, and it was now necessary that we should clear the mountain before the close of day. Our muscles were loose and numbed, and, unless extremely urged, declined all energetic tension: the thought of our success, however, ran like a kind of wine through our fibers and helped us down. We once fancied the descent would be rapid, but it was far from it. As in ascending, Bennen took the lead; he slowly cleared each crag, paused till I joined him, I pausing till Wenger joined me, and thus one or other of us was always in motion. Our leader showed a preference for the snow, while I held on to the rocks, where my hands could assist my feet. Our muscles were sorely tried by the twisting round the splintered turrets of the *arête*, but a long, long stretch of the ridge must be passed before we can venture to swerve from it. We were roused from our stupefaction at times by the roar of the stones which we loosed from the ridge and sent leaping down the mountain. Soon after recrossing the snow catenary already mentioned we quitted the ridge to get obliquely along the slope of the pyramid. The face of it was scarred by couloirs, of which the deeper and narrower ones were filled with ice, while the others acted as highways for the rocks quarried by the weathering above. Steps must be cut in the ice, but the swing of the ax is very different now from what it was in the morning. Bennen's blows descended with the deliberateness of a man whose fire is half quenched; still they fell with sufficient power, and the needful cavities were formed. We retraced our morning steps over some of the ice slopes. No word of warning was uttered here as we ascended, but now Bennen's admonitions were frequent and emphatic — "Take care not to slip." I imagined, however, that even if a man slipped he would be able to arrest his descent; but Bennen's response when I stated this opinion was very prompt — "No! it would be utterly impossible. If it were snow you might do it, but it is pure ice, and if you fall you will lose your senses before you can use your ax." I suppose he was right. At length we turned directly downwards, and worked along one of the ridges which lie in the line of steepest fall. We first dropped cautiously from ledge to ledge. At one place Bennen clung for a considerable time to a face of rock, casting out feelers of leg and arm, and desiring me to

stand still. I did not understand the difficulty, for the rock, though steep, was by no means vertical. I fastened myself on to it, Bennen being on a ledge below, waiting to receive me. The spot on which he stood was a little rounded protuberance sufficient to afford him footing, but over which the slightest momentum would have carried him. He knew this, and hence his caution. Soon after this we quitted our ridge and dropped into a couloir to the left of it. It was dark, and damp with trickling water. Here we disencumbered ourselves of the rope, and found our speed greatly augmented. In some places the rocks were worn to a powder, along which we shot by glissades. We swerved again to the left, crossed a ridge, and got into another and dryer couloir. The last one was dangerous, as the water exerted a constant sapping action upon the rocks. From our new position we could hear the clatter of stones descending the gully we had just forsaken. Wenger, who had brought up the rear during the day, is now sent to the front; he has not Bennen's power, but his legs are long and his descent rapid. He scents out the way, which becomes more and more difficult. He pauses, observes, dodges, but finally comes to a dead stop on the summit of a precipice, which sweeps like a rampart round the mountain. We moved to the left, and after a long *détour* succeeded in rounding the precipice.

Another half-hour brings us to the brow of a second precipice, which is scooped out along its center so as to cause the brow to overhang. Chagrin was in Bennen's face: he turned his eyes upwards, and I feared mortally that he was about to propose a reascent to the *arête.* It was very questionable whether our muscles could have responded to such a demand. While we stood pondering here, a deep and confused roar attracted our attention. From a point near the summit of the Weisshorn, a rock had been discharged down a dry couloir, raising a cloud of dust at each bump against the mountain. A hundred similar ones were immediately in motion, while the spaces between the larger masses were filled by an innumerable flight of smaller stones. Each of them shook its quantum of dust in the air, until finally the avalanche was enveloped in a cloud. The clatter was stunning, for the collisions were incessant. Black masses of rock emerged here and there from the cloud, and sped through the air like flying fiends. Their motion was not one of translation merely, but they whizzed and vibrated in their flight as if urged by wings. The echoes

resounded from side to side, from the Schallenberg to the Weisshorn and back, until finally, after many a deep-sounding thud in the snow, the whole troop came to rest at the bottom of the mountain. This stone avalanche was one of the most extraordinary things I had ever witnessed, and in connection with it I would draw the attention of future climbers of the Weisshorn to the danger which would infallibly beset any attempt to ascend it from this side, except by one of its *arêtes*. At any moment the mountain side may be raked by a fire as deadly as that of cannon.

After due deliberation we moved along the precipice westward, I fearing that each step forward but plunged us into deeper difficulty. At one place, however, the precipice beveled off to a steep incline of smooth rock, along which ran a crack, wide enough to admit the fingers, and sloping obliquely down to the lower glacier. Each in succession gripped the rock and shifted his body sideways along the crack until he came near enough to the glacier to reach it by a rough glissade. We passed swiftly along the glacier, sometimes running, and, on steeper slopes, sliding, until we were pulled up for the third time by a precipice which seemed even worse than either of the others. It was quite sheer, and as far as I could see right or left altogether hopeless. To my surprise, both the men turned without hesitation to the right. I felt desperately blank, but I could notice no expression of dismay in the countenance of either of my companions. They inspected the moraine matter over which we walked, and at length one of them exclaimed, "Da sind die Spuren," lengthening his strides at the same moment. We looked over the brink at intervals, and at length discovered what appeared to be a mere streak of clay on the face of the precipice. On this streak we found footing. It was by no means easy, but to hard-pushed men it was a deliverance. The streak vanished, and we must get down the rock. This fortunately was rough, so that by pressing the hands against its rounded protuberances, and sticking the boot nails against its projecting crystals, we let ourselves gradually down. A deep cleft separated the glacier from the precipice; this was crossed, and we were free, being clearly placed beyond the last bastion of the mountain.

In this admirable fashion did my guides behave on this occasion. The day previous to my arrival at Randa they had been up the mountain, and they then observed a solitary

chamois moving along the base of this very precipice, and making ineffectual attempts to get up it. At one place the creature succeeded; this spot they fixed in their memories, and when they reached the top of the precipice they sought for the traces of the chamois, found them, and were guided by them to the only place where escape in any reasonable time was possible. Our way was now clear; over the glacier we cheerfully marched, escaping from the ice just as the moon and the eastern sky contributed about equally to the illumination. The moonlight was afterwards intercepted by clouds. In the gloom we were often at a loss, and wandered half bewildered over the grassy slopes. At length the welcome tinkle of cow bells was heard in the distance, and guided by them we reached the chalet a little after 9 P.M. The cows had been milked and the milk disposed of, but the men managed to get us a moderate draught. Thus refreshed we continued the descent. I was half famished, for my solid nutriment during the day consisted solely of part of a box of meat lozenges given to me by Mr. Hawkins. Bennen and myself descended the mountain deliberately, and after many windings emerged upon the valley, and reached the hotel a little before 11 P.M. I had a basin of broth, *not* made according to Liebig, and a piece of mutton boiled probably for the fifth time. Fortified by these, and comforted by a warm foot bath, I went to bed, where six hours' sound sleep chased away all consciousness of fatigue. I was astonished on the morrow to find the loose atoms of my body knitted so firmly by so brief a rest. Up to my attempt upon the Weisshorn I had felt more or less dilapidated, but here all weakness ended, and during my subsequent stay in Switzerland I was unacquainted with infirmity.



THE ORANG-UTAN.[1]

By ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

(From "The Malay Archipelago")

[ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE: An English naturalist; born at Usk in Monmouthshire, January 8, 1822 He practiced architecture and land surveying until 1845, when he decided to devote himself to science. He is the author of

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.

some of the most charming books of travel ever published, and during his journeys in foreign lands made many valuable investigations and discoveries in botany and ornithology. He received medals from the Royal Society of London and from the Geographical Society of Paris. He has published: "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro" (1853), "On the Tendencies of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type," "The Malay Archipelago" (2 vols, 1869), "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" (1875), "On the Geographical Distribution of Animals" (2 vols, 1876), "Tropical Nature" (1878), "Land Nationalization Its Necessity and Aims" (1882), and "Darwinism: an Exposition of the Theory of Natural Selection" (1889)]

One of my chief objects in coming to stay at Simunjon was to see the Orang-utan (or great manlike ape of Borneo) in his native haunts, to study his habits, and obtain good specimens of the different varieties and species of both sexes, and of the adult and young animals. In all these objects I succeeded beyond my expectations, and will now give some account of my experience in hunting the Orang-utan, or "Mias," as it is called by the natives; and as this name is short, and easily pronounced, I shall generally use it in preference to Simia satyrus, or Orang-utan.

Just a week after my arrival at the mines, I first saw a Mias. I was out collecting insects, not more than a quarter of a mile from the house, when I heard a rustling in a tree near, and, looking up, saw a large, red-haired animal moving slowly along, hanging from the branches by its arms. It passed on from tree to tree till it was lost in the jungle, which was so swampy that I could not follow it. This mode of progression was, however, very unusual, and is more characteristic of the Hylobates than of the Orang. I suppose there was some individual peculiarity in this animal, or the nature of the trees just in this place rendered it the most easy mode of progression.

About a fortnight afterwards I heard that one was feeding in a tree in the swamp just below the house, and, taking my gun, was fortunate enough to find it in the same place. As soon as I approached, it tried to conceal itself among the foliage; but I got a shot at it, and the second barrel caused it to fall down almost dead, the two balls having entered the body. This was a male, about half-grown, being scarcely three feet high. On April 26th, I was out shooting with two Dyaks, when we found another about the same size. It fell at the first shot, but did not seem much hurt, and immediately climbed up the nearest tree, when I fired, and it again fell, with a broken arm and a wound in the body. The two Dyaks now ran up

to it, and each seized hold of a hand, telling me to cut a pole, and they would secure it. But although one arm was broken, and it was only a half-grown animal, it was too strong for these young savages, drawing them up towards its mouth notwithstanding all their efforts, so that they were again obliged to leave go, or they would have been seriously bitten. It now began climbing up the tree again; and, to avoid trouble, I shot it through the heart.

On May 2d, I again found one, on a very high tree, when I had only a small 80-bore gun with me. However, I fired at it, and on seeing me, it began howling in a strange voice like a cough, and seemed in a great rage, breaking off branches with its hands, and throwing them down, and then soon made off over the tree tops. I did not care to follow it, as it was swampy, and in parts dangerous, and I might easily have lost myself in the eagerness of pursuit.

On the 12th of May I found another, which behaved in a very similar manner, howling and hooting with rage, and throwing down branches. I shot at it five times, and it remained dead on the top of the tree, supported in a fork in such a manner that it would evidently not fall. I therefore returned home, and luckily found some Dyaks, who came back with me, and climbed up the tree for the animal. This was the first full-grown specimen I had obtained; but it was a female, and not nearly so large or remarkable as the full-grown males. It was, however, three feet six inches high, and its arms stretched out to a width of six feet six inches. I preserved the skin of this specimen in a cask of arrack, and prepared a perfect skeleton, which was afterwards purchased for the Derby Museum.

Only four days afterwards some Dyaks saw another Mias near the same place. and came to tell me. We found it to be a rather large one, very high up on a tall tree. At the second shot it fell, rolling over, but almost immediately got up again and began to climb. At a third shot it fell dead. This was also a full-grown female, and while preparing to carry it home, we found a young one face downwards in the bog. This little creature was only about a foot long, and had evidently been hanging to its mother when she first fell. Luckily it did not appear to have been wounded, and after we had cleaned the mud out of its mouth it began to cry out, and seemed quite strong and active. While carrying it home it got its hands in my beard, and grasped so tightly that I had great difficulty in

great tenacity of its grasp soon diminished, and I was obliged to invent some means to give it exercise and strengthen its limbs. For this purpose I made a short ladder of three or four rounds, on which I put it to hang for a quarter of an hour at a time. At first it seemed much pleased, but it could not get all four hands in a comfortable position, and, after changing about several times, would leave hold of one hand after the other, and drop on to the floor. Sometimes, when hanging only by two hands, it would loose one, and cross it to the opposite shoulder, grasping its own hair; and as this seemed much more agreeable than the stick, it would then loose the other and tumble down, when it would cross both and lie on its back quite contentedly, never seeming to be hurt by its numerous tumbles. Finding it so fond of hair, I endeavored to make an artificial mother, by wrapping up a piece of buffalo skin into a bundle, and suspending it about a foot from the floor. At first this seemed to suit it admirably, as it could sprawl its legs about and always find some hair, which it grasped with the greatest tenacity. I was now in hopes that I had made the little orphan quite happy; and so it seemed for some time, till it began to remember its lost parent, and try to suck. It would pull itself up close to the skin, and try about everywhere for a likely place; but as it only succeeded in getting mouthfuls of hair and wool, it would be greatly disgusted, and scream violently, and after two or three attempts let go altogether. One day it got some wool into its throat, and I thought it would have choked, but after much gasping it recovered, and I was obliged to take the imitation mother to pieces again, and give up this last attempt to exercise the little creature.

After the first week I found I could feed it better with a spoon, and give it a little more varied and more solid food. Well-soaked biscuit mixed with a little egg and sugar, and sometimes sweet potatoes, were readily eaten; and it was a never-failing amusement to observe the curious changes of countenance by which it would express its approval or dislike of what was given to it. The poor little thing would lick its lips, draw in its cheeks, and turn up its eyes with an expression of the most supreme satisfaction when it had a mouthful particularly to its taste. On the other hand, when its food was not sufficiently sweet or palatable, it would turn the mouthful about with its tongue for a moment as if trying to extract what flavor there was, and then push it all out between its lips. If the same

lift itself up to the edge into almost an erect position, and once or twice succeeded in tumbling out. When left dirty or hungry, or otherwise neglected, it would scream violently till attended to, varied by a kind of coughing or pumping noise, very similar to that which is made by the adult animal. If no one was in the house, or its cries were not attended to, it would be quiet after a little while, but the moment it heard a footstep would begin again harder than ever.

After five weeks it cut its two upper front teeth, but in all this time it had not grown the least bit, remaining both in size and weight the same as when I first procured it. This was no doubt owing to the want of milk or other equally nourishing food. Rice water, rice, and biscuits were but a poor substitute, and the expressed milk of the cocoanut which I sometimes gave it did not quite agree with its stomach. To this I imputed an attack of diarrhœa from which the poor little creature suffered greatly, but a small dose of castor oil operated well, and cured it. A week or two afterwards it was again taken ill, and this time more seriously. The symptoms were exactly those of intermittent fever, accompanied by watery swellings on the feet and head. It lost all appetite for its food, and, after lingering for a week a most pitiable object, died, after being in my possession nearly three months. I much regretted the loss of my little pet, which I had at one time looked forward to bringing up to years of maturity, and taking home to England. For several months it had afforded me daily amusement by its curious ways and the inimitably ludicrous expression of its little countenance. Its weight was three pounds nine ounces, its height fourteen inches, and the spread of its arms twenty-three inches. I preserved its skin and skeleton, and in doing so found that when it fell from the tree it must have broken an arm and a leg, which had, however, united so rapidly that I had only noticed the hard swellings on the limbs where the irregular junction of the bones had taken place.

Exactly a week after I had caught this interesting little animal, I succeeded in shooting a full-grown male Orang-utan. I had just come home from an entomologizing excursion when Charles rushed in, out of breath with running and excitement, and exclaimed, interrupted by gasps, "Get the gun, sir, — be quick, — such a large Mias!" "Where is it?" I asked, taking hold of my gun as I spoke, which happened luckily to have one barrel loaded with ball. "Close by, sir, — on the path to the

mines, — he can't get away." Two Dyaks chanced to be in the house at the time, so I called them to accompany me, and started off, telling Charley to bring all the ammunition after me as soon as possible. The path from our clearing to the mines led along the side of the hill a little way up its slope, and parallel with it at the foot a wide opening had been made for a road, in which several Chinamen were working, so that the animal could not escape into the swampy forests below without descending to cross the road or ascending to get round the clearings. We walked cautiously along, not making the least noise, and listening attentively for any sound which might betray the presence of the Mias, stopping at intervals to gaze upwards. Charley soon joined us at the place where he had seen the creature, and having taken the ammunition and put a bullet in the other barrel we dispersed a little, feeling sure that it must be somewhere near, as it had probably descended the hill, and would not be likely to return again. After a short time I heard a very slight rustling sound overhead, but on gazing up could see nothing. I moved about in every direction to get a full view into every part of the tree under which I had been standing, when I again heard the same noise but louder, and saw the leaves shaking as if caused by the motion of some heavy animal which moved off to an adjoining tree. I immediately shouted for all of them to come up and try to get a view, so as to allow me to have a shot. This was not an easy matter, as the Mias had a knack of selecting places with dense foliage beneath. Very soon, however, one of the Dyaks called me and pointed upwards, and on looking I saw a great red hairy body, and a huge black face gazing down from a great height, as if wanting to know what was making such a disturbance below. I instantly fired, and he made off at once, so that I could not then tell whether I had hit him.

He now moved very rapidly and very noiselessly for so large an animal, so I told the Dyaks to follow and keep him in sight while I loaded. The jungle was here full of large angular fragments of rock from the mountain above, and thick with hanging and twisted creepers. Running, climbing, and creeping among these, we came up with the creature on the top of a high tree near the road, where the Chinamen had discovered him, and were shouting their astonishment with open mouth: "Ya Ya, Tuan; Orang-utan, Tuan." Seeing that he could not pass here without descending, he turned up again

towards the hill, and I got two shots, and following quickly had two more by the time he had again reached the path; but he was always more or less concealed by foliage, and protected by the large branch on which he was walking. Once while loading I had a splendid view of him, moving along a large limb of a tree in a semierect posture, and showing him to be an animal of the largest size. At the path he got on to one of the loftiest trees in the forest, and we could see one leg hanging down useless, having been broken by a ball. He now fixed himself in a fork, where he was hidden by thick foliage, and seemed disinclined to move. I was afraid he would remain and die in this position, and as it was nearly evening I could not have got the tree cut down that day. I therefore fired again, and he then moved off, and going up the hill was obliged to get on to some lower trees, on the branches of one of which he fixed himself in such a position that he could not fall, and lay all in a heap as if dead, or dying.

I now wanted the Dyaks to go up and cut off the branch he was resting on, but they were afraid, saying he was not dead, and would come and attack them. We then shook the adjoining tree, pulled the hanging creepers, and did all we could to disturb him, but without effect; so I thought it best to send for two Chinamen with axes to cut down the tree. While the messenger was gone, however, one of the Dyaks took courage and climbed towards him, but the Mias did not wait for him to get near, moving off to another tree, where he got on to a dense mass of branches and creepers which almost completely hid him from our view. The tree was luckily a small one, so when the axes came we soon had it cut through; but it was so held up by jungle ropes and climbers to adjoining trees that it only fell into a sloping position. The Mias did not move, and I began to fear that after all we should not get him, as it was near evening, and half a dozen more trees would have to be cut down before the one he was on would fall. As a last resource we all began pulling at the creepers, which shook the tree very much, and, after a few minutes, when we had almost given up all hopes, down he came with a crash and a thud like the fall of a giant. And he was a giant, his head and body being full as large as a man's. He was of the kind called by the Dyaks "Mias Chappan," or "Mias Pappan," which has the skin of the face broadened out to a ridge or fold at each side. His outstretched arms measured seven feet three inches across, and his

height, measuring fairly from the top of the head to the heel, was four feet two inches. The body just below the arms was three feet two inches round, and was quite as long as a man's, the legs being exceedingly short in proportion. On examination we found he had been dreadfully wounded. Both legs were broken. One hip joint and the root of the spine completely shattered, and two bullets were found flattened in his neck and jaws! Yet he was still alive when he fell. The two Chinamen carried him home tied to a pole, and I was occupied with Charley the whole of the next day, preparing the skin and boiling the bones to make a perfect skeleton, which are now preserved in the Museum at Derby.



THE MAHOGANY TREE.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

CHRISTMAS is here·
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang, in its bloom;
Night birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone.
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate·
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink, every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree!

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite,
Leave us to-night,
Round the old tree.



NATURALISM AND ETHICS.[1]

By ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR

[THE RIGHT HONORABLE ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR, P.C., LL.D, F.R.S: British statesman and scholar; born July 25, 1848. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, and held many prominent political offices

[1] From "The Foundation of Belief" By permission of author and Longmans, Green & Co 8vo, price 12s 6d.

have taken current morality for granted, and have squared their proofs to their conclusions and not their conclusions to their proofs. I desire now rather to direct the reader's attention to certain questions relating to the origin of ethical systems, not to their justification; to the natural history of morals, not to its philosophy; to the place which the Moral Law occupies in the general chain of causes and effects, not to the nature of its claim on the unquestioning obedience of mankind. I am aware, of course, that many persons have been and are of opinion that these two sets of questions are not merely related but identical; that the validity of a command depends only on the source from which it springs; and that in the investigation into the character and authority of this source consists the principal business of the moral philosopher. I am not concerned here to controvert this theory, though as thus stated I do not agree with it. It will be sufficient if I lay down two propositions of a much less dubious character: (1) that, practically, human beings being what they are, no moral code can be effective which does not inspire, in those who are asked to obey it, emotions of reverence, and (2) that practically the capacity of any code to excite this or any other elevated emotion cannot be wholly independent of the origin from which those who accept that code suppose it to emanate.[1]

Now what, according to the naturalistic creed, is the origin of the generally accepted, or indeed of any other possible moral law? What position does it occupy in the great web of interdependent phenomena by which the knowable "Whole" is on this hypothesis constituted? The answer is plain: as life is but a petty episode in the history of the Universe; as feeling is an attribute of only a fraction of things that live; so moral sentiments and the apprehension of moral rules are found in but an insignificant minority of things that feel. They are not, so to speak, among the necessities of nature; no great spaces are marked out for their accommodation; were they to vanish to-morrow, the great machine would move on with no noticeable variation; the sum of realities would not suffer sensible diminution; the organic world itself would scarcely

[1] These are statements, it will be noted, not relating to Ethics proper. They have nothing to do either with the contents of the Moral Law or with its validity, and if we are to class them as belonging to any special department of knowledge at all, it is to Psychology or Anthropology that they should in strictness be assigned.

mark the change. A few highly developed mammals, and chiefest among these *man*, would lose instincts and beliefs which have proved of considerable value in the struggle for existence, if not between individuals, at least between tribes and species. But put it at the highest, we can say no more than that there would be a great diminution of human happiness, that civilization would become difficult or impossible, and that the "higher" races might even succumb and disappear.

These are considerations which to the "higher" races themselves may seem not unimportant, however trifling to the universe at large. But let it be noted that every one of these propositions can be asserted with equal or greater assurance of all the bodily appetites, and of many of the vulgarest forms of desire and ambition. On most of the processes, indeed, by which consciousness and life are maintained in the individual and perpetuated in the race, we are never consulted; of their intimate character we are for the most part totally ignorant, and no one is in any case asked to consider them with any other emotion than that of enlightened curiosity. But in the few and simple instances in which our cooperation is required, it is obtained through the stimulus supplied by appetite and disgust, pleasure and pain, instinct, reason, and morality; and it is hard to see, on the naturalistic hypothesis, whence any one of these various natural agents is to derive a dignity or a consideration not shared by all the others, why morality should be put above appetite, or reason above pleasure.

It may perhaps be replied that the sentiments with which we choose to regard any set of actions or motives do not require special justification, that there is no disputing about this any more than about other questions of "taste," and that, as a matter of fact, the persons who take a strictly naturalistic view of Man and of the Universe are often the loudest and not the least sincere in the homage they pay to the "Majesty of the Moral Law." This is, no doubt, perfectly true; but it does not meet the real difficulty. I am not contending that sentiments of the kind referred to may not be, and are not, frequently entertained by persons of all shades of philosophical or theological opinion. My point is that in the case of those holding the naturalistic creed the sentiments and the creed are antagonistic; and that the more clearly the creed is grasped, the more thoroughly the intellect is saturated with its essential teaching,

the more certain are the sentiments thus violently and unnaturally associated with it to languish or to die.

For not only does there seem to be no ground, from the point of view of Biology, for drawing a distinction in favor of any of the processes, physiological or psychological, by which the individual or the race is benefited; not only are we bound to consider the coarsest appetites, the most calculating selfishness, and the most devoted heroism, as all sprung from analogous causes and all evolved for similar objects, but we can hardly doubt that the august sentiments which cling to the ideas of duty and sacrifice are nothing better than a device of Nature to trick us into a performance of altruistic actions. The working ant expends its life in laboring, with more than maternal devotion, for a progeny not its own, and, if the race of ants be worth preserving, doubtless it does well. Instinct, the inherited impulse to follow a certain course with no developed consciousness of its final goal, is here the instrument selected by Nature to attain her ends. But man being a reasoning animal, more flexible if less certain methods have in his case to be employed. Does conscience, in bidding us to do or to refrain, speak with an authority from which there seems no appeal? Does our blood tingle at the narrative of some great deed? Do courage and self-surrender extort our passionate sympathy and invite, however vainly, our halting imitation? Does that which is noble attract even the least noble, and that which is base repel even the basest? Nay, have the words "noble" and "base" a meaning for us at all? If so, it is from no essential and immutable quality in the deeds themselves. It is because, in the struggle for existence, the altruistic virtues are an advantage to the family, the tribe, or the nation, but *not* always an advantage to the individual; it is because man comes into the world richly endowed with the inheritance of self-regarding instincts and appetites required by his animal progenitors, but poor indeed in any inbred inclination to the unselfishness necessary to the well-being of the society in which he lives; it is because in no other way can the original impulses be displaced by those of late growth to the degree required by public utility, that Nature, indifferent to our happiness, indifferent to our morals, but sedulous of our survival, commends disinterested virtue to our practice by decking it out in all the splendor which the specifically ethical sentiments alone are capable of supplying. Could we imagine the chrono-

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For not only does there seem to be no ground, from the point of view of Biology, for drawing a distinction in favor of any of the processes, physiological or psychological, by which the individual or the race is benefited; not only are we bound to consider the coarsest appetites, the most calculating selfishness, and the most devoted heroism, as all sprung from analogous causes and all evolved for similar objects, but we can hardly doubt that the august sentiments which cling to the ideas of duty and sacrifice are nothing better than a device of Nature to trick us into a performance of altruistic actions. The working ant expends its life in laboring, with more than maternal devotion, for a progeny not its own, and, if the race of ants be worth preserving, doubtless it does well. Instinct, the inherited impulse to follow a certain course with no developed consciousness of its final goal, is here the instrument selected by Nature to attain her ends. But man being a reasoning animal, more flexible if less certain methods have in his case to be employed. Does conscience, in bidding us to do or to refrain, speak with an authority from which there seems no appeal? Does our blood tingle at the narrative of some great deed? Do courage and self-surrender extort our passionate sympathy and invite, however vainly, our halting imitation? Does that which is noble attract even the least noble, and that which is base repel even the basest? Nay, have the words "noble" and "base" a meaning for us at all? If so, it is from no essential and immutable quality in the deeds themselves. It is because, in the struggle for existence, the altruistic virtues are an advantage to the family, the tribe, or the nation, but *not* always an advantage to the individual; it is because man comes into the world richly endowed with the inheritance of self-regarding instincts and appetites required by his animal progenitors, but poor indeed in any inbred inclination to the unselfishness necessary to the well-being of the society in which he lives; it is because in no other way can the original impulses be displaced by those of late growth to the degree required by public utility, that Nature, indifferent to our happiness, indifferent to our morals, but sedulous of our survival, commends disinterested virtue to our practice by decking it out in all the splendor which the specifically ethical sentiments alone are capable of supplying. Could we imagine the chrono-

species-preserving actions are produced; and as these psychological states would be weakened or neutralized if they were accompanied by the immediate consciousness that they were as rigidly determined by their antecedents as any other effects by any other causes, benevolent Nature steps in and by a process of selective slaughter makes the consciousness in such circumstances practically impossible. The spectacle of all mankind suffering under the delusion that in their decision they are free, when, as a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind, must certainly appear extremely ludicrous to any superior observer, were it possible to conceive, on the naturalistic hypothesis, that such observers should exist; and the comedy could not be otherwise than greatly relieved and heightened by the performances of the small sect of philosophers who, knowing perfectly as an abstract truth that freedom is an absurdity, yet in moments of balance and deliberation fall into the vulgar error, as if they were savages or idealists.

The roots of a superstition so ineradicable must lie deep in the groundwork of our inherited organism, and must, if not now, at least in the first beginning of self-consciousness, have been essential to the welfare of the race which entertained it. Yet it may perhaps be thought that this requires us to attribute to the dawn of intelligence ideas which are notoriously of late development; and that as the primitive man knew nothing of "invariable sequences" or "universal causation," he could in no wise be embarrassed in the struggle for existence by recognizing that he and his proceedings were as absolutely determined by their antecedents as sticks and stones. It is of course true that in any formal or philosophical shape such ideas would be as remote from the intelligence of the savage as the differential calculus. But it can nevertheless hardly be denied that in some shape or other there must be implicitly present to his consciousness the sense of freedom, since his fetichism largely consists in attributing to inanimate objects the spontaneity which he finds in himself; and it seems equally certain that the sense, I will not say of *constraint*, but of *inevitableness*, would be as embarrassing to a savage in the act of choice, as it would to his more cultivated descendant, and would be not less productive of that moral impoverishment which, as I proceed briefly to point out, determinism is calculated to produce.[1]

[1] It seems to be regarded as quite simple and natural that this attribution of human spontaneity to inanimate objects should be the first stage in the inter-

And here I am anxious to avoid any appearance of the exaggeration which as I think has sometimes characterized discussions upon this subject. I admit that there is nothing in the theory which need modify the substance of the Moral Law. That which Duty prescribes, or the "Practical Reason" recommends, is equally prescribed and recommended whether our actual decisions are or are not irrevocably bound by a causal chain which reaches back in unbroken retrogression through a limitless past. It may also be admitted that no argument against good resolutions or virtuous endeavors can fairly be founded upon necessitarian doctrines. No doubt he who makes either good resolutions or virtuous endeavors does so because (on the determinist theory) he could not do otherwise; but none the less may these play an important part among the antecedents by which moral actions are ultimately produced. An even stronger admission may, I think, be properly made. There is a fatalistic temper of mind found in some of the greatest men of action, religious and irreligious, in which the sense that all that happens is foreordained does in no way weaken the energy of volition, but only adds a finer temper to the courage. It

pretation of the external world, and that it should be only after the uniformity of material nature had been conclusively established by long and laborious experience that the same principles were applied to the inner experience of man himself But in truth unless man in the very earliest stages of his development had believed himself to be free, precisely the opposite order of discovery might have been anticipated. Even now our means of external investigation are so imperfect that it is rather a stretch of language to say that the theory of uniformity is in accordance with experience, much less that it is established by it On the contrary, the more refined are our experiments, the more elaborate are our precautions, the more difficult is it to obtain results absolutely identical with each other qualitatively as well as quantitatively. So far therefore as mere observation goes, Nature seems to be always aiming at a uniformity which she never quite succeeds in attaining; and though it is no doubt true that the differences are due to errors in the observations and not to errors in Nature, this manifestly cannot be proved by the observations themselves, but only by a theory established independently of the observations, and by which these may be corrected and interpreted But a man's own motives for acting in a particular way at a particular time are simple compared with the complexities of the material world, and to himself at least might be known (one would suppose) with reasonable certainty. Here, then (were it not for the inveterate illusion, old as self-consciousness itself, that at the moment of choice no uniformity of antecedents need insure a uniformity of consequences), would have been the natural starting point and suggestion of a theory of causation which, as experience ripened and knowledge grew, might have gradually extended itself to the universe at large. Man would in fact have had nothing more to do than to apply to the chaotic complex of the macrocosm the principles of rigid and unchanging law by which he had discovered the microcosm to be governed.

nevertheless remains the fact that the persistent realization of the doctrine that voluntary decisions are as completely determined by external and (if you go far enough back) by material conditions as involuntary ones, is wholly inconsistent with the sense of personal responsibility, and that with the sense of personal responsibility is bound up the moral will. Nor is this all. It may be a small matter that determinism should render it wholly absurd to feel righteous indignation at the misconduct of other people. It cannot be wholly without importance that it should render it equally absurd to feel righteous indignation at our own. Self-condemnation, repentance, remorse and the whole train of cognate emotions are really so useful for the promotion of virtue that it is a pity to find them at a stroke thus deprived of all reasonable foundation, and reduced, if they are to survive at all, to the position of amiable but unintelligent weaknesses. It is clear, moreover, that these emotions if they are to fall will not fall alone. What is to become of moral admiration? The virtuous man will indeed continue to deserve and to receive admiration of a certain kind — the admiration, namely, which we justly accord to a well-made machine; but this is a very different sentiment from that at present evoked by the heroic or the saintly; and it is therefore much to be feared that, at least in the region of the higher feelings, the world will be much impoverished by the effective spread of sound, naturalistic doctrine.

No doubt this conflict between a creed which claims intellectual assent and emotions which have their root and justification in beliefs which are deliberately rejected, is greatly mitigated by the precious faculty which the human race enjoys of quietly ignoring the logical consequences of its own accepted theories. If the abstract reason by which such theories are contrived always ended in producing a practice corresponding to them, natural selection would long ago have killed off all those who possessed abstract reason. If a complete accord between practice and speculation were required of us, philosophers would long ago have been eliminated. Nevertheless the persistent contradiction between that which is thought to be true, and that which is felt to be noble and of good report, not only produces a sense of moral unrest in the individual, but makes it impossible for us to avoid the conclusion that the creed which leads to such results is somehow unsuited for "such beings as we are in such a world as ours."

III.

There is thus a conflict between the sentiments associated with and subservient to morality, and the naturalistic account of their origin. It remains to ask what relation to Ethics, or, more strictly, to ethical imagination, has the teaching of Naturalism on the final results of human endeavor.

This is plainly not a question of small or subsidiary importance. That the ends prescribed by morality should be mutually consistent, and that they should be adequate, are demands which to me seem at least legitimate, and which, whether legitimate or not, will certainly be made. On the naturalistic theory can we say that they are either one or the other?

The question about consistency will be answered variously according to the particular, ethical theory held by the answerer. Personally I answer it in the negative, because I agree with those who think that "reasonable self-love" has a legitimate, though doubtless subordinate, position among ethical ends, that as a matter of fact it is a virtue wholly incompatible with what is commonly called selfishness, and that society suffers not from having too much of it but from having too little. If this be so, it is manifest, as has often been pointed out, that, until the world undergoes a very remarkable transformation, a complete harmony between "egoism" and "altruism," between the pursuit of the highest happiness for one's self and the highest happiness for other people, can never be provided by a creed which refuses to admit that the deeds done and the character formed in this life can flow over into another, and there permit a reconciliation and an adjustment between the conflicting principles which are not always possible here. To those again who hold (as I think, erroneously) both that the "greatest happiness for the greatest number" is the right end of action, and also that as a matter of fact every agent invariably pursues his own, a Heaven and a Hell, which should make it certain that principle and interest were always in agreement, would seem almost a necessity. Not otherwise, neither by education, public opinion, nor positive law, can there be any assured harmony produced between that which man must do by the constitution of his will, and that which he ought to do according to the promptings of his conscience. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that those moralists who are of opinion that "altruistic" ends alone are worthy of being described as moral, and that man

is not incapable of pursuing them without any self-regarding motives, require no future life to eke out their practical system. But even they would probably not be unwilling to admit with the rest of the world that there is something jarring to the moral sense in a comparison between the distribution of happiness and the distribution of virtue, and that no better mitigation of the difficulty has yet been suggested than that which is provided by a system of future "rewards and punishments."

With this bare indication of some of the points which naturally suggest themselves in connection with this part of the subject, I pass on to the more interesting problem raised by the second question, that which is concerned with the *emotional* adequacy of the ends prescribed by naturalistic ethics. And to consider this to the best advantage I will assume that we are dealing with an ethical system which puts these ends at their highest — charged, as it were, to the full with all that on the naturalistic theory they are capable of containing. I take as my text, therefore, no narrow or egoistic scheme, but will assume that in the perfection and felicity of the sentient creation, embracing within its ample margin every minor issue, we may find in all its completeness the all-inclusive object prescribed by morality for human endeavor. Does this, then, or does it not, supply us with all that is needed to satisfy our ethical imagination? Does it, or does it not, provide us with an ideal end not merely vast enough to exhaust our energies but enough to satisfy our aspirations?

At first sight the question may seem absurd. The object is admittedly worthy; it is admittedly beyond our reach. The unwearied efforts of countless generations, the slow accumulation of inherited experience, may, to those who find themselves able to read optimism into evolution, promise some faint approximation to the millennium at some far distant epoch. How, then, can we, whose own contribution to the great result must be at the best insignificant, at the worst nothing or worse than nothing, presume to think that the prescribed object is less than adequate to our highest emotional requirements? The reason is plain: our ideals are framed not according to the measure of our performances, but according to the measure of our thoughts; and our thoughts about the world in which we live tend, under the influence of increasing knowledge, constantly to dwarf our estimate of the importance of man, if man be in-

deed no more than a phenomenon among phenomena, a natural object among other natural objects.

For what is man looked at from this point of view? Time was when his tribe and its fortunes were enough to exhaust the energies and to bound the imagination of the primitive sage. The gods' peculiar care, the central object of an attendant universe, that for which the sun shone and the dew fell, to which the stars in their courses ministered, it drew its origin in the past from divine ancestors, and might by divine favor be destined to an indefinite existence of success and triumph in the future.

These ideas represent no early or rudimentary stage in the human thought, yet have we left them far behind. The family, the tribe, the nation, are no longer enough to absorb our interests. Man—past, present, and future—lays claim to our devotion. What, then, can we say of him? Man, so far as natural science by itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science, indeed, as yet knows nothing. It is enough that from such beginnings famine, disease, and mutual slaughter, fit nurses of the future lords of creation, have gradually evolved, after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant. We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the Universe will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal deeds," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will any-

thing that *is* be better or be worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect.

It is no reply to say that the substance of the moral law need suffer no change through any modification of our views of man's place in the Universe. This may be true, but it is irrelevant. We desire, and desire most passionately when we are most ourselves, to give our service to that which is universal, and to that which is abiding. Of what moment is it, then (from this point of view), to be assured of the fixity of the Moral Law, when it and the sentient world, where alone it has any significance, are alike destined to vanish utterly away within periods trifling beside those with which the Geologist and the Astronomer lightly deal in the course of their habitual speculations? No doubt to us ordinary men in our ordinary moments considerations like these may seem far off and of little meaning In the hurry and bustle of everyday life death itself — the death of the individual — seems shadowy and unreal: how much more shadowy, how much less real, that remoter but not less certain death which must some day overtake the race! Yet, after all, it is in moments of reflection that the worth of creeds may best be tested; it is through moments of reflection that they come into living and effectual contact with our active life. It cannot, therefore, be a matter to us of small moment that, as we learn to survey the material world with a wider vision, as we more clearly measure the true proportions which man and his performances bear to the ordered Whole, our practical ideal gets relatively dwarfed and beggared, till we may well feel inclined to ask whether so transitory and so unimportant an accident in the general scheme of things as the fortunes of the human race can any longer satisfy aspirations and emotions nourished upon beliefs in the Everlasting and the Divine.



SONGS OF SEVEN.[1]

By JEAN INGELOW

[JEAN INGELOW, a popular English poet and novelist, was born in 1830 at Boston, Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker Her first book, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings" (1850), was published anonymously,

[1] By permission of B Ingelow and Longmans, Green & Co

and her second, "Poems" (1863), which included "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," attained instant success. Later works are. "A Story of Doom," collected poems; "Poems of the Old Days and the New"; and the novels "Off the Skelligs," "Fated to be Free," "Don John," and "Sarah de Berenger." Miss Ingelow died at Kensington, July 19, 1897.]

SEVEN TIMES ONE. EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low,
You were bright! ah, bright! but your light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtledoves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO. ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet birds' clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

"Turn again, turn again," once they rang cheerily,
While a boy listened alone;
Made his heart yearn again, musing so wearily
All by himself on a stone

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover
You leave the story to me.

The foxglove shoots out of the green-matted heather
Preparing her hoods of snow;
She was idle, and slept till the sunshiny weather:
O children, take long to grow.

I wish and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story — the birds cannot sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells cannot ring it, but long years, O bring it!
Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE. LOVE.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
  Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover —
  Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
    Till I listen and hear
    If a step draweth near,
    For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
  A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer·
  To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
    Let the star clusters grow,
    Let the sweet waters flow,
    And cross quickly to me.

"You night moths that hover where honey brims over
  From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glowworms, shine out, and the pathway discover
  To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
    Ah, my sailor, make haste,
    For the time runs to waste,
    And my love lieth deep —

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
  I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
  Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
    But I'll love him more, more
    Than e'er wife loved before,
    Be the days dark or bright

SEVEN TIMES FOUR. MATERNITY.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
  Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
When the wind wakes how they rock in the grasses,
  And dance with the cuckoobuds slender and small!
Here's two bonny boys, and here's mother's own lasses
  Eager to gather them all.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups!
  Mother shall thread them a daisy chain;
Sing them a song of the pretty hedge sparrow,
  That loved her brown little ones, loved them full fain:
Sing, "Heart, thou art wide though the house be but narrow"—
  Sing once, and sing it again.

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
  Sweet wagging cowslips they bend and they bow;
A ship sails afar over warm ocean waters,
  And haply one musing doth stand at her prow.
O bonny brown sons, and O sweet little daughters,
  Maybe he thinks on you now!

Heigh-ho! daisies and buttercups,
  Fair yellow daffodils, stately and tall!
A sunshiny world full of laughter and leisure,
  And fresh hearts unconscious of sorrow and thrall!
Send down on their pleasure smiles passing its measure,
  God that is over us all!

SEVEN TIMES FIVE. WIDOWHOOD.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
  Before I am well awake;
"Let me bleed! O let me alone,
  Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep
  With a stone at foot and head;
O sleepless God, forever keep,
  Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes, and what to see
  And a world happy and fair!
I have not wished it to mourn with me—
  Comfort is not there

O what anear but golden brooms,
  But a waste of reedy rills!
O what afar but the fine glooms
  On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlore—
  How bitter it is to part!
O to meet thee, my love, once more!
  O my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see!
  O that an echo might wake
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
  Ere my heartstrings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
  And with angel voices blent;
O once to feel thy spirit anear;
  I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
  While an entering angel trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
  On the hills of God!

SEVEN TIMES SIX. GIVING IN MARRIAGE.

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
  To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
  Drawn up like morning dews—
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
  To watch, and then to lose.
This have I done when God drew near
  Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
  And with thy lord depart
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
  Will let no longer smart.—
To hear, to heed, to wed,
  This while thou didst I smiled,
For now it was not God who said,
  "Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool, and blind!
  To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find
  My soul put by her fears—

O fond, O fool, and blind!
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind
Is hope for unknown years

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views:
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in naught accuse;
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love — and then to lose.

Seven times Seven. Longing for Home.

I

A song of a boat: —
There was once a boat on a billow,
Lightly she rocked to her port remote,
And the foam was white in her wake like snow,
And her frail mast bowed when the breeze would blow,
And bent like a wand of willow.

II.

I shaded mine eyes one day when a boat
Went courtesying over the billow,
I marked her course till a dancing mote
She faded out on the moonlit foam,
And I stayed behind in the dear-loved home;
And my thoughts all day were about the boat,
And my dreams upon the pillow.

III

I pray you hear my song of a boat,
For it is but short. —
My boat you shall find none fairer afloat,
In river or port
Long I looked out for the lad she bore,
On the open desolate sea,
And I think he sailed to the heavenly shore,
For he came not back to me —
Ah me!

IV.

A song of a nest:—
There was once a nest in a hollow:
Down in the mosses and knotgrass pressed,
Soft and warm, and full to the brim—
Vetches leaned over it purple and dim,
With buttercup buds to follow.

V.

I pray you hear my song of a nest,
For it is not long:—
You shall never light, in a summer quest,
The bushes among—
Shall never light on a prouder sitter,
A fairer nestful, nor ever know
A softer sound than their tender twitter,
That windlike did come and go.

VI.

I had a nestful once of my own,
Ah, happy, happy I!
Right dearly I loved them: but when they were grown
They spread out their wings to fly—
O, one after one they flew away
Far up to the heavenly blue,
To the better country, the upper day,
And—I wish I was going too.

VII.

I pray you what is the nest to me,
My empty nest?
And what is the shore where I stood to see
My boat sail down to the west?
Can I call that home where I anchor yet,
Though my good man has sailed?
Can I call that home where my nest was set,
Now all its hope hath failed?
Nay, but the port where my sailor went,
And the land where my nestlings be:
There is the home where my thoughts are sent,
The only home for me—
Ah me!

SUPERVISION AND CONTROL OF OTHER WORLDS.[1]

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR

(From "Other Worlds than Ours.")

[RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR: An English astronomer and author; born in Chelsea, March 23, 1837, died in New York city, September 12, 1888. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, read law for a time, and from 1863 devoted himself to the study of astronomy and mathematics. He afterward taught in private schools, lectured, and traveled, settling in America in 1881. His published volumes are fifty-seven in number. Among the more notable are. "Other Worlds than Ours" (1870), "The Orbs around Us" (1872), "The Borderland of Science" (1873), "Myths and Marvels of Astronomy" (1877), "The Universe of Stars" (1878), "The Poetry of Astronomy" (1880), "Familiar Science Studies" (1882), "The Seasons" (1885), and "Half-hours with the Stars" (1887). His greatest work, "New and Old Astronomy," was left unfinished at the time of his death, and was completed by Arthur Cowper Ranyard, being published in 1892.]

IT is a peculiarity of the subject of other worlds than ours that it suggests, more strikingly than any other, certain difficulties in connection with conceptions as to supervision and control exercised over the universe.

Let us consider definitely (even though we must be unable to conceive clearly or at all) the infinities we have to deal with.

We know that space must be infinite. If the region amid which stars and nebulæ are scattered in inconceivable profusion be limited, if beyond lies on all sides a vast void, or if, instead, there be material bounds inclosing the universe of worlds on every hand, yet where are the limits of void or bound? Infinity of space, occupied or unoccupied, there must undoubtedly be. Of this infinity it has been finely said that its center is everywhere, its boundary nowhere. Now, whether within this infinity of space there be an infinity of matter is a question which we cannot so certainly answer. Only, if we were to accept this as certain, that the proportion which unoccupied bears to occupied space cannot be infinitely great,— a view which at least seems reasonable and probable,—then it would follow that matter as well as space must be infinite, since any finite proportion of infinity must itself also be infinite.

Time also must undoubtedly be infinite. If the portion of time which has hitherto been, or which will hereafter be, occupied with the occurrence of events (of whatever sort) were pre-

[1] By permission of Longmans, Green & Co (Price 3s 6d)



RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR

ceded and will be followed by a vast void interval, yet there can be neither beginning nor end to either of those bounding voids. Infinity of time, occupied or unoccupied, there must undoubtedly be. And though it is not possible for us to know certainly that there has been no beginning, or that there will be no end to that portion of time which is occupied with the occurrence of events (of whatever sort), yet it appears so unreasonable to conceive that unoccupied time bears an infinitely great proportion to occupied time that we seem led to the conclusion that occupied time is infinite — or, more definitely, that there has been no beginning and will be no end to the sequence of events throughout the infinitely extended universe.

Now to conceive of limits to the wisdom and power of One whose realm is infinite in extent and in duration is obviously to conclude that the Ruler is infinitely incompetent to rule over His kingdom; for there can be no relation between the finite and the infinite save the relation of infinite disproportion.

Senses such as we have we can no more attribute to such a Ruler than we can assign to Him hands and feet. Nor can we conceive in what way He can be cognizant of material processes which we only recognize through their material effects. Yet we can scarcely conceive of Him as other than cognizant of all those processes by which our senses can be affected.

But before considering the nature of such a Being's supervision of His universe, we may proceed a step further. The senses we possess are sufficient to indicate to us the possible existence of senses not merely far more acute, but of a wholly different kind. By the sense of touch, for instance, we can indeed recognize the feeling of heat; but it is easy to conceive of a sense (analogous to that by which light is made to teach us of the aspect of external objects) enabling men to judge of the figure, substance, internal structure, and other qualities of an object by the action of the heat waves proceeding from it. Or again, electricity, instead either of light or of heat, might be the means of communicating intelligence as to the qualities of objects. We can conceive also of a sense bearing the same analogy to sight that the spectroscope bears to the telescope. And a hundred kinds of sense, or in other words a hundred modes of receiving intelligence about what exists or is going on around us, might be readily conceived.

Yet once more, we know that reason is able to range beyond the action of the senses. Man is able to assure himself that

events have happened which yet have produced no direct effect upon any of his senses. By the exercise of reason he becomes as well assured of such events as though they had actually passed before his eyes. An analogous power, but infinite in degree, infinitely rapid in its operation, and infinite in the extent of space and time over which it ranges, we may conceive to be possessed by a true Ruler over the universe.

And now let us notice some of the conclusions to which these considerations tend.

Let us first deal with the teachings of that sense which is the most far reaching of all the faculties given to man — the sense of sight.

In a little treatise called "The Stars and the Earth," published anonymously several years since, some results of modern discoveries respecting light were dealt with in a very interesting manner. I propose to follow the path of thought indicated in that treatise, as a fitting introduction to wider conceptions of supervision and control over the universe.

We know from Romer's researches, and even more surely from the phenomenon termed the aberration of the fixed stars, that light does not travel with infinite velocity. Its speed is indeed so enormous that, compared with every form of motion with which we are familiar, the velocity of light appears infinitely great. In a single second light traverses a space equal to eight times the circumference of the earth; and therefore in traveling from any visible object on the earth to the eye of a terrestrial observer, light occupies a space of time indefinitely short. Yet even as regards such objects as these, light has occupied a real interval of time, however minute, in reaching the eye; insomuch that we see objects not as they are at the moment we perceive them, but as they were the minutest fraction of a second before.

Raising our eyes from the earth to regard the celestial objects, we find, in place of the indefinitely minute interval before considered, a really appreciable space of time occupied by light in carrying to us information as to the condition of those distant orbs. From the moon light takes little more than a second and a quarter in reaching us; so that we obtain sufficiently early information of the condition of our satellite. But light occupies more than eight minutes in reaching us from the sun; a longer or shorter interval in traveling to us from Mercury, Venus, and Mars, according to the position of

these planets; from about thirty-five to about fifty minutes in reaching us from Jupiter; about an hour and twenty minutes on the average in speeding across the great gap which separates us from Saturn; while we receive intelligence from Uranus and Neptune only after intervals respectively twice and three times as great as that which light takes in reaching us from the ringed planet.

Thus, if we could at any instant view the whole range of the solar system as distinctly as we see Jupiter or Mars when in opposition, the scene presented to us would not indicate the real aspect of the solar system at that, or indeed at any definite, instant. Precisely as a daily newspaper gives us a later account of what is going on in London than of events happening in the provinces, of these than of events on the Continent, and of these again than of occurrences taking place in America, Asia, Africa, or Australasia, so the intelligence brought by light respecting the various members of the solar system belongs to different epochs. If man had powers of vision, enabling him to watch what is taking place on the different planets of the solar system, it is clear that events of the utmost importance might have transpired — under his very eyes, so to speak — while yet he remained wholly unconscious of their occurrence. Or, to invert the illustration, if an observer on Neptune could see all that is taking place on the earth, he might remain for hours quite unconscious of an event important enough to affect the welfare of a whole continent, though that event should happen under his eyes, and his visual powers be such as I have supposed. We can imagine, for example, an observer on Neptune watching the battle of Waterloo from the early dawn until the hour when Napoleon's heart was yet full of hope, and our great captain was watching with ever-growing anxiety, as charge after charge threatened to destroy the squares on whose steadfastness depended the fate of a continent. We can conceive how full of interest that scene would have been to an intelligent Neptunian, and how eagerly he would have watched the maneuvers of either army, and also, what neither army knew of, the approach of Blucher with his Prussians. Yet while our Neptunian would thus have traced the progress of the battle from his distant world, the conflict would in reality have been long since decided, the final charge of the British army accomplished, the Imperial Guard destroyed, Napoleon fugitive, and the Prussians, who

to the Neptunian would be seen still struggling through muddy roads toward the field of battle, would have been relentlessly pursuing the scattered army of France.

It is, however, when we pass beyond the limits of the solar system that the non-contemporaneous nature of the scene presented to us becomes most striking. Here we have to deal not with seconds, minutes, or hours, but with years, decades, and centuries. From the nearest of the fixed stars light takes fully three years in traveling to the earth. Even the star 61 Cygni is so far from us that its light only reaches us in seven years. And so far as observation has hitherto gone, it seems unlikely that amid the whole host of heaven there are so many as a hundred stars — lucid or telescopic — whose light reaches us in a shorter interval of time than twelve or fifteen years. Whatever views we form as to the arrangement of the sidereal scheme, whether those usually accepted be held to be correct, or whether I have been right in adopting others, there can be no doubt that, among the stars revealed to us by the telescope, there must be myriads which lie many times further from us than the bright star in Centaurus and the orb in Cygnus which have been found relatively so near. In fact, the views I have adopted respecting the wide range of magnitude among the fixed stars do not interfere in the least with the theories which have been formed as to the distances from beyond which the light of some of the stars, only just visible in powerful telescopes, must be supposed to reach us. On the contrary, one may conceive, according to my views, that some of these faintly seen orbs may be many times larger even than giant Sirius, in which case the distance of such stars would be many times greater than has been hitherto supposed. We may certainly assume with confidence that many stars only visible in powerful telescopes shine from beyond depths which light would occupy thousands of years in traversing. I cannot, indeed, go further, as astronomers have hitherto done, and say that the nebulæ must be regarded as external galaxies, and therefore as sending their light to us over spaces which light must take many times as long an interval in traversing as it does in traveling to us from the bounds of our own galaxy. But it would be to misinterpret altogether the views which I have formed respecting the universe to suppose that I imagine those distant spaces which astronomers have hitherto filled with imaginary galaxies to be untenanted. On the contrary,

I have no doubt whatever that galaxies resembling our own exist at distances infinitely exceeding those at which astronomers have placed their most distant nebular universes, if even the bounds of our own galaxy do not extend into space as far as the widest limits hitherto assigned to the system of nebulæ. So that I am not precluded from speaking of orbs whose light, though unrecognized by us, is yet ever pouring in upon the earth, conveying, in letters we cannot decipher or even trace, a message which has taken millions on millions of years in traversing the awful gulf beyond which lie those mysterious realms.

If we conceive, then, that man's visual powers could suddenly be so increased that, without instrumental aid, he could look around him into the celestial depths, piercing even to those outer galaxies which astronomers have seen only imaged in the nebulæ, how wide would be the range of time presented to him by the wonderful scene he would behold! There would blaze out Alpha Centauri with its record three years old; there the star in Cygnus as it existed seven years since; the whole host of stars known to man would exhibit records ranging from a few years to many centuries in age; and lastly, the external galaxies, which are perhaps forever hidden from the searching gaze of man, would reveal themselves as they were ages on ages before man appeared upon the earth, ages even before this earth was framed into a globe; nay, ages perhaps before the planetary system had begun to gather into worlds around its central orb.

It is when we are thus contemplating in imagination the whole expanse of the universe, and as one almost may say the whole range of past time, that the author of the little treatise I have spoken of invites us to consider two processes of thought having sole reference to this earth on which we live, and to that history which, though all important to ourselves, seems to fade into such utter insignificance in the presence of the grand history of the orbs which lie in uncounted millions around us.

To a being placed on some far-distant orb, whence light would occupy thousands of years to wing its flight to us, there would be presented, if he turned his gaze upon our earth, and if his vision were capable of telling him of her aspect, the picture of events which thousands of years since really occurred upon her surface. For the light which left the earth at that time, winging its way through space with the account, if we

may so speak of those occurrences, is now traveling as swiftly as when it left our earth, but amid regions of space removed from us by a light journey thousands of years in duration. And thus, to the observer on this distant orb, the events which happened in the far-off years would seem to be actually in progress.

But now conceive that powers of locomotion commensurate with his wonderful powers of vision were given to this being, and that in an instant of time he could sweep through the enormous interval separating him from our earth, until he were no further from us than the moon. At the beginning of that tremendous journey he would be watching events which were occurring thousands of years ago; at its close he would gaze upon the earth as it was one second only before he undertook his instantaneous flight, so that, in the course of his journey, he would gaze upon a succession of events which had occurred during those thousands of years upon the face of this little earth.

The other conception is less beautiful and striking — I may remark, also, that it is, in a scientific sense, somewhat more exact. Suppose that a being armed with such powers of vision as we have imagined should watch from the neighborhood of our earth the progress of some interesting event. If he then began to travel from the earth at a rate equal to that at which light travels, he would see one phase of the event continually present before him, because he would always be where the light message recording that event was actually traveling. By passing somewhat less swiftly away, he would see the event taking place with singular slowness; while passing away more swiftly, he would see the event occurring in inverted order. Suppose, for example, he was watching the battle of Waterloo — he could gaze on the fine picture presented by the Imperial Guard as they advanced upon the English army, for hours, years, nay, for centuries or cycles; or he might watch the whole progress of the charge occurring so slowly that years might elapse between each step of the advancing column, and the bullets which mowed down their ranks might either seem unmoving, or else appear to wend their way with scarcely perceptible motion through the air; or, finally, he might so wing his flight through space that the Guard would seem to retreat, their dead men coming to life as the bullets passed from their wounds, until at length the Old Guard would

seem as it was when it began its advance, in the assured hope of deciding Waterloo, as it had already decided so many hard-fought battles for its imperial chief.

It may seem hypercritical to notice scientific inexactness in ideas professedly fanciful. But as the author lays some little stress upon the scientific truth of the method in which his fancies are exhibited, and as, further, he dwells upon two of the more obvious objections to the first conception, it may be well to consider a further objection, which enforces on us a total change in the way of presenting the idea. He remarks that the being he has conceived to be borne toward the earth through a distance so enormous would not see in a moment the whole history of the earth during the thousands of years considered, but only the history of that hemisphere which was turned toward him; while, further, all that took place under roofs or under cover of any sort would remain unperceived by him. But there is a more serious objection. Among the events which have taken place during those thousands of years have been thousands of revolutions of the earth around the sun, and more than 365 times as many rotations of the earth upon her axis, to say nothing of the stately sway of the earth in her motion of precession. So that our imaginary observer would in reality see the earth whirling with inconceivable rapidity upon its axis, and sweeping with even more tremendous velocity around the sun, so as to complete thousands of circuits in a single second. He would see clouds forming and vanishing in an amazing succession of changes, all occurring in a single instant. And even though his powers of vision enabled him to pierce the cloud envelope, he would not have a consecutive presentment of the various events occurring in any part of the earth, but only a haphazard succession of half-days for each portion of her surface.

However, we can easily see that, by a slight modification, the beautiful conception of our author can be made to illustrate one mode at least in which the events occurring upon our earth may be conceived to be at all times present to the thoughts of an Omnipresent Being. Imagine a sphere with a radius over which light would travel in the time which has elapsed since living creatures first began to move upon this earth, and having for center the place occupied by the earth at that instant. Then, if we imagine millions of eyes over the surface of that sphere, all turned with piercing powers of vision upon the cen-

tral earth, we see that to these eyes the earth would be presented by the record of light, not as she is now, but as she was at that primeval day. Now, conceive those millions of eyes closing swiftly in upon the earth, but with this peculiarity of movement, that, instead of being always on a sphere around a fixed point, they were always on a sphere around the position which was really occupied by the earth when the light messages started which those eyes were receiving at the moment. Then if that wondrous sphere contracted in an instant, according to the law assigned it, until its myriad millions of eyes were gazing intently on our earth from a sphere of but a few thousand miles in radius, the whole history of the earth, so far as light could render it, would have been in a moment of time presented before the myriad-eyed sphere.

By extending these considerations to other modes in which the history of an event is recorded, so to speak, by natural processes, we can see that a much more complete and definite picture of past events than light can convey must be at all times present in the universe. A sense which could analyze heat impressions, as eyesight analyzes light, would tell us not only what eyesight tells us, but much that no light messages can convey to us. At least it is conceivable that a sense of this sort would enable the being provided with it to recognize not merely the nature of the surface of any body whose heat reached the organ of this sense, but the quality of the body's internal structure, processes going on within the body, or the nature of bodies so placed that eyesight would not render us sensible even of their existence. Electricity, in like manner, would avail to give information altogether distinct from that which light can impart.

But again, the senses by which we judge of what is going on around us are, after all, merely certain means by which we judge of causes by their effects. When we say, for instance, that we have seen such and such an object, or watched such and such an event, what we really imply is that we have recognized certain physical impressions which we can only explain by the existence of that object, or by the occurrence of that event. We know, in fact, that in certain exceptional cases impressions resembling those caused by the actual presence of an object, or by the actual occurrence of some event, may arise where no such object has been present, or where no such event has taken place. Still, we commonly feel safe from error in concluding, from certain

impressions conveyed to the mind by the agency of the senses, that certain objects have been really present, at rest or in action, before us.

But then, even man, limited as are his powers, can yet follow a series of effects and causes far more numerous than those concerned in the act of vision; and so he can become certain of the occurrence of past events of which no sense he possesses gives him any direct information. For example, though I neither saw the battle of Waterloo nor heard the thunder of the guns there, yet I am as certain that the battle really took place as though sight and hearing had given me direct information on the matter. And when I inquire whence that certainty arises, I find a complicated series of events involved in my acquisition of the knowledge that the battle took place. My interpretation of the letterpress account of the battle involved in itself a number of more or less complex relations, associated with the question of my confidence in those who taught me that certain symbols represented certain letters, that certain combinations of letters represented certain words, and that certain words represented certain ideas. Not to follow out the long train of thoughts thus suggested, it will be clear that, with regard to a variety of matters, the knowledge which any man has is associated with consideration of cause and effect, of general experience, of confidence in the accounts of others or in his own judgment, which are in reality of a highly complex character.

Now we are led by these thoughts to remember that independently of those records of past events which are continually present throughout the universe in processes resembling those which directly affect our senses, such events leave their record (even to their minutest details) in the consequences to which they have led. If a great naturalist like Huxley or Owen can tell by examining the tooth of a creature belonging to some long-extinct race, not only what the characteristics of that race were, but the general nature of the scenery amid which such creatures lived, we see at once that a single grain of sand or a drop of water must convey to an Omniscient and Omnipresent Being the history of the whole world of which it forms part. Nay, why should we pause here? The history of that world is in truth bound up so intimately with the history of the universe that the grain of sand or drop of water conveys not only the history of the world, but with equal completeness the history of the whole universe. In fact, if we consider the matter atten-

tively, we see that there cannot be a single atom throughout space which could have attained its present exact position and state, had the history of any part of the universe, however insignificant, been otherwise than it has actually been, in even the minutest degree.

Turning from the past to the future, we must not let the limited nature of our recognition of the course of future events prevent us from forming a just opinion as to the way in which the future is in a sense always present. We can judge of the past by its effects, but we are almost utterly unable to judge of the future by its causes. Yet we cannot doubt that the future is present in its germs, precisely as the past is present in its fruits. It may be regarded in fact as merely a peculiarity of man's constitution that the past is more clearly present to his mental vision than the future. It is easy not only to conceive that the future and the past should be equally present to intelligent creatures, but to conceive of a form of intelligence according to which past events would be obliterated from the mind as fast as they took place, while the future should be as actually present as to the ordinary human mind the past is.

In considering the Omniscient Omnipresent Being, however, all questions of degree must be set on one side. The future must be absolutely and essentially present to such a Being in its germs as the past has been shown to be in its fruits. If a grain of sand contains in its state, figure, and position the picture of the universe as it is, and the whole history of the universe throughout the infinite past, — and who can doubt that this is so? — it contains with equal completeness the history of the universe throughout the infinite future. No other view is compatible with the assumption of infinite wisdom, and no assumption which limits the wisdom of a Ruler of an infinite universe is compatible with our belief in the fitness of such a Ruler to reign supreme over the universe.

Obviously also every event, however trifling, must be held to contain in itself the whole history of the universe throughout the infinite past and throughout the infinite future. For every event, let its direct importance be what it may, is indissolubly bound up with events proceeding, accompanying, and following it in endless series of causation, interaction, and effect.

So far, then, as the supervision of a Ruler over the universe is concerned, we have two lines of thought, each leading to the

recognition of perfect supervision. In virtue (1) of the omnipresence, and (2) of the infinite wisdom of such a Ruler, He could see at each instant the whole universe as it has been in the infinite past, as it is now, and as it will be in the infinite future; and this being as true of any one instant as it is of any other, we recognize the operation of yet a new form of infinity — the infinite duration of the Ruler's existence — to render yet more inconceivably perfect His supervision of the universe.

With regard to control it need hardly be said that if a Ruler does exercise control, apart from the laws assigned to His universe, His knowledge of the progress of past and future events would not therefore be called in question, since His own direct action, whether in the past or in the future, would be quite as much the subject of His consciousness (to use this word for want of a better) as the action of His creatures or of the laws He had primarily set them.

We know that certain laws have been assigned to the universe, and we know also that, so far as our very limited experience enables us to determine, these laws are never abrogated. Here I set altogether aside, for the moment, the possibility of miracles (since miracles would necessarily be nonnatural events), and consider only the results of experimental or observational science. Thus we are led to the conclusion that all things happen according to set physical laws; and we see strong reason to believe that these laws are sufficient for the control of all things.

Now it seems conceivable that in reality it is only our limited acquaintance with the operation of the laws of the universe which makes us regard them as unchanging, and, so to speak, inexorable. But I think that this view — though it has been entertained by many thoughtful men — is in reality inconsistent with just conceptions of infinite wisdom. If the wisdom of a Ruler of the universe, though inconceivably great, were yet finite, we could not suppose that the universe would have been so planned (still to use inexact words for want of better), and laws of such a nature assigned to it, that throughout the infinity of time all things should work well. There would then, undoubtedly, be continual need of adaptation, change, and remodeling — of the annulment of a law here, or its suspension there — in order that the whole might not fall to rack. But with a Ruler infinitely wise, there should be no such necessity.

The whole scheme of the universe would be so perfect that direct intervention would not at any time be required.

To sum up, we perceive that, before a Ruler omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent, the infinite past and the infinite future of the universe would be at all times sensibly present; that each the minutest atom and every the least important event would exhibit before Him at each instant the perfect history of the limitless past and future of the universe; and, lastly, that His infinitely perfect consciousness of the control over all that has been, is, or will be, would be infinitely multiplied (to use the only available expression) by the infinite duration throughout which His existence would extend.



AMIEL'S JOURNAL.[1]

[Henri Frédéric Amiel: A Swiss essayist, poet, and psychologist, born in 1821 at Geneva, died in 1881. His works were comparatively unnoticed until the publication of his "Journal," which appeared after his death. This was a personal diary which illuminated the inmost character of the man, and in giving the picture of his personality gave also the keynote of his work He wrote, besides, a "Study of Madame de Stael," "Millet Grains," and numerous poems He was a professor of philosophy in the Academy at Geneva]

(Selections from the "Journal Intime" of Henri Frédéric Amiel, translated by Mrs Humphry Ward)

April 28, 1852. — Once more I feel the spring languor creeping over me, the spring air about me. This morning the poetry of the scene, the song of the birds, the tranquil sunlight, the breeze blowing over the fresh green fields, all rose into and filled my heart. Now all is silent. O silence, thou art terrible! terrible as that calm of the ocean which lets the eye penetrate the fathomless abysses below. Thou showest us in ourselves depths which make us giddy, inextinguishable needs, treasures of suffering. Welcome tempests! at least they blur and trouble the surface of these waters with their terrible secrets. Welcome the passion blasts which stir the waves of the soul, and so veil from us its bottomless gulfs! In all of us, children of dust, sons of time, eternity inspires an involuntary anguish, and the infinite, a mysterious terror. We seem to be entering a kingdom of the dead. Poor heart, thy craving is

[1] By permission of the publishers, Macmillan & Co, Ltd.



THE HOME OF MRS HUMPHRY WARD, STOCKS HOUSE, TRING

for life, for love, for illusions! And thou art right after all, for life is sacred.

In these moments of *tête-à-tête* with the infinite, how different life looks! How all that usually occupies and excites us becomes suddenly puerile, frivolous, and vain. We seem to ourselves mere puppets, marionettes, strutting seriously through a fantastic show, and mistaking gewgaws for things of great price. At such moments, how everything becomes transformed, how everything changes! Berkeley and Fichte seem right, Emerson too; the world is but an allegory; the idea is more real than the fact; fairy tales, legends, are as true as natural history, and even more true, for they are emblems of greater transparency. The only substance properly so called is the soul. What is all the rest? Mere shadow, pretext, figure, symbol, or dream. Consciousness alone is immortal, positive, perfectly real. The world is but a firework, a sublime phantasmagoria, destined to cheer and form the soul. Consciousness is a universe, and its sun is love. . . .

Already I am falling back into the objective life of thought. It delivers me from — shall I say? no, it deprives me of the intimate life of feeling. Reflection solves reverie and burns her delicate wings. This is why science does not make men, but merely entities and abstractions. Ah, let us feel and live and beware of too much analysis! Let us put spontaneity, *naïveté* before reflection, experience before study; let us make life itself our study. Shall I then never have the heart of a woman to rest upon? a son in whom to live again, a little world where I may see flowering and blooming all that is stifled in me? I shrink and draw back, for fear of breaking my dream. I have staked so much on this card that I dare not play it. Let me dream again. . . .

Do no violence to yourself, respect in yourself the oscillations of feeling. They are your life and your nature; One wiser than you ordained them. Do not abandon yourself altogether either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren, will a despot. Be neither the slave of your impulses and sensations of the moment, nor of an abstract and general plan; be open to what life brings from within and without, and welcome the unforeseen; but give to your life unity, and bring the unforeseen within the lines of your plan. Let what is natural in you raise itself to the level of the spiritual, and let the spiritual become once more natural Thus will your development be

harmonious, and the peace of heaven will shine upon your brow; always on condition that your peace is made, and that you have climbed your Calvary.

Afternoon.—Shall I ever enjoy again those marvelous reveries of past days, as, for instance, once, when I was still quite a youth, in the early dawn, sitting among the ruins of the castle of Faucigny; another time in the mountains above Lavey, under the midday sun, lying under a tree and visited by three butterflies; and again another night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way? Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams, in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the infinite? Divine moments, hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration large, tranquil, and profound, like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven! Visits from the muse, Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority, of genius, moments of irresistible intuition in which a man feels himself great like the universe and calm like a god! From the celestial spheres, down to the shell or the moss, the whole of creation is then submitted to our gaze, lives in our breast, and accomplishes in us its eternal work with the regularity of destiny and the passionate ardor of love. What hours, what memories! The traces which remain to us of them are enough to fill us with respect and enthusiasm, as though they had been visits of the Holy Spirit. And then, to fall back again from these heights with their boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality! what a fall! Poor Moses! Thou too sawest undulating in the distance the ravishing hills of the promised land, and it was thy fate nevertheless to lay thy weary bones in a grave dug in the desert! Which of us has not his promised land, his day of ecstasy and his death in exile? What a pale counterfeit is real life of the life we see in glimpses, and how these flaming lightnings of our prophetic youth make the twilight of our dull, monotonous manhood more dark and dreary!

November 6, 1852.—I am capable of all the passions, for I bear them all within me. Like a tamer of wild beasts, I keep them caged and lassoed, but I sometimes hear them growling.

I have stifled more than one nascent love. Why? Because with that prophetic certainty which belongs to moral intuition, I felt it lacking in true life, and less durable than myself. I choked it down in the name of the supreme affection to come. The loves of sense, of imagination, of sentiment, I have seen through and rejected them all; I sought the love which springs from the central profundities of being. And I still believe in it. I will have none of those passions of straw which dazzle, burn up, and wither; I invoke, I await, and I hope for the love which is great, pure, and earnest, which lives and works in all the fibers and through all the powers of the soul. And even if I go lonely to the end, I would rather my hope and my dream died with me, than that my soul should content itself with any meaner union.

November 8, 1852. — Responsibility is my invisible nightmare. To suffer through one's own fault is a torment worthy of the lost, for so grief is envenomed by ridicule, and the worst ridicule of all, that which springs from shame of one's self. I have only force and energy wherewith to meet evils coming from outside; but an irreparable evil brought about by myself, a renunciation for life of my liberty, my peace of mind, the very thought of it is maddening — I expiate my privilege indeed. My privilege is to be spectator of my life drama, to be fully conscious of the tragi-comedy of my own destiny, and, more than that, to be in the secret of the tragi-comic itself, that is to say, to be unable to take my illusions seriously, to see myself, so to speak, from the theater on the stage, or to be like a man looking from beyond the tomb into existence. I feel myself forced to feign a particular interest in my individual part, while all the time I am living in the confidence of the poet who is playing with all these agents which seem so important, and knows all that they are ignorant of. It is a strange position, and one which becomes painful as soon as grief obliges me to betake myself once more to my own little *rôle*, binding me closely to it, and warning me that I am going too far in imagining myself, because of my conversations with the poet, dispensed from taking up again my modest part of valet in the piece. Shakespeare must have experienced this feeling often, and Hamlet, I think, must express it somewhere. It is a *Doppelgängerei*, quite German in character, and which explains the disgust with reality and the repugnance to public life, so common among the thinkers of Germany. There is, as it were, a

degradation, a gnostic fall, in thus folding one's wings and going back again into the vulgar shell of one's own individuality. Without grief, which is the string of this venturesome kite, man would soar too quickly and too high, and the chosen souls would be lost for the race, like balloons which, save for gravitation, would never return from the empyrean.

How, then, is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in one's self something of that unconsciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes man useful and relatively happy.

By believing more practically in the providence which pardons and allows of reparation.

By accepting our human condition in a more simple and childlike spirit, fearing trouble less, calculating less, hoping more. For we decrease our responsibility, if we decrease our clearness of vision, and fear lessens with the lessening of responsibility.

By extracting a richer experience out of our losses and lessons.

May 11, 1853. — Psychology, poetry, philosophy, history, and science, I have swept rapidly to-day on the wings of the invisible hippogriff through all these spheres of thought. But the general impression has been one of tumult and anguish, temptation and disquiet.

I love to plunge deep into the ocean of life; but it is not without losing sometimes all sense of the axis and the pole, without losing myself and feeling the consciousness of my own nature and vocation growing faint and wavering. The whirlwind of the wandering Jew carries me away, tears me from my little familiar inclosure, and makes me behold all the empires of men. In my voluntary abandonment to the generality, the universal, the infinite, my particular *ego* evaporates like a drop of water in a furnace; it only condenses itself anew at the return of cold, after enthusiasm has died out and the sense of reality has returned. Alternate expansion and condensation, abandonment and recovery of self, the conquest of the world to be pursued on the one side, the deepening of consciousness on the other — such is the play of the inner life, the march of the microcosmic mind, the marriage of the individual soul with the universal soul, the finite with the infinite, whence springs the intellectual progress of man. Other betrothals unite the soul to God, the religious consciousness with the divine; these

belong to the history of the will. And what precedes will is feeling, preceded itself by instinct. Man is only what he becomes — profound truth; but he becomes only what he is, truth still more profound. What am I? Terrible question! Problem of predestination, of birth, of liberty, there lies the abyss. And yet one must plunge into it, and I have done so. The prelude of Bach I heard this evening predisposed me to it; it paints the soul tormented and appealing and finally seizing upon God, and possessing itself of peace and the infinite with an all-prevailing fervor and passion.

May 14, 1853. — Third quartet concert. It was short. Variations for piano and violin by Beethoven, and two quartets, not more. The quartets were perfectly clear and easy to understand. One was by Mozart and the other by Beethoven, so that I could compare the two masters. Their individuality seemed to become plain to me: Mozart — grace, liberty, certainty, freedom, and precision of style, and exquisite and aristocratic beauty, serenity of soul, the health and talent of the master, both on a level with his genius; Beethoven — more pathetic, more passionate, more torn with feeling, more intricate, more profound, less perfect, more the slave of his genius, more carried away by his fancy or his passion, more moving, and more sublime than Mozart. Mozart refreshes you, like the "Dialogues" of Plato; he respects you, reveals to you your strength, gives you freedom and balance. Beethoven seizes upon you; he is more tragic and oratorical, while Mozart is more disinterested and poetical. Mozart is more Greek, and Beethoven more Christian. One is serene, the other serious. The first is stronger than destiny, because he takes life less profoundly; the second is less strong, because he has dared to measure himself against deeper sorrows. His talent is not always equal to his genius, and pathos is his dominant feature, as perfection is that of Mozart. In Mozart the balance of the whole is perfect, and art triumphs; in Beethoven feeling governs everything, and emotion troubles his art in proportion as it deepens it.

July 14, 1859. — I have just read "Faust" again. Alas, every year I am fascinated afresh by this somber figure, this restless life. It is the type of suffering toward which I myself gravitate, and I am always finding in the poem words which strike straight to my heart. Immortal, malign, accursed type! Specter of my own conscience, ghost of my own torment, image

of the ceaseless struggle of the soul which has not yet found its true aliment, its peace, its faith — art thou not the typical example of a life which feeds upon itself, because it has not found its God, and which, in its wandering flight across the worlds, carries within it, like a comet, an inextinguishable flame of desire, and an agony of incurable disillusion? I also am reduced to nothingness, and I shiver on the brink of the great empty abysses of my inner being, stifled by longing for the unknown, consumed with the thirst for the infinite, prostrate before the ineffable. I also am torn sometimes by this blind passion for life, these desperate struggles for happiness, though more often I am a prey to complete exhaustion and taciturn despair. What is the reason of it all? Doubt — doubt of one's self, of thought, of men, and of life — doubt which enervates the will and weakens all our powers, which makes us forget God and neglect prayer and duty — that restless and corrosive doubt which makes existence impossible and meets all hope with satire.

August 9, 1859. — Nature is forgetful: the world is almost more so. However little the individual may lend himself to it, oblivion soon covers him like a shroud. This rapid and inexorable expansion of the universal life, which covers, overflows, and swallows up all individual being, which effaces our existence and annuls all memory of us, fills me with unbearable melancholy. To be born, to struggle, to disappear — there is the whole ephemeral drama of human life. Except in a few hearts, and not even always in one, our memory passes like a ripple on the water, or a breeze in the air. If nothing in us is immortal, what a small thing is life. Like a dream which trembles and dies at the first glimmer of dawn, all my past, all my present, dissolve in me, and fall away from my consciousness at the moment when it returns upon itself. I feel myself then stripped and empty, like a convalescent who remembers nothing. My travels, my reading, my studies, my projects, my hopes, have faded from my mind. It is a singular state. All my faculties drop away from me like a cloak that one takes off, like the chrysalis case of a larva. I feel myself returning into a more elementary form. I behold my own unclothing; I forget still more than I am forgotten; I pass gently into the grave while still living, and I feel, as it were, the indescribable peace of annihilation, and the dim quiet of the Nirvana. I am conscious of the river of time passing before and in me, of the impalpable



MRS HUMPHRY WARD IN HER STUDY

shadows of life gliding past me, but nothing breaks the cataleptic tranquillity which enwraps me.

I come to understand the Buddhist trance of the Soufis, the kief of the Turk, the "ecstasy" of the orientals, and yet I am conscious all the time that the pleasure of it is deadly, that, like the use of opium or of hasheesh, it is a kind of slow suicide, inferior in all respects to the joys of action, to the sweetness of love, to the beauty of enthusiasm, to the sacred savor of accomplished duty.

April 11, 1865.—How hard it is to grow old, when we have missed our life, when we have neither the crown of completed manhood nor of fatherhood! How sad it is to feel the mind declining before it has done its work, and the body growing weaker before it has seen itself renewed in those who might close our eyes and honor our name! The tragic solemnity of existence strikes us with terrible force, on that morning when we wake to find the mournful word *too late* ringing in our ears! "Too late, the sand is turned, the hour is past! Thy harvest is unreaped—too late! Thou hast been dreaming, forgetting, sleeping—so much the worse! Every man rewards or punishes himself. To whom or of whom wouldst thou complain?"—Alas!

April 21, 1865.—A morning of intoxicating beauty, fresh as the feeling of sixteen, and crowned with flowers like a bride. The poetry of youth, of innocence, and of love overflowed my soul. Even to the light mist hovering over the bosom of the plain—image of that tender modesty which veils the features and shrouds in mystery the inmost thoughts of the maiden—everything that I saw delighted my eyes and spoke to my imagination. It was a sacred, a nuptial day! and the matin bells ringing in some distant village harmonized marvelously with the hymn of nature. "Pray," they said, "and love! Adore a fatherly and beneficent God." They recalled to me the accent of Haydn; there was in them and in the landscape a childlike joyousness, a naïve gratitude, a radiant, heavenly joy innocent of pain and sin, like the sacred, simple-hearted ravishment of Eve on the first day of her awakening in the new world. How good a thing is feeling, admiration! It is the bread of angels, the eternal food of cherubim and seraphim.

I have not yet felt the air so pure, so life-giving, so ethereal, during the five days that I have been here. To breathe is a beatitude. One understands the delights of a bird's existence,

power. But no; for if so, evil would be the true God, and hell would swallow up creation. According to the Persian and the Christian faiths, good is to conquer evil, and perhaps even Satan himself will be restored to grace — which is as much as to say that the divine order will be everywhere reestablished. Love will be more potent than hatred; God will save his glory, and his glory is in his goodness. But it is very true that all gratuitous wickedness troubles the soul, because it seems to make the great lines of the moral order tremble within us by the sudden withdrawal of the curtain which hides from us the action of those dark corrosive forces which have ranged themselves in battle against the divine plan.

June 26, 1865. — One may guess the why and wherefore of a tear and yet find it too subtle to give any account of. A tear may be the poetical *résumé* of so many simultaneous impressions, the quintessence of so many opposing thoughts! It is like a drop of one of those precious elixirs of the East which contain the life of twenty plants fused into a single aroma. Sometimes it is the mere overflow of the soul, the running over of the cup of reverie. All that one cannot or will not say, all that one refuses to confess even to one's self — confused desires, secret trouble, suppressed grief, smothered conflict, voiceless regret, the emotions we have struggled against, the pain we have sought to hide, our superstitious fears, our vague sufferings, our restless presentiments, our unrealized dreams, the wounds inflicted upon our ideal, the dissatisfied languor, the vain hopes, the multitude of small indiscernible ills which accumulate slowly in a corner of the heart, like water dropping noiselessly from the roof of a cavern, — all these mysterious movements of the inner life end in an instant of emotion, and the emotion concentrates itself in a tear just visible on the edge of the eyelid.

For the rest, tears express joy as well as sadness. They are the symbol of the powerlessness of the soul to restrain its emotion and to remain mistress of itself. Speech implies analysis; when we are overcome by sensation or by feeling, analysis ceases, and with it speech and liberty. Our only resource, after silence and stupor, is the language of action — pantomime. Any oppressive weight of thought carries us back to a stage anterior to humanity, to a gesture, a cry, a sob, and at last to swooning and collapse; that is to say, incapable of bearing the excessive strain of sensation as men, we fall back

successively to the stage of mere animate being, and then to that of the vegetable. Dante swoons at every turn in his journey through hell, and nothing paints better the violence of his emotions and the ardor of his piety.

. . . And intense joy? It also withdraws into itself and is silent. To speak is to disperse and scatter. Words isolate and localize life in a single point; they touch only the circumference of being; they analyze, they treat one thing at a time. Thus they decentralize emotion, and chill it in doing so. The heart would fain brood over its feeling, cherishing and protecting it. Its happiness is silent and meditative; it listens to its own beating and feeds religiously upon itself.



THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.[1]

By ÉMILE SOUVESTRE.

[ÉMILE SOUVESTRE: A French novelist and playwright; born at Morlaix, April 15, 1806; died at Paris, July 5, 1854. He became a journalist, and first won recognition by his sketches of Brittany, "Les Derniers Bretons" and "Foyer Breton" "Un Philosophe sous les Toits" was crowned by the Academy in 1851 He also wrote "Causeries Historiques et Littéraires" (2 vols., 1854), and many plays which did not achieve any great degree of popularity.]

WHAT POWER COSTS AND FAME BRINGS.

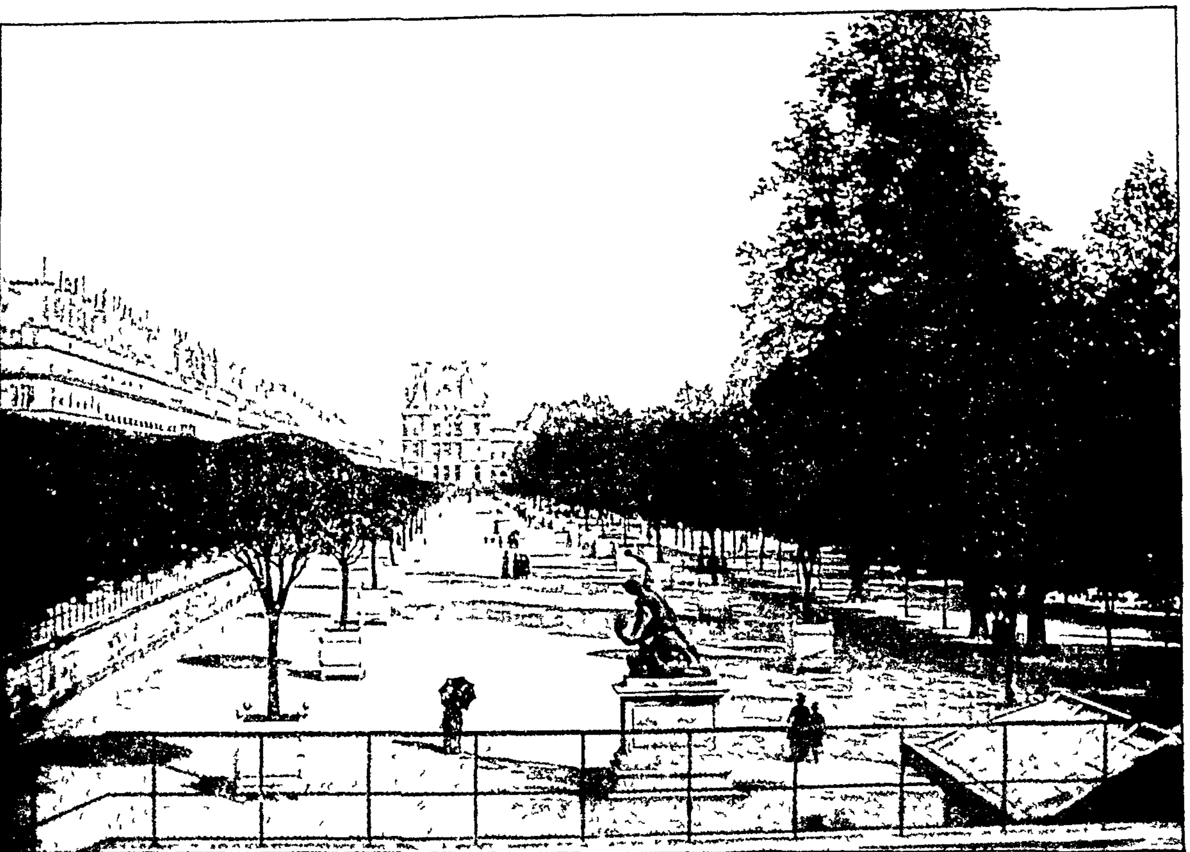
12th, seven o'clock P.M. — On coming home this evening, I saw, standing at the door of a house, an old man, whose pose and features reminded me of my father. There was the same beautiful smile, the same deep and eager eye, the same noble bearing of the head, and the same careless attitude.

This sight has carried my thought backward. I set myself to go over the first years of my life; to recall the conversations of that guide whom God in His mercy had given me, and whom in His severity He had too soon taken away.

When my father spoke, it was not only to bring our two minds in touch by an exchange of ideas, his words always contained instruction.

Not that he endeavored to make me feel it so: my father feared everything that had the appearance of a lesson. He used to say that virtue could make herself devoted friends,

[1] By permission of Longmans, Green & Co



GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES, PARIS

but she did not take pupils, therefore he was not thinking to teach goodness; he contented himself with sowing the seeds of it, certain that experience would make them grow.

How often has good grain fallen thus into a corner of the heart, and, long time forgotten, has suddenly put forth the stalk and given the ear! Treasures are laid in store at a time of ignorance, and we do not know the value till the day we find ourselves in need of them.

Among the stories with which he enlivened our walks or our evenings, there is one which now returns to my memory, doubtless because the time is come to derive the lesson from it.

My father, who was apprenticed at the age of twelve to one of those trading collectors who have given themselves the name of *naturalist*, because they put all creation under glass, that they may sell it retail, had always led a life of poverty and labor. Rising before daybreak, by turns shopboy, clerk, laborer, he was made to bear alone all the work of a trade, of which his master reaped all the profits. In truth, this latter had a peculiar ability for making the most of the labor of others. Incapable himself of executing anything, no one knew better how to sell it.

His words were a net, in which one found himself taken before he perceived it. Moreover, devoted to himself alone, regarding the producer as his enemy, and the buyer as his prey, he took advantage of both with that unbending persistence which avarice teaches.

A slave all the week, my father could only call himself his own on Sunday. The master naturalist, who used to spend the day at the house of an old female cousin, then gave him his liberty on condition that he dined out and at his own expense. But my father used secretly to carry away with him a crust of bread, which he hid in his specimen box, and leaving Paris at daybreak, he would penetrate far into the valley of Montmorency, the wood of Meudon, or among the windings of the Marne. Excited by the fresh air, the penetrating perfume of the sap at work, or the fragrance of the honeysuckles, he would walk on until hunger or fatigue made itself felt. Then he would sit down by a thicket, or by a brook; water-cresses, strawberries from the woods, mulberries from the hedges, made for him by turns a rustic feast; he would gather a few plants, read some pages of Florian, then in greatest esteem, of Gessner, who was just translated, or of Jean Jacques,

of whom he possessed three odd volumes. The day was thus passed alternately in activity and rest, in search and meditation, until the declining sun warned him to take again the road to the city, where he would arrive, his feet torn and dusty, but his heart refreshed for a whole week.

One day, as he was going toward the wood of Viroflay, he met, on the border of it, a stranger who was occupied in sorting the plants he had come from botanizing. He was a man already old, with an honest face, but his eyes, which were somewhat deep set under his eyebrows, had an anxious and timid expression. He was dressed in a brown cloth coat, a gray waistcoat, black breeches, and milled stockings, and held an ivory-headed cane under his arm. His appearance was that of a small retired citizen who was living on his means, and rather below the golden mean of Horace.

My father, who had great respect for age, politely saluted him as he passed. In doing so, a plant he held fell from his hand; the stranger stooped to take it up, and recognized it.

"It is a *Deutaria heptaphyllos*," said he; "I have not yet seen one in these woods; did you find it near here, sir?"

My father replied that it, as well as the *Laserpitium*, was to be found in abundance on the top of the hill, toward Sèvres.

"That, too!" repeated the old man, more briskly. "Ah! I wish to find them; I have gathered them formerly on the hillside of Robaila."

My father proposed to guide him. The stranger accepted with thanks, and hastened to collect together the plants he had gathered; but all of a sudden he appeared seized with a scruple. He observed to his companion that the road he was going was halfway up the hill, and led towards the castle of the Royal Dames at Bellevue; that by going over the top he would consequently turn out of his road, and that it was not just he should take this trouble for a stranger.

My father insisted upon it with his habitual good nature; but, the more eagerness he showed, the more obstinately the old man refused; it even seemed to my father that his good intention ended by exciting suspicion. He therefore decided only to point out the direction to the stranger, whom he saluted, and soon lost sight of.

Several hours passed, and he thought no more of the meeting. He had reached the copses of Chaville, where, stretched on the moss in a clearing, he re-read the last volume of

"Émile." The delight of reading it had so completely absorbed him, that he had ceased to hear or see anything around him. With flushed cheeks and moist eye, he read aloud a passage which had particularly touched him.

An exclamation uttered close by him arrested his ecstasy; he raised his head, and perceived the citizen he had met before at the crossroad of the Viroflay.

He was loaded with plants, the selection of which seemed to have put him into good humor.

"A thousand thanks, sir," said he to my father. "I have found all that you told me of, and I am indebted to you for a charming walk."

My father respectfully rose and made a civil reply. The stranger became quite familiar, and even asked if his *young brother* did not propose to take the road to Paris. My father replied in the affirmative, and opened his tin box to replace his book.

The stranger asked him with a smile if he might, without indiscretion, ask the title. My father answered that it was Rousseau's "Émile."

The stranger immediately became grave.

They walked for some time side by side, my father expressing, with the warmth of an emotion still vibrating, all that this reading had made him feel; his companion always cold and silent. The former extolled the glory of the great Genevese writer, whose genius had made him a citizen of the world; he exulted in this privilege of great thinkers, who reign in spite of time and space, and gather together a race of willing subjects out of all nations; but the stranger suddenly interrupted him:—

"And do you know," said he, mildly, "if Jean Jacques would not exchange the celebrity which you seem to envy for the life of one of the woodcutters whose hut smoke we see? What use has fame been to him except to bring persecution? The unknown friends whom his books may have made for him content themselves with blessing him in their hearts, while the declared enemies that they have drawn upon him pursue him with their fury and calumny! His pride has been flattered by success: how often has it been wounded by satire! And be assured that human pride always resembles the sybarite, who was prevented from sleeping by a crease in a rose leaf! The activity of a vigorous mind, by which the world profits, almost

always turns against him who possesses it. He exacts more from it as he ages; the ideal he pursues continually disgusts him with the reality; he is like a man whose sight is too keen, and who discerns blemishes and wrinkles in the most beautiful face. I will not speak of stronger temptations and of deeper downfalls. Genius, you have said, is a kingdom; but what virtuous man is not afraid of being a king? He who feels only much power is, with our weakness and passion, preparing for great failure. Believe me, sir, do not admire or envy the unhappy man who wrote this book; but, if you have a feeling heart, pity him!"

My father, astonished at the excitement with which his companion pronounced these last words, did not know what to answer.

Just then they reached the paved road which runs from the castle of Meudon and of the Dames of France to that of Versailles; a carriage was passing.

The ladies who were in it perceived the old man, uttered a cry of surprise, and leaning out of the window repeated,—

"There is Jean Jacques—there is Rousseau!"

Then the carriage disappeared.

My father remained motionless, stupefied and astonished, his eyes wide open, his hands before him.

Rousseau, who had shuddered on hearing his name spoken, turned from him:—

"You see," said he, with the savage bitterness which his later misfortunes had given him, "Jean Jacques cannot even hide himself; he is an object of curiosity to some, of malignity to others, to all he is a public thing, at which they point the finger. Yet it is not a question of submitting to the impertinence of the idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfortune to make a name for himself, he becomes public property. Every one digs into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings; he becomes like those walls which every passer-by may deface with some offensive inscription. Perhaps you will say that I have myself assisted this curiosity in publishing my 'Memoirs.' But the world forced me to it. They looked into my house through the chinks, and they slandered me; I have opened the doors and windows, so that they should know me at least such as I am. Adieu, sir; always remember that you have seen Rousseau in order to know what celebrity is."

Nine o'clock. — Ah! to-day I understand my father's story! It contains the answer to one of the questions I asked myself a week ago. Yes, I now feel that fame and power are gifts dearly bought; and that, if they shed fame about the soul, both of them are oftenest, as Madame de Staël says, but "a glittering grief of happiness."

Let us love One Another.

April 9th. — The fine evenings are come back; the trees begin to put forth their buds; hyacinths, jonquils, violets, and lilacs perfume the baskets of the flower girls; all the world have begun their walks again on the quays and boulevards. After dinner, I, too, descend from my attic to breathe the evening air.

It is the hour when Paris is seen in all its beauty. During the day the plaster fronts of the houses weary the eye by their monotonous whiteness; heavily laden carts make the street shake under their colossal wheels; the eager crowd, taken up by the one fear of losing a moment from business, cross and jostle one another; the aspect of the city altogether has something harsh, restless, and flurried about it. But, as soon as the stars appear, everything is changed; the glare of the white houses is subdued by the gathering shades; you hear no more any rolling but that of the carriages on their way to some fête; you see only the lounger or the light-hearted passing by; work has given place to leisure. Now each one may breathe after the fierce race through the business of the day, and whatever strength remains is given to pleasure! See the ballrooms lighted up, the theaters open, the eating shops along the walks set out with dainties, and the newspaper criers who make their lanterns twinkle. Decidedly Paris has laid aside the pen, the ruler, and the apron; after the day spent in work, it must have the evening for enjoyment: like the masters of Thebes, it has put off all serious matter till to-morrow.

I love to take part in this happy hour; not to mix in the general gayety, but to contemplate it. If the enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are the beams of sunshine, which open the two beautiful flowers called *trust* and *hope*.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it, for its gayety is reflected upon

world, described by the author of "Atala," opening out before me.

Then, when this study of things and this discourse of reason begin to tire you, look around you! What contrasts of figures and faces in the crowd! What a vast field for the exercise of meditation! A half-seen glance, a few words caught as the speaker passes by, open a thousand perspectives. You wish to comprehend what these imperfect disclosures mean, as the antiquary endeavors to decipher the mutilated inscription on some old monument; you build up a history on a gesture or on a word! These are the excitations of the mind which finds in fiction a relief from the wearisome dullness of the actual.

Alas! as I was just now passing by the carriage entrance of a great house, I noticed a sad subject for one of these histories. A man was sitting in the darkest corner, with his head bare, and holding out his hat for the charity of those who passed His threadbare coat had that look of neatness which marks destitution long combated. He had carefully buttoned it up to hide the want of a shirt. His face was half hid under his long gray hair, and his eyes closed, as if he wished to escape the sight of his own humiliation, and he remained mute and motionless. Those who passed him took no notice of the beggar, who sat in silence and darkness! Glad to escape the importunity of his condition, they were turning away their eyes.

All at once the great gate turned on its hinges, and a very low carriage, lighted with silver lamps, and drawn by two black horses, came slowly out, and took the road toward the Faubourg St. Germain. I could just distinguish within the sparkling diamonds and the flowers of a ball dress. The reflection of the lamps passed like a bloody streak over the pale face of the beggar, his eyes opened and followed the rich man's equipage with a glare until it disappeared in the night.

I dropped a small piece of money into the hat he was holding out, and passed on quickly.

I had just fallen unexpectedly upon the two saddest secrets of the disease which troubles the age we live in: the envious hatred of him who suffers want, and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence.

All the enjoyment of my walk was gone; I left off looking about me, and retired into myself. The animated and moving sight in the streets gave place to inward meditation upon all the painful problems which have been written for the last four

thousand years at the bottom of each human struggle, but which are propounded more clearly than ever in our days.

I pondered on the uselessness of so many contests, in which defeat and victory only displace each other alternately, and on the mistaken zealots who have repeated from generation to generation the bloody history of Cain and Abel; and saddened with these mournful reflections I walked on as chance took me, until the silence all around insensibly brought me back from my own preoccupation.

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages, and of the steps of some of the inhabitants returning quietly home.

I instantly recognized the street, though I had only been there once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, whose banks, swallowed up in the shadow, allowed the gaze to stretch in every direction, and to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars. I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet: they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying. I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is that he is called Charles, and that his father is M. Duval —there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage or with a servant; he does not know how to find his way alone."

Here the mason was interrupted by some of the voices rising above the others.

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"That's the thing. Come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger, and at the names of the police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back toward the parapet. In vain they tried to persuade him; his resistance increased with his fear, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard in the midst of the discussion.

"I know him well — I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What quarter?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards — Rue des Magasins."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he is the child of the great house at the end of the street where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him, and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if to put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the account.

"That's all right," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off toward the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white;' poverty, you see, is a famous schoolmistress!"

The crowd dispersed. For my part, I went toward the

Louvre: the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with one another. The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful children's dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hid by a velvet cap. The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, indicated the last limits of poverty, but of poverty which resists and does not surrender.

His old blouse, patched with pieces of different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not primarily destined for his use.

The countenances of the two children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined: his clear blue eye, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness. The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them: his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by too early experience; he walked with confidence through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. He had learned those hard but forcible lessons of necessity which nothing can equal or supply the place of. Unfortunately the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to regret it; for he often stopped before the print shops and asked his companion to read him the inscriptions. In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again: notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran toward the iron gate with the gilt points; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy, and the sound of kisses, I soon perceived she was his mother.

Not seeing either the servant or child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened. She thanked me warmly, and looked around for the little boy who had recognized and brought back her son; but while we were talking, he had disappeared.

It was the first time since then that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate, which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance. Although much grown, I recognized them at first sight: they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre, and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed: his blouse of gray cloth was neat, and even fine, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt; he wore strong shoes, but made to his feet, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him he held in his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses; the two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-by. M. Duval's son did not go in till he had seen his companion turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not make you a bow," said he, gayly; "but I want both my hands for the bouquet M. Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child; "and now my father is rich too!"

"How's that?"

"M. Duval lent him a little money; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account; and as for me I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross

Louvre: the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with one another. The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful children's dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hid by a velvet cap. The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, indicated the last limits of poverty, but of poverty which resists and does not surrender.

His old blouse, patched with pieces of different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not primarily destined for his use.

The countenances of the two children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined: his clear blue eye, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness. The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them: his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by too early experience; he walked with confidence through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

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"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross

which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head boy!"

"M. Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"Are you now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and which furnishes flowers to my mother."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbors indeed! But here I am; good-by, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile, and disappeared.

I went on with my walk, still pensive, but with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty. Good will had smoothed down the more rugged inequalities on both sides, and had opened a road of true neighborhood between the humble workshop and the stately mansion. Instead of hearkening to the voice of interest, each had listened to that of self-sacrifice, and there was no place left for contempt or envy. Thus, instead of the beggar in rags, that I had seen at the other door cursing the rich man, I had found here the happy child of the laborer loaded with flowers and blessing him! The problem, so difficult and so dangerous to examine into, with no regard but for the rights of it, I had just seen solved by love.



HOW'S MY BOY?

By SYDNEY DOBELL

[1824–1874]

"Ho, sailor of the sea!
How's my Boy, my Boy?"
"What's your boy's name? good wife!
And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John!
He that went to sea—
What care I for the ship? sailor!
My boy's my boy to me.

"You come back from sea,
And not know my John?
I might as well have asked some landsman
Yonder down in the town.
There's not an ass in all the parish,
But he knows my John.

"How's my boy, my boy?
And unless you let me know,
I'll swear you are no sailor,
Blue jacket or no,—
Brass buttons or no, sailor!
Anchor and crown or no.
Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'!"
—"Speak low, woman! speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor!
About my own boy John?
If I was loud as I am proud,
I'd sing him over the town:
Why should I speak low? sailor!"
—"That good ship went down"

"How's my boy? how's my boy?
What care I for the ship? sailor!
I was never aboard her:
Be she afloat or be she aground,
Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
Her owners can afford her.
I say, how's my John?"
—"Every man on board went down,—
Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy, my boy?
What care I for the men? sailor!
I'm not their mother.
How's my boy, my boy?
Tell me of him and no other!
How's my boy, my boy?"

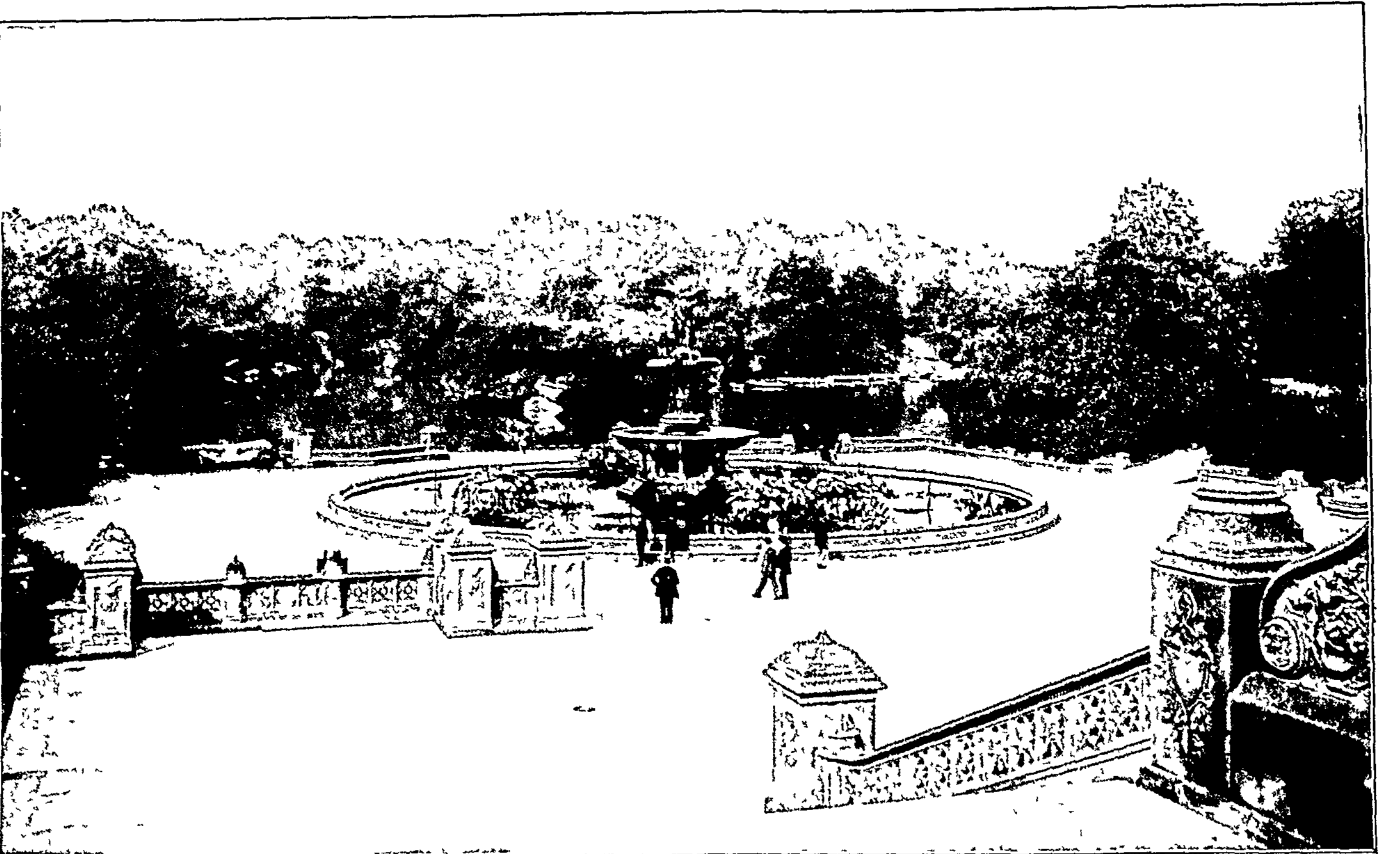
NEW YORK AFTER PARIS.[1]

By WILLIAM C. BROWNELL.

(From "French Traits.")

[WILLIAM CRARY BROWNELL: An American essayist and editor; born in New York city, August 30, 1851. He was graduated from Amherst College, and entered journalism in his native city, becoming editor of *Scribner's Magazine*. He has published: "French Traits" (1889), "French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture" (1892), and "Newport," in the "American Summer Resorts" Series (1896).]

THERE is no palpable New York in the sense in which there is a Paris, a Vienna, a Milan. You can touch it at no point. It is not even ocular. There is instead a Fifth Avenue, a Broadway, a Central Park, a Chatham Square. How they have dwindled, by the way. Fifth Avenue might be any one of a dozen London streets in the first impression it makes on the retina and leaves on the mind. The opposite side of Madison Square is but a step away. The spacious hall of the Fifth Avenue Hotel has shrunk to stifling proportions. Thirty-fourth Street is a lane; the City Hall a bandbox; the Central Park a narrow strip of elegant landscape, whose lateral limitations are constantly forced upon the sense by the Lenox Library on one side and a monster apartment house on the other. The American fondness for size — for pure bigness — needs explanation, it appears; we care for size, but inartistically; we care nothing for proportion, which is what makes size count. Everything is on the same scale: there is no play, no movement. An exception should be made in favor of the big business building and the apartment house which have arisen within a few years, and which have greatly accentuated the grotesqueness of the city's sky line as seen from either the New Jersey or the Long Island shore. They are perhaps rather high than big; many of them were built before the authorities noticed them and followed unequally in the steps of other civilized municipal governments, from that of ancient Rome down, in prohibiting the passing of a fixed limit. But bigness has also evidently been one of their architectonic motives, and it is to be remarked that they are so far out of scale with the surrounding buildings as to avoid the usual commonplace only by creating a positively disagreeable



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pression. And as the whole is destitute of definiteness, of distinction, the parts are, correspondingly, individually insignificant. Where in the world are all the types? one asks one's self in renewing his old walks and desultory wanderings. Where is the New York counterpart of that astonishing variety of types which makes Paris what it is morally and pictorially, the Paris of Balzac as well as the Paris of M. Jean Béraud. Of a sudden the lack of nationality in our familiar literature and art becomes luminously explicable. One perceives why Mr. Howells is so successful in confining himself to the simplest, broadest, most representative representatives, why Mr. James goes abroad invariably for his *mise-en-scène*, and often for his characters, why Mr. Reinhart lives in Paris, and Mr. Abbey in London. New York is this and that, it is incontestably unlike any other great city, but compared with Paris, its most impressive trait is its lack of that organic quality which results from variety of types. Thus compared, it seems to have only the variety of individuals which results in monotony. It is the difference between noise and music. Pictorially, the general aspect of New York is such that the mind speedily takes refuge in insensitiveness. Its expansiveness seeks exercise in other directions — business, dissipation, study, æstheticism, politics. The life of the senses is no longer possible. This is why one's sense for art is so stimulated by going abroad, and one's sense for art in its freest, frankest, most universal and least special, intense and enervated development is especially exhilarated by going to Paris. It is why, too, on one's return one can note the gradual decline of his sensitiveness, his severity — the progressive atrophy of a sense no longer called into exercise. "I had no conception before," said a Chicago broker to me one day in Paris, with intelligent eloquence, "of a finished city!" Chicago undoubtedly presents a greater contrast to Paris than does New York, and so, perhaps, better prepares one to appreciate the Parisian quality, but the *returned* New Yorker cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the finish, the organic perfection, the elegance, and reserve of the Paris mirrored in his memory. Is it possible that the uniformity, the monotony, of Paris architecture, the prose note in Parisian taste, should once have weighed upon his spirit? Riding once on the top of a Paris tramway, betraying an understanding of English by reading an American newspaper, that subconsciousness of moral isolation which the foreigner feels in Paris as elsewhere was

suddenly and completely destroyed by my next neighbor, who remarked with contemptuous conviction and a Manhattan accent: "When you've seen one block of this infernal town, you've seen it all!" He felt sure of sympathy in advance. Probably few New Yorkers would have differed with him. The universal light stone and brown paint, the wide sidewalks, the asphalt pavement, the indefinitely multiplied kiosks, the prevalence of a few marked kinds of vehicles, the uniformed workmen and workwomen, the infinite reduplication, in a word, of easily recognized types, is at first mistaken by the New Yorker for that dead level of uniformity which is, of all things in the world, the most tiresome to him in his own city. After a time, however, he begins to realize three important facts: In the first place these phenomena, which so vividly force themselves on his notice that their reduplication strikes him more than their qualities, are nevertheless of a quality altogether unexampled in his experience for fitness and agreeableness; in the second place they are details of a whole, members of an organism, and not they, but the city which they compose, the "finished city" of the acute Chicagoan, is the spectacle; in the third place they serve as a background for the finest group of monuments in the world. On his return he perceives these things with a melancholy *a non lucendo* luminousness. The dead level of Murray Hill uniformity he finds the most agreeable aspect in the city.

And the reason is that Paris has habituated him to the exquisite, the rational, pleasure to be derived from that organic spectacle, a "finished city," far more than that Murray Hill is respectable and appropriate, and that almost any other prospect, except in spots of very limited area which emphasize the surrounding ugliness, is acutely displeasing. This latter is certainly very true. We have long frankly reproached ourselves with having no art commensurate with our distinction in other activities, resignedly attributing the lack to our hitherto necessary material preoccupation. But what we are really accounting for in this way is our lack of Titians and Bramantes. We are for the most part quite unconscious of the character of the American æsthetic substratum, so to speak. As a matter of fact, we do far better in the production of striking artistic personalities than we do in the general medium of taste and culture. We figure well invariably at the *Salon*. At home the artist is simply either driven in upon himself, or else awarded

by a *naive clientèle* an eminence so far out of perspective as to result unfortunately both for him and for the community. He pleases himself, follows his own bent, and prefers salience to conformability for his work, because his chief aim is to make an effect. This is especially true of those of our architects who have ideas. But these are the exceptions, of course, and the general aspect of the city is characterized by something far less agreeable than mere lack of symmetry; it is characterized mainly by an all-pervading bad taste in every detail into which the element of art enters or should enter — that is to say, nearly everything that meets the eye.

However, on the other hand, Parisian uniformity may depress exuberance, it is the condition and often the cause of the omnipresent good taste. Not only is it true that, as Mr. Hamerton remarks, "in the better quarters of the city a building hardly ever rises from the ground unless it has been designed by some architect who knows what art is, and endeavors to apply it to little things as well as great;" but it is equally true that the national sense of form expresses itself in every appurtenance of life as well as in the masses and details of architecture. In New York our noisy diversity not only prevents any effect of *ensemble* and makes, as I say, the old commonplace brownstone regions the most reposeful and rational prospects of the city, but it precludes also, in a thousand activities and aspects, the operation of that salutary constraint and conformity without which the most acutely sensitive individuality inevitably declines to a lower level of form and taste. *La mode*, for example, seems scarcely to exist at all; or at any rate to have taken refuge in the chimney-pot hat and the *tournure*. The dude, it is true, has been developed within a few years, but his distinguishing trait of personal extinction has had much less success and is destined to a much shorter life than his appellation, which has wholly lost its original significance in gaining its present popularity. Every woman one meets in the street has a different bonnet. Every street car contains a millinery museum. And the mass of them may be judged after the circumstance that one of the most fashionable Fifth Avenue *modistes* flaunts a sign of enduring brass announcing "English Round Hats and Bonnets." The enormous establishments of ready-made men's clothing seem not yet to have made their destined impression in the direction of uniformity. The contrast in dress of the working classes with

those of Paris is as conspicuously unfortunate, æsthetically, as politically and socially it may be significant; ocularly, it is a substitution of a cheap, faded, and ragged imitation of *bourgeois* costume for the marvel of neatness and propriety which composes the uniform of the Parisian *ouvrier* and *ouvrière*. Broadway below Tenth Street is a forest of signs which obscure the thoroughfare, conceal the buildings, overhang the sidewalks, and exhibit severally and collectively a taste in harmony with the Teutonic and Semitic enterprise which, almost exclusively, they attest. The shop windows' show, which is one of the great spectacles of Paris, is niggard and shabby; that of Philadelphia has considerable more interest, that of London nearly as much. Our clumsy coinage and countrified currency; our eccentric bookbindings; that class of our furniture and interior decoration which may be described as American rococo; that multifariously horrible machinery devised for excluding flies from houses and preventing them from alighting on dishes, for substituting a draught of air for stifling heat, for relieving an entire population from that surplusage of old-fashioned breeding involved in shutting doors, for rolling and rattling change in shops, for enabling you to "put only the exact fare in the box"; the racket of pneumatic tubes, of telephones, of aërial trains; the practice of reticulating pretentious façades with fire escapes in lieu of fireproof construction; the vast mass of our nickel-plated paraphernalia; our zinc cemetery monuments; our comic valentines and serious Christmas cards, and grocery labels, and "fancy" job printing and theater posters; our conspicuous cuspidores and our conspicuous need of more of them; the "tone" of many articles in our most popular journals, their references to each other, their illustrations; the Sunday panorama of shirt-sleeved ease and the week-day fatigue costume of curl papers and "Mother Hubbards," general in some quarters; our sumptuous new barrooms, decorated perhaps on the principle that *le mauvais goût mène au crime*,—all these phenomena, the list of which might be indefinitely extended, are so many witnesses of a general taste, public and private, which differs cardinally from that prevalent in Paris.

In fine, the material spectacle of New York is such that at last, with some anxiety, one turns from the external vileness of every prospect to seek solace in the pleasure that man affords. But even after the wholesome American reaction has set in,

and your appetite for the life of the senses is starved into indifference for what begins to seem to you an unworthy ideal; after you are patriotically readjusted and feel once more the elation of living in the future, owing to the dearth of sustenance in the present — you are still at the mercy of perceptions too keenly sharpened by your Paris sojourn to permit blindness to the fact that Paris and New York contrast as strongly in moral atmosphere as in material aspect. You become contemplative, and speculate pensively as to the character and quality of those native and normal conditions, those Relations, which finally you have definitely resumed. What is it — that vague and pervasive moral contrast which the American feels so potently on his return from abroad? How can we define that apparently undefinable difference which is only the more sensible for being so elusive? Book after book has been written about Europe from the American standpoint — about America from the European standpoint. None of them has specified what every one has experienced. The spectacular and the material contrasts are easily enough characterized, and it is only the unreflecting or the superficial who exaggerate the importance of them. We are by no means at the mercy of our appreciation of Parisian spectacle, of the French machinery of life. We miss or we do not miss the Salon Carré, the view of the south transept of Notre Dame as one descends the rue St. Jacques, the Théâtre Français, the concerts, the Luxembourg Gardens, the excursions to the score of charming suburban places, the library at the corner, the convenient cheap cab, the manners of the people, the quiet, the climate, the constant entertainment of the senses. We have in general too much work to do to waste much time in regretting these things. In general, work is by natural selection so invariable a concomitant of our unrivaled opportunity to work profitably, that it absorbs our energies so far as this palpable sphere is concerned. But what is it that throughout the hours of busiest work and closest application, as well as in the preceding and following moments of leisure and the occasional intervals of relaxation, makes every one vaguely perceive the vast moral difference between life here at home and life abroad — notably life in France? What is the subtle influence pervading the moral atmosphere in New York, which so markedly distinguishes what we call life here from life in Paris or even in Pennedepie?

It is, I think, distinctly traceable to the intense individualism which prevails among us. Magnificent results have followed our devotion to this force; incontestably, we have spared ourselves both the acute and the chronic misery for which the tyranny of society over its constituent parts is directly responsible. We have, moreover, in this way not only freed ourselves from the tyranny of despotism, such for example as is exerted socially in England and politically in Russia, but we have undoubtedly developed a larger number of self-reliant and potentially capable social units than even a democratic system like that of France, which sacrifices the unit to the organism, succeeds in producing. We may truly say that, material as we are accused of being, we turn out more *men* than any other nationality. And if some Frenchman points out that we attach an esoteric sense to the term "man," and that at any rate our men are not better adapted than some others to a civilized environment which demands other qualities than honesty, energy, and intelligence, we may be quite content to leave him his objection, and to prefer what seems to us manliness to civilization itself. At the same time we cannot pretend that individualism has done everything for us that could be desired. In giving us the man it has robbed us of the *milieu*. Morally speaking, the *milieu* with us scarcely exists. Our difference from Europe does not consist in the difference between the European *milieu* and ours; it consists in the fact that, comparatively speaking of course, we have no *milieu*. If we are individually developed, we are also individually isolated to a degree elsewhere unknown. Politically, we have parties who, in Cicero's phrase, "think the same things concerning the republic," but concerning very little else are we agreed in any mass of any moment. The number of our sauces is growing, but there is no corresponding diminution in the number of our religions. We have no communities. Our villages even are apt, rather, to be aggregations. Politics aside, there is hardly an American view of any phenomenon or class of phenomena. Every one of us likes, reads, sees, does what he chooses. Often dissimilarity is affected as adding piquancy of paradox. The judgment of the ages, the consensus of mankind, exercise no tyranny over the individual will. Do you believe in this or that, do you like this or that, are questions which, concerning the most fundamental matters, nevertheless form the staple of conversation in many circles. We live all

of us apparently in a divine state of flux. The question asked at dinner by a lady in a neighboring city of a literary stranger, "What do you think of Shakespeare?" is not exaggeratedly peculiar. We all think differently of Shakespeare, of Cromwell, of Titian, of Browning, of George Washington. Concerning matters as to which we must be fundamentally disinterested, we permit ourselves not only prejudice but passion. At the most we have here and there groups of personal acquaintance only, whose members are in accord in regard to some one thing, and quickly crystallize and precipitate at the mention of something that is really a corollary of the force which unites them. The efforts that have been made in New York, within the past twenty years, to establish various special *milieus*, so to speak, have been pathetic in their number and resultlessness. Efforts of this sort are of course doomed to failure, because the essential trait of the *milieu* is spontaneous existence; but their failure discloses the mutual repulsion which keeps the molecules of our society from uniting. How can it be otherwise when life is so speculative, so experimental, so wholly dependent on the personal force and idiosyncrasies of the individual? How shall we accept any general verdict pronounced by persons of no more authority than ourselves, and arrived at by processes in which we are equally expert? We have so little consensus as to anything, because we dread the loss of personality involved in submitting to conventions, and because personality operates centrifugally alone. We make exceptions in favor of such matters as the Copernican system and the greatness of our own future. There *are* things which we take on the credit of the consensus of authorities, for which we may not have all the proofs at hand. But as to conventions of all sorts, our attitude is apt to be one of suspicion and uncertainty. Mark Twain, for example, first won his way to the popular American heart by exposing the humbugs of the Cinque-cento. Specifically the most teachable of people, nervously eager for information, Americans are nevertheless wholly distrustful of generalizations made by any one else, and little disposed to receive blindly formularies and classifications of phenomena as to which they have had no experience. And of experience we have necessarily had, except politically, less than any civilized people in the world.

We are infinitely more at home amid universal mobility. We want to act, to exert ourselves, to be, as we imagine,

nearer to nature. We have our tastes in painting as in confectionery. Some of us prefer Tintoretto to Rembrandt, as we do chocolate to cocoanut. In respect of taste it would be impossible for the gloomiest skeptic to deny that this is an exceedingly free country. "I don't know anything about the subject (whatever the subject may be), but I know what I like," is a remark which is heard on every hand, and which witnesses the sturdiness of our struggle against the tyranny of conventions and the indomitable nature of our independent spirit. In criticism the individual spirit fairly runs amuck; it takes its lack of concurrence as credentials of impartiality often. In constructive art every one is occupied less with nature than with the point of view. Mr. Howells himself displays more delight in his naturalistic attitude than zest in his execution, which, compared with that of the French naturalists, is in general faint-hearted enough. Every one writes, paints, models, exclusively the point of view. Fidelity in following out nature's suggestions, in depicting the emotions nature arouses, a sympathetic submission to nature's sentiment, absorption into nature's moods and subtle enfoldings, are extremely rare. The artist's eye is fixed on the treatment. He is "creative" by main strength. He is penetrated with a desire to get away from "the same old thing," to "take it" in a new way, to draw attention to himself, to shine. One would say that every American nowadays who handles a brush or designs a building was stimulated by the secret ambition of founding a school. We have in art thus, with a vengeance, that personal element which is indeed its savor, but which it is fatal to make its substance. We have it still more conspicuously in life. What do you think of him, or her? is the first question asked after every introduction. Of every new individual we meet we form instantly some personal impression. The criticism of character is nearly the one disinterested activity in which we have become expert. We have for this a peculiar gift, apparently, which we share with gypsies and money lenders, and other people in whom the social instinct is chiefly latent. Our gossip takes on the character of personal judgments rather than of tittle-tattle. It concerns not what So-and-So has done, but what kind of a person So-and-So is. It would hardly be too much to say that So-and-So never leaves a group of which he is not an intimate without being immediately, impartially, but fundamentally discussed. To a degree not at all suspected by the author of the phrase, he

"leaves his character" with them on quitting any assemblage of his acquaintance.

The great difficulty with our individuality and independence is that differentiation begins so soon and stops so far short of real importance. In no department of life has the law of the survival of the fittest, that principle in virtue of whose operation societies become distinguished and admirable, had time to work. Our social characteristics are inventions, discoveries, not survival. Nothing with us has passed into the stage of instinct. And for this reason some of our "best people," some of the most "thoughtful" among us, have less of that quality best characterized as social maturity than a Parisian washerwoman or *concierge*. Centuries of sifting, ages of gravitation toward harmony and homogeneity, have resulted for the French in a delightful immunity from the necessity of "proving all things" remorselessly laid on every individual of our society. Very many matters, at any rate, which to the French are matters of course, our self-respect pledges us to a personal examination of. The idea of sparing ourselves trouble in thinking occurs to us far more rarely than to other peoples. We have certainly an insufficient notion of the superior results reached by economy and system in this respect.

In one of Mr. Henry James' cleverest sketches, "Lady Barberina," the English heroine marries an American and comes to live in New York. She finds it dull. She is homesick without quite knowing why. Mr. James is at his best in exhibiting at once the intensity of her disgust and the intangibility of its provocation. We are not all like "Lady Barb." We do not all like London, whose materialism is only more splendid, not less uncompromising, than our own; but we cannot help perceiving that what that unfortunate lady missed in New York was the *milieu*—an environment sufficiently developed to permit spontaneity and free play of thought and feeling, and a certain domination of shifting merit by fixed relations which keeps one's mind off that disagreeable subject of contemplation, one's self. Every one seems acutely self-conscious; and the self-consciousness of the unit is fatal, of course, to the composure of the *ensemble*. The number of people intently minding their P's and Q's, reforming their orthoepy, practicing new discoveries in etiquette, making over their names, and, in general, exhibiting that activity of the amateur known as "going through the motions" to the end of bringing themselves up, as

it were, is very noticeable in contrast with French oblivion to this kind of personal exertion. Even our simplicity is apt to be *simplesse.* And the conscientiousness in educating others displayed by those who are so fortunate as to have reached perfection nearly enough to permit relaxation in self-improvement is only equaled by the avidity in acquisitiveness displayed by the learners themselves. Meantime the composure born of equality, as well as that springing from unconsciousness, suffers. Our society is a kind of Jacob's ladder, to maintain equilibrium upon which requires an amount of effort on the part of the personally estimable gymnasts perpetually ascending and descending, in the highest degree hostile to spontaneity, to serenity, and stability.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

By CAROLINE NORTON.

[1808–1877.]

Word was brought to the Danish king
(Hurry!)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring.
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Better he loves each golden curl,
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his rose of the isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(Hurry!)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need.
(Oh, ride as though you were flying!)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank;
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank;
Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,
But, ride as they would, the king rode first,
For his rose of the isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten one by one;
(Hurry!)
They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone;

His little fair page now follows alone,
For strength and for courage trying!
The king looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the king rode in
Where his rose of the isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(Silence!)
No answer came, but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold, gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide —
None welcomed the king from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale, sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying.

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast;
And, that dumb companion eying,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck;
"O steed, that every nerve didst strain —
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"



IN THE TOILS.[1]

BY GUSTAV FREYTAG.

(From "Debit and Credit")

[GUSTAV FREYTAG: A German novelist and playwright; born at Kreuzberg, Prussian Silesia, July 13, 1816. He was educated at Breslau and at Berlin; was a teacher in the University of Breslau (1839–1847); edited the Leipsic *Grenzboten* (1848–1870); and lived successively at Dresden, Leipsic, Gotha, and Wiesbaden. His greatest work is "Soll und Haben" (Debit and Credit, 1855; 37th ed., 1891). His other works include the plays, "Die Valentine" (1846) and "Die

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Journalisten" (1853), and the novels "Die verlorene Handschrift" (The Lost Manuscript, 1864; 20th ed., 1891), and the series of six books, "Die Ahnen" (Our Ancestors, 1872–1881). He also published "Gesammelte Werke" (22 vols., 1886–1888).]

ONCE the baron's lands had borne better crops than those of his neighbors, his herds were acknowledged to be thoroughly healthy, bad years, which crushed others, had passed comparatively lightly over him. Now, all this was reversed as by some evil spell. A contagious disease broke out among the cattle; the wheat grew tall indeed, but when it came to be threshed the grain was light. Everywhere the outgoings exceeded the incomings. Once upon a time he could have borne this calmly, now it made him positively ill. He began to hate the sight of his farm, and left it entirely to the bailiff. All his hopes centered in the factory, and if he ever visited his fields, it was only to look after the beet root.

The new buildings rose behind the trees of the park. The voices of many busy laborers sounded shrill around it. The first crop of beet was brought in and heaped up ready for the mill. On the following day the regular factory was to begin, and yet the coppersmith was still hammering there, mechanics were working away at the great engine, and busy women carrying off chips and fragments of mortar, and scouring the scenes of their future labor. The baron stood before the building, listening impatiently to the beating of the hammer which had been so dilatory in completing its task. The morrow was to be to him the beginning of a new era. He stood now at the door of his treasure-house. He might now cast all his old cares away. During the next year he should be able to pay off what he owed, and then he would begin to put by. But, while he thus speculated, his eye fell upon his overworked horses, and the anxious face of his old bailiff, and a vague fear crept, like a loathly insect, over the fluttering leaves of his hopes; for he had staked all on this cast; he had so mortgaged his land that at this moment he hardly knew how much of it was his own; and all this to raise still higher the social dignity of his family tree!

The baron himself was much altered during the last few years. A wrinkled brow, two fretful lines around the mouth, and gray hair on the temples: these were the results of his eternal thought about capital, his family, and the future aggrandizement of the property. His voice, which once sounded

strong and full, had become sharp and thin, and every gesture betrayed irritation and impatience.

The baron had, indeed, had heavy cares of late. He had thoroughly learned the misery of extensive building operations combined with a scarcity of money. Ehrenthal was now become a regular visitor at the castle. Every week his horses consumed the baron's good hay; every week he brought out his pocket book, and reckoned up the account or paid off bills. His hand, which at first so readily and reverentially sought his purse, did so now tardily and reluctantly; his bent neck had become stiff, his submissive smile had changed into a dry greeting; he walked with a scrutinizing air through the farm, and, instead of fervent praises, found many a fault. The humble agent had grown into the creditor, and the baron had to bear, with still increasing aversion, the pretensions of a man with whom he could no longer dispense. And not Ehrenthal alone, but many a strange figure besides, knocked at the baron's study, and had private dealings with him there. The broad shape of the uncouth Pinkus appeared every quarter, and each time that his heavy foot ascended the castle stairs discord and dissatisfaction followed.

Every week, as we said, Ehrenthal had visited the estate; now came the most anxious time of all, and no eye beheld him. They said in the town that he was gone off upon a journey, and the baron was listening restlessly to the noise of every carriage that passed, wondering whether it brought the tardy, the hated, yet the indispensable, visitor.

Lenore now joined her father, a radiant beauty, full in form and tall in stature, but somewhat shadowed by life's cares, as her thoughtful eyes and the anxious glance she cast at the baron plainly proved. "The post is come in," said she, reaching him a packet of letters and newspapers; "I dare say there is no letter from Eugene again."

"He has many other things to do," replied her father; but he himself looked eagerly for the handwriting of his son. Then he saw a direction in a strange hand, and on the letter the postmark of the very town in which Eugene was quartered. It was Anton's letter. The baron tore it open. When he had seen from its respectful tenor how well it was meant, and had read the name of Itzig in it, he put it up in his pocket. The secret terror which had so often shot through his heart fell upon him again, and then followed the unwelcome thought that his embar-

rassments were the subject of conversation even in foreign towns. Ill-timed warnings were the last thing that he wanted; they only humbled. He stood long in gloomy silence by his daughter. But, as the letter contained tidings of Eugene, he forced himself at length to speak. "A Mr. Wohlfart has written to me. He is now traveling in his mercantile capacity on the other side of the frontier, and has made Eugene's acquaintance."

"He!" cried Lenore.

"He seems to be an estimable kind of man," said the baron, with an effort. "He speaks affectionately of Eugene."

"Yes," cried Lenore, in delight; "one learns to know what conscientiousness and stability mean when one associates with him. What a strange coincidence! The sister and the brother. What has he written to you about, father?"

"Matters of business, kindly meant, no doubt, but not of any present use to me. The foolish boys have heard some idle rumor, and have unnecessarily troubled themselves about my affairs." And, so saying, he gloomily walked toward his factory.

Much perturbed, Lenore followed him. At length he opened the newspaper, and carelessly turned it over till his eye fell upon a certain advertisement. His face flushed deeply, the paper fell out of his hand, and, catching hold of one of the wagons, he leaned his head upon it. Lenore, much shocked, took up the paper, and saw the name of the Polish estate on which she knew that her father had a large mortgage. A day was specified for the sale of that estate by auction on behalf of a concourse of creditors.

The intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the baron. Since he had burdened his own property, the sum that he had invested in Poland was his last hope of welldoing. He had often doubted whether he was not foolish to leave his money in the hands of strangers abroad, and to pay so high an interest to strangers at home; but he had always had a horror of being led to invest this round sum in his undertakings, considering it in the light of his wife's jointure and his daughter's portion. Now it, too, was endangered, the last security had vanished. Everything around him reeled. Ehrenthal had deceived him. It was he who had carried on the correspondence with the lawyer of the Polish count. He had punctually paid him the interest when it was last due. There was no

doubt that he had known the precarious nature of this foreign investment, and had kept back the knowledge from his client.

"Father," cried Lenore, raising him as she spoke, "speak with Ehrenthal; go to your solicitor; he may be able to suggest some remedy."

"You are right, my child," said the baron, with a toneless voice; "it is possible that the danger may not yet be imminent. Tell them to put the horses to; I will go to town at once. Conceal what you have read from your mother, and you, dear Lenore, come with me."

When the carriage drove up, the baron was still in the very same place where he had first read the fatal tidings. During the journey he sat silently in a corner of the carriage. Arrived in town, he took his daughter to his lodgings, which he had not yet given up, for fear of leading his wife or his acquaintance to suspect that his means were impaired. He himself drove to Ehrenthal's. He entered the office in angry mood, and, after a dry salutation, held out the newspaper to the trader. Ehrenthal rose slowly, and said, nodding his head, "I know it; Lowenberg has written to me about it."

"You have deceived me, Mr. Ehrenthal," cried the baron, striving hard for composure.

"To what purpose?" replied Ehrenthal. "Why should I hide from you what the newspapers must needs reveal? This may happen in the case of any estate, any mortgage; what great misfortune is there in this?"

"The property is deeply involved, it seems: you must long have known this; you have deceived me."

"What are you saying there about deceit?" cried Ehrenthal, indignantly; "have a care that no stranger hear your words. I have left my money standing with you; what interest can I have in lowering you and increasing your difficulties? I myself am only too deeply involved in them," and he pointed to the place occupied in most men by a heart. "Had I known that your factory would devour my good money, one thousand after another, even as the lean kine of Egypt devoured the fat, I should have taken more time to consider, and would not have paid you a single dollar. A herd of elephants will I feed with my substance, but never more a factory. How then can you say that I have deceived you?" continued he, in increasing dudgeon.

"You have known the state of matters," cried the baron, "and have disguised the count's position from me."

"Was it I who sold you the mortgage?" inquired the offended Ehrenthal. "I have paid you the interest half-yearly — that is my offense; I have paid you much money besides — that is my deceit." He then continued more conciliatingly: "Look at the matter calmly, baron: another creditor has offered to purchase the estate; the lawyers have not apprised us of it, or they have sent the advertisement to a wrong address. What of that? You will now be paid your capital, and then you can pay off the mortgages on your own land. I hear that this estate in Poland is a very valuable one, so you have nothing to fear for your capital."

The baron had only to depart with this uncertain hope. As he dejectedly entered his carriage, he called out to the coachman, "To the Councilor Horn"; but on the way thither he gave counter orders, and returned to his lodgings. A coolness had sprung up between him and his former legal adviser; he shrunk from disclosing to him his never-ceasing embarrassments, and had been offended by Horn's well-meant warnings. He had often, therefore, applied for advice to other lawyers.

Itzig, in the tenderness of his heart, had rushed out of the office as soon as he beheld the baron's horses, but now he put in his head again.

"How was he?" he inquired from Ehrenthal.

"How should he be?" answered Ehrenthal, ungraciously; "he was in a great taking, and I had good cause to be angry. I have buried my gold in his property, and I have as many cares about that property as I have hairs on my head — all because I followed your advice."

"If you think that the ancestral inheritance of the baron is to come swimming toward you like a fish with the stream, and that you have only to reach out your hand and take it, I am sorry for you," replied Itzig, spitefully.

"What am I doing with the factory?" cried Ehrenthal. "The land would have been worth twice as much to me without the chimney."

"When once you have got the chimney you can sell the bricks," was Itzig's ironical rejoinder. "I wanted to tell you that I expect a visit to-morrow from an acquaintance out of my own district; I cannot, therefore, come to the office."

"You have this last year gone after your own affairs so

often," rudely replied Ehrenthal, "that I don't care how long you remain away."

"Do you know what you have just said?" Veitel broke out. "You have said, 'Itzig, I need you no longer; you may go;' but I shall go when it suits me, not when it suits you."

"You are a bold man," cried Ehrenthal. "I forbid you to speak thus to me. Who are you, young Itzig?"

"I am one who knows your whole business, who can ruin you if he will, and one who means kindly toward you, better than you do toward yourself; and, therefore, when I come to the office the day after to-morrow, you will say, 'Good morning, Itzig.' Do you understand me now, Mr. Ehrenthal?" and, seizing his cap, he hurried into the street, where his suppressed wrath broke out into a flame, and, gesticulating wildly, he muttered threatening words. And so did Ehrenthal alone in the office.

The baron returned to his daughter, threw himself heavily down on the sofa, and scarcely heard her loving words. There was nothing to detain him in town but the dread of communicating this intelligence to his wife. He alternately brooded over plans for getting over the possible loss, and painted its consequences in the blackest colors.

Meanwhile Lenore sat silent at the window, looking down upon the noisy streets, with their rolling carriages and the stream of passers-by; and while she wondered if any of these had ever felt the secret anxiety, fear, and dejection which the last few years had brought her young heart, one of the throng would now and then look up to the plate-glass windows of the stately dwelling, and, his eye resting admiringly on the beautiful girl, he perhaps envied the happy destiny of the nobly born, who could thus look calmly down on those whose lot it was to toil for daily bread.

The streets grew dim, the lamps threw their dull rays into the room, Lenore watched the play of light and shade on the wall, and her sadness increased as the darkness deepened. Meanwhile two men were standing in eager conversation at the house door; the bell sounded, a heavy step was heard in the anteroom, and the servants announced Mr. Pinkus. At that name the baron rose, called for candles, and went to the next room.

The innkeeper entered, bobbing his great head, but seemed in no hurry to speak.

"What brings you here so late?" asked the baron, leaning on the table like one prepared for everything.

"Your honor knows that the bill of exchange for the ten thousand dollars falls due to me to-morrow."

"Could you not wait till I paid you your full ten per cent for an extension of the loan?" asked the baron, contemptuously.

"I am come," said Pinkus, "to explain that I am suddenly in want of money and must request you to let me have the principal."

The baron retreated a step. This was the second blow, and it was mortal. His face turned pale yellow, but he began with a hoarse voice to say, "How can you make such a demand, after all that has passed between us? how often have you assured me that this bill of exchange was a mere form?"

"It has been so hitherto," said Pinkus; "now it comes into force. I have ten thousand dollars to pay to-morrow to a creditor of mine."

"Make arrangements with him, then," returned the baron; "I am prepared for a higher rate of interest, but not to pay off the principal."

"Then, baron, I am sorry to tell you that you will be proceeded against."

The baron silently turned away.

"At what hour may I return to-morrow for my money?" inquired Pinkus.

"At about this hour," replied a voice, weak and hollow as that of an old man. Pinkus bobbed again and went away.

The baron tottered back to his sitting-room, where he sank down on the sofa as if paralyzed. Lenore knelt by him, calling him by every tender name, and imploring him to speak. But he neither saw nor heard, and his heart and head beat violently. The fair, many-colored bubble that he had blown had burst now; he knew the fearful truth — he was a ruined man.

They sat till late in the evening, when his daughter persuaded him to take a glass of wine and to return home. They drove away rapidly. As the trees along the roadside flew past him, and the fresh air blew in his face, the baron's spirit revived.

A night and day were still his, and during their course he must needs find help. This was not his first difficulty, and he

hoped it would not be his last. He had incurred this debt of, originally, seven thousand dollars odd, because the fellow who now dunned him had brought him the money some years ago, and intreated, almost forced, him to take it at first at a very low rate of interest. For a few weeks he had let it lie idle; then he had appropriated it, and step by step his creditor had increased his demands up to a bill of exchange and a usurious rate of interest. And now the vagabond grew insolent. Was he like the rat who foresees the sinking of the ship, and tries to escape from it? The baron laughed so as to make Lenore shudder; why, he was not the man to fall resistless into the hands of his adversary; the next day would bring help. Ehrenthal could never leave him in the lurch.

It was night when they reached home, and the baron hurried to his own room and went to bed, knowing well, however, that sleep would not visit him that night. He heard every hour strike, and every hour his pulse beat more stormily and his anguish increased. He saw no hope of deliverance but in Ehrenthal; yet his horror of appearing before that man as a suppliant forced drops of sweat from his brow. It was morning before he lost the consciousness of his misery.

Shrill sounds awoke him. The factory laborers, with the village band, had prepared him a serenade.

At another time he would have been pleased with this mark of good feeling; now he only heard the discord it produced, and it annoyed him.

He hastily dressed himself and hurried into the court. The house was hung with garlands, the laborers were all ranged in order before the door, and received him with loud acclamations. He had to tell them in return how much he rejoiced to see this day, and that he expected great results, and while he spoke he felt his words a lie, and his spirit broken. He drove off without seeing his wife or daughter, and knocked at the door of Ehrenthal's office before it was open. The usurer was summoned down from his breakfast.

Anxious to know the reason of so unusual an occurrence as this early visit, Ehrenthal did not give himself time to change his dressing gown. The baron stated the case as coolly as he could.

Ehrenthal fell into the greatest passion. "This Pinkus," he went on repeating, "he has presumed to lend you money on a bill of exchange. How could he have so large a sum? The

man has not got ten thousand dollars; he is an insignificant man, without capital."

The baron confessed that the sum was not so large originally, but this only increased Ehrenthal's excitement.

"From seven to ten," he cried, running wildly up and down till his dressing gown flapped round him like the wings of an owl. "So he has made nearly three thousand dollars! I have always had a bad opinion of that man; now I know what he is. He is a rascal—a double dealer. He never advanced the seven thousand either; his whole shop is not worth so much."

This strong, moral indignation on the part of Ehrenthal threw a ray of joy into the baron's soul. "I, too, have reason to consider Pinkus a dangerous man," said he.

But this agreement in opinion proved unlucky, diverting, as it did, Ehrenthal's anger against the baron instead. "Why do I speak of Pinkus?" he screamed; "he has acted as a man of his stamp will act. But you—you, who are a nobleman, how could you deal so with me? You have carried on money transactions with another man behind my back, and you have, in a short time, let him win three thousand dollars on a bill of exchange—a bill of exchange," continued he; "do you know what that means?"

"I wish that the debt had not been necessary," said the baron; "but as it falls due to-day, and the man will not wait, the question is how we are to pay him."

"What do you mean by *we?*" cried Ehrenthal, hastily. "You must contrive to pay; you must see where you can get money for the man you have helped to pocket three thousand dollars; you did not consult me when you gave the bill; you need not consult me as to how you are to pay it."

In the baron's soul a contest between wrath and wretchedness was going on. "Moderate your language, Mr. Ehrenthal," cried he.

"Why should I be moderate?" screamed he. "You have not been moderate, nor Pinkus either, and neither will I."

"I will call again," said the baron, "when you have regained that degree of decorum which, under all circumstances, I must beg you to observe toward me."

"If you want money from me, don't call again, baron," cried Ehrenthal. "I have no money for you; I would rather throw my dollars in the street than pay you one other."

The baron silently retired. His wretchedness was great; he had to bear the insults of the plebeian. Next, he went round to all his acquaintances, and endured the torment of asking on all sides for money, and on all sides having it refused. He returned to his lodgings, and was considering whether it were best to try Ehrenthal again, or to attempt to postpone the payment of the bill by offering usurious interest, when, to his surprise, a strange figure, that he had only seen once or twice before, entered his apartments, with a haggard face, surrounded by red hair, two sly eyes, and a grotesque expression about the mouth, such as one sees on laughing masks at Carnival time.

Veitel bowed low, and began: "Most gracious baron, have the condescension to forgive my coming to you on matters of business. I have a commission from Mr. Pinkus, empowering me to receive the money for the bill of exchange. I would most humbly inquire whether you will be so gracious as to pay it me?"

The sad seriousness of the hour was for a moment lost upon the baron when he saw the lank figure twisting and turning before him, making faces and attempting to be polite. "Who are you?" inquired he, with all the dignity of his race.

"Veitel Itzig is my name, gracious sir, if you will permit me to announce it to you."

The baron started on hearing the name of Itzig. That was the man of whom he had been warned — the invisible, the merciless.

"I was till now bookkeeper at Ehrenthal's," modestly continued Itzig; "but Ehrenthal was too haughty for me. I have come into a small sum of money, and I have invested it in Mr. Pinkus' business. I am on the point of establishing myself."

"You cannot have the money at present," said the baron, more composedly. This helpless creature could hardly be a dangerous enemy.

"It is an honor to me," said Veitel, "to be told by the gracious baron that he will pay me later in the afternoon; I have plenty of time." He drew out a silver watch. "I can wait till evening; and that I may not inconvenience the baron by coming at an hour that might not suit him, or when he chanced to be out, I will take the liberty to place myself on his steps. I will stand there," said he, as if deprecating the baron's refusal to let him sit. "I will wait till five o'clock. The baron need not inconvenience himself on my account." And Veitel

bowed himself out, and retired from the room backward like a crab. The baron recalled him, and he stood still in that bent and ridiculous attitude. At that moment he looked the weakest and oddest of men. The warning letter must have confounded the poor bookkeeper with his master. At all events, it was easier to deal with this man than with any other.

"Can you tell me of any way in which I may satisfy your claim without paying down the sum this day?"

Veitel's eyes flashed like those of a bird of prey, but he shook his head and shrugged his shoulders long in pretended reflection. "Gracious baron," said he, at length, "there is one way—only one way. You have a mortgage of twenty thousand on your property, which mortgage belongs to yourself, and is kept in Ehrenthal's office. I will persuade Pinkus to leave you the ten thousand, and will add another ten if you make over that mortgage to my friend."

The baron listened. "Perhaps you do not know," rejoined he, with much severity, "that I have already made over that deed of mortgage to Ehrenthal."

"Forgive me, gracious sir, you have not; there has been no legal surrender of it made."

"But my written promise has been given," said the baron.

Veitel shrugged again. "If you promised Ehrenthal a mortgage, why should it be this very one of all others? But what need of a mortgage to Ehrenthal at all? This year you will receive your capital from the Polish estate, and then you can pay him off in hard cash. Till then, just leave the mortgage quietly in his hands; no one need know that you have surrendered it to us. If you will have the kindness to come with me to a lawyer, and assign the deed to my friend, I will give you two thousand dollars for it at once, and on the day that you place the deed in our hands I will pay down the rest of the money."

The baron had forced himself to listen to this proposal with a smile. At last he replied briefly, "Devise some other plan; I cannot consent to this."

"There is no other," said Itzig; "but it is only midday, and I can wait till five."

He again began a series of low bows, and moved to the door.

"Reflect, gracious sir," said he, earnestly, "that you do not merely want the ten thousand dollars. You will, in the course of the next few months, require as much more for your factory

and the getting your money out of the Polish investment. If you surrender the mortgage to us, you will have the whole sum you need; but pray do not mention the matter to Ehrenthal; he is a hard man, and would injure me throughout life."

"Have no fear," said the baron, with a gesture of dismissal.

Veitel withdrew.

The baron paced up and down. The proposal just made revolted him. True, it would rescue him from this and other impending difficulties, but, of course, it was out of the question. The man who proposed it was so absurd a being, that it was of no use even to be angry with him. But the baron's word was pledged, and the matter could not be thought of further.

And yet how trifling the risk! The documents would remain at Ehrenthal's till the Polish count had paid him, then he would clear his own debts to Ehrenthal, and release his documents. No one need ever know of it; and if the worst should befall, he had but to give Ehrenthal another mortgage on his property, and the money broker would be equally satisfied. The baron kept banishing the thought, and yet it ceaselessly returned. It struck one, it struck two; he rang for his servant, and ordered the carriage round, carelessly asking if the stranger were still there. The coachman drove up; the stranger was on the steps; the baron went down without looking at him, got into the carriage, and when he was asked by the footman, hat off, whither the coachman was to drive, it first occurred to him that he did not know. At length he said, "To Ehrenthal's."

Meanwhile Ehrenthal had been spending a troubled morning. He began to suspect that some other, too, was speculating against the baron. He sent for Pinkus, overwhelmed him with reproaches, and tried in every sort of way to discover whence he had got his capital; but Pinkus had been well schooled: he was bold, rude, and silent. Then Ehrenthal sent for Itzig. Itzig was nowhere to be found.

Consequently, Ehrenthal was in a very bad temper when the baron returned, and he told him dryly that the day had come when his payments must cease. A painful scene ensued; the baron left the office in bitter mood, and determined to pay a last visit to an early comrade, who was known to be a rich man.

It was past four when he returned hopeless to his lodgings. A thin figure was leaning against the steps, and bowed low to the baron as he hurried past. His strength was exhausted;

he sat on the sofa as he had done the day before, and blindly stared before him. He knew there was no rescue but that which waited on the steps below. Prostrate, powerless, he heard the clock strike the quarter to five; his pulses beat like hammers, and each throb brought the moment nearer that was to decide his fate. The last stroke of the hour was over. The anteroom bell rang; the baron rose. Itzig opened the door, holding the two papers in his hand.

"I cannot pay," the baron cried, in a hoarse voice.

Itzig bowed again and offered him the other paper: "Here is the sketch of a contract."

The baron took up his hat, and said, without looking at him, "Come to an attorney."

It was evening when the baron returned to the castle of his forefathers. The pale moonlight shone on the turrets, the lake was black as ink, and colorless as they was the face of the man who leaned back in the carriage, with close compressed lips, like one who, after a long struggle, had come to an irrevocable decision. He looked apathetically on the water and on the cool moonshine on the roof, and yet he was glad that the sun did not shine, and that he did not see his father's house in its golden light. He tried to think of the future he had insured; he pondered over all the advantages to accrue from his factory; he looked forward to the time when his son would dwell here, rich, secure, free from the cares that had involved his father with vulgar traders, and prematurely blanched his hair. He thought of all this, but his favorite thoughts had become indifferent to him. He entered the house, felt for his full pocket book before he gave his hand to his wife, and nodded significantly to Lenore. He spoke cheerfully to the ladies, and even contrived to joke about his busy day; but he felt that something had come between him and his dearest ones—even they seemed estranged. If they leaned over him or took his hand, his impulse was to withdraw from the caress. And when his wife looked lovingly at him, there was a something in her eyes, where once he was wont to turn for comfort in every extremity, that he could no longer bear to meet.

He went to his factory, where he was again received with huzza after huzza by the workmen, and with merry tunes by the village band. They played the very air to which he had often marched with his regiment by the side of his old general, whom he loved as a father. He thought of the scarred face of

the old warrior, and thought too of a court of honor that he and his brother officers had once held upon an unhappy youth who had lightly given and broken his word of honor. He went into his bedroom, and rejoiced that it had become dark, and that he could no longer see his castle, his factory, or his wife's searching glance. And again he heard hour after hour strike, and at the stroke of each the thought was forced in upon him, "There is now another of that regiment who has, when gray-haired, done the very deed that led a youth to blow out his brains: here lies the man, and cannot sleep because he has broken his word of honor."



THE ESCAPE.[1]

By MAXWELL GRAY

(From "The Silence of Dean Maitland")

[MAXWELL GRAY, pseudonym of Mary G. Tuttiett, author, was born at Newport, Isle of Wight, in 18—, the daughter of a physician She published: "The Broken Tryst" (1879), "The Silence of Dean Maitland" (1887), "The Reproach of Annesley" (1889), "In the Heart of the Storm" (1891), "The Last Sentence" (1894), "A Costly Freak" (1894), and "Ribstone Pippins" (1898)]

IN the process of long years a sort of sleep had settled upon Everard's nature. He grew so inured to the prison routine, with its numbing drudgery, that he had ceased to think of freedom or to feel active pain in his never-ceasing torment. But Leslie's funeral was like the stab of a sharp knife in a numbed limb: it woke him to full consciousness of his misery and degradation. He had been at Portsmouth only for some six months, having been suddenly transported thither, he knew not why, and he had but recently discovered that his father was port admiral.

Daily, as he worked on the dockyard extension, he had passed the admiral's great house, with the green in front, and the semaphore, waving long arms to all the subject ships in harbor, upon its roofs, and had looked at it with a listless, incurious eye, little dreaming who was the chief figure in the court which gathers round the port admiral as a tiny, social king, till one sunny noon, when going home to dinner with his

[1] By permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co (Crown 8vo, price 6s)

gang, he saw the admiral descending the steps to welcome some guests, and felt the sting of his humiliation as he had never done before, not even when one day, in the midst of his muddy work at the extension, he had seen Keppel in full uniform rowed ashore from his ship with all the pomp and circumstance of a naval captain on blue waters. Some weeks before the funeral, when he was going on to the dockyard works at early morning, the port admiral's house was still lighted up, its windows shown sickly in the gray daylight, a few carriages were still drawn up in a lessening line before the principal door, and the last strains of a military band were dying away.

The admiral, assisted by his daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Keppel Everard, had given a great ball that night, and in one of the carriages. into which the admiral was leaning, talking, No. 62 saw a black-coated man, whose features, dim in the shadow, suggested Cyril's. and by his side, pale from the long night's waking, and talking to the old man, was surely, surely, his own sister Marion.

Did they know he was there? or had Lilian purposely withheld the information to spare them pain? He could not tell. But these circumstances, together with the funeral, conspired to make his life intolerable, and when once more he found himself laboring on the old fortifications, he stepped along in the gang with a subdued leap in his gait, like a caged beast.

Long since he had renounced the hope of being freed by Cyril's conscience. He had never made any attempt to fasten the guilt on the real criminal; he shrank from the complex misery it would bring upon all dear to him; and, moreover, his evidence, though absolutely convincing to himself, was purely conjectural. He could bring not one proof, no single witness, save the dumb cat, and that evidence, he well knew, would suffice only to convince the one person he most wished to be ignorant of the truth, Lilian herself.

The day on which he returned to the fortifications was hot and fiercely bright. The town was full of life. Gay carriages were bearing ladies in light summer bravery to garden parties, afternoon dances on board ships, and other revels; bands were playing on piers; vessels of every kind, some gay with flags, dotted the Solent and the calm blue harbor; colors had been trooped on the common, troops had marched past the convicts; the sweet chimes of St. Thomas' had rung a wedding peal; the great guns had thundered out royal salutes to the royal yacht

as she bore the sovereign over to the green Wight — there was such a rush and stir of life as quite bewildered Everard, and made the sharpest contrast to his gray and dreary prison life. To see these freest of free creatures, the street boys, sauntering or springing at will along the hot streets, or, casting off their dirty rags, flinging themselves into the fresh salt sea and reveling there like young Tritons, or, balanced on rails, criticising the passing troops, was maddening.

The day grew hotter, but pick and barrow had to be plied without respite, though the sweat poured from hot brows, and one man dropped. Everard saw that it was sunstroke, and not malingering, as the warder was inclined to think, and by his earnest representations got the poor creature proper treatment. The brassy sky grew lurid purple, and heavy growls of thunder came rumbling from the distance; some large drops of rain fell scantily, and then suddenly the sky opened from horizon to horizon and let down a sheet of vivid flame. Darkness followed, and a roar as of all the artillery at Portsmouth firing and all its magazines exploding at once.

"Now or never," thought Everard, and, dropping his barrow at the end of his plank, he leaped straight ahead down into a waste patch, over which he sprang to the road. He ran for life and liberty with a speed he did not know himself capable of, straight on, blindly aiming at the shore, tearing off his cap and jacket and flinging them widely in different directions, as he went through the dark curtain of straight rushing rain.

The warders, bewildered by the awful roar of the thunder, blinded by the fierce, quick dazzle of the lightning and the blackness of the all-concealing rain, did not at first miss him. It was only when he leaped the palisade bounding the road, and showed through the rain curtain a bare-headed, fugitive figure, that the grim guardian caught sight of him. Had he possessed the nerve to walk quietly out through the gate, he might have got off unobserved under cover of the storm.

Quick as thought, the warder, on seeing him, lifted his piece to his shoulder and fired. He was a good marksman, and his face lighted up with satisfaction as he hit his flying quarry, in spite of the bad light and confusing storm.

Everard felt a sharp, hot sting in the thigh, but ran on, his course marked with blood, which the friendly storm quickly washed away. The darkness became intenser, the lightning more blinding, the down-rush of rain heavier, and the crashing

of the thunder more deafening. Nevertheless, the alarm was given, and the pursuers were soon in full chase.

Down the now deserted highroad dashed the fugitive, every faculty he possessed concentrated on flight. With the blind instinct of the hunted, he rushed at the first turning, through a gate, up some steps, along to the bastion which rose behind the powder magazines. He darted along some pleasant green walk under the massy elms, till he reached the first sentry box, in which stood the sentry, a stalwart Highlander, sheltering from the storm.

Instead of firing on him, as the desperate fugitive expected, the man stepped swiftly aside, and the panting runner, divining his friendly purpose, ran into the box.

The soldier swiftly resumed his station, and stood looking out with an immovable face as before, while the hunted convict, in the darkness in the narrow space at his side, stood face inward, close pressed to the wooden wall, soaked to the skin, and panting in hard gasps that were almost groans, yet sufficiently master of himself to press a wad of folded trowser on the bleeding wound which proved to be only a flesh graze, but which might ruin the friendly Scot by its damning stains on the floor of the box.

"Quiet's the word," said the hospitable sentry, and nothing more.

Some minutes passed. Everard's breathing became less labored, and his reflections more agonized; the thunder peals grew less tremendous, while the rain became heavier. The pursuers had lost sight of their prey in the road before he reached the gate, and had been thrown off the scent, while still sending searchers in all directions. Two of these turned up through the gate, and one explored all the nooks and crannies of the crescent-shaped space walled by the bastion which sheltered the powder magazines, while the other examined the path itself, and interrogated the sentry.

"Past the Garrison Chapel, toward High Street; out of my range," he said coolly; and the pursuer, calling his comrade, flew with him along the bastion, not stopping to inquire of the other sentries. "Gone away," observed the Highlander to his quivering guest, who had feared lest his light-colored dress might betray him behind the sentry, whose plaid and kilt and feather bonnet filled up all of the opening not darkened by his tall figure. "Off the scent. What next, mate?"

"Heaven knows! I only hope I may not ruin you. If I get off, I will not forget you. My friends are well off, and I am ——"

"Henry Everard. Seen you often with your gang — recognized at once."

"Good heavens!" cried Everard, not seeing his host's handsome face, but feeling a vague stir of memory at his voice; "who are you?"

"Private Walker, 179th Highlanders. Was Balfour of Christ Church."

"Balfour? What! come to this? What did we not expect of you?"

"Wear a better coat than yours. Manby rough on you — hard lines. Do anything for you."

"You always were a good-hearted fellow. And I was innocent, Balfour; I had not the faintest grudge against the poor fellow. But how did you come to this? You took honors."

"Governor poor — large family — small allowance at Cambridge — debts — Jews. Called to Bar — small allowance again — no briefs — more debts — more Jews. Governor suggests Australia — all up here — didn't see boiling tallow in Australia — if a day laborer, why not in England? Always liked the service — enlisted — Hussar regiment — jolly life — saw service — full sergeant — time expired. Sent into Reserve — not allowed to reenlist — name of Smith. Tried civil life — down on my luck again — deserted from Reserve — reenlisted in Highlanders — name of Walker — enlistment fraudulent — liable to imprisonment — foreign service soon — all right. Now for you."

Everard had to confess that he did not in the least know what to do next, unless he could hide till the darkness rendered his dress unobservable. The moment he was seen he would be recognized anywhere as a convict. Various schemes were revolved between them as rapidly as possible, for it was essential that Everard should leave the sentry box for a better hiding place before the rapid diminishing of the storm should once more open the bastion to observers.

The massive foliage of the elms hard by might have hidden a regiment, and Balfour had observed that the branches attracted no suspicion on the part of the pursuers, and, as the forking of the boughs did not begin till many feet off the

ground, and the broad, smooth trunk offered not the smallest foothold, it was impossible for a man to climb into them unassisted.

But the sentry remembered that a stout rope had been flung aside there by some gunners busy cleaning the cannon on the bastion that day. If Everard could find this, and fling it over a bough, he might hoist himself up. If he could not find it, the soldier offered to come and lend him his shoulder — an action that might attract attention even in the darkness of the storm, since that part of the bastion was commanded by many windows, and that would, if discovered, bring certain ruin upon both men.

Everard darted swiftly from the box, and groped about in the wet grass till he found the rope. This, in the still blinding rain, he threw over the lowest stout branch, keeping one end, and fearful lest the other would not descend within reach. After a couple of casts, however, he succeeded in bringing the second end, in which he had fastened a stone, within easy reach, and grasping both, and planting his feet against the broad bole, slippery with wet, managed to struggle up with moderate speed. He was halfway up, and pausing a moment to steady himself and look round, saw to his infinite horror that he was exactly opposite to, and in full view and firing range of, the sentry on the opposite end of the bastion, which was roughly crescent-shaped.

Outlined as he was, and almost stationary against the tree trunk, he presented the easiest target for a moderate range shot. The man was in no hurry for his easy prey, he lifted his musket slowly, while Everard paused, transfixed with horror. The sentry seemed as if waiting for him to rise into a still better position for a shot. Everard slipped down, expecting to hear a ball sing over his head, if not into his body; but there was no report, and he stood irresolute a moment, seeking where to fly.

A signal of warning and haste from Balfour made him once more grasp his rope in desperation, and climb through the peril of the sentry's aim. A flash of lightning showed him his foe standing as before, with his musket planted firmly in front of him; he was supporting himself placidly with both hands clasped upon it, and his head bent slightly down, almost as if he had fallen asleep at his post.

But Everard knew that the most careless sentries do not

fall asleep in the process of aiming at fugitive prisoners, and he pressed on till he reached the first fork, where he rested, wondering why no shot had been fired. The fact was, the rain was beating straight into the man's face, and he had much ado to see a yard before him, and had raised his musket merely to see if the breech was properly shielded from the wet. Everard, however, hoisting up his rope, climbed higher into his green fortress, expecting nothing less than to have it soon riddled in all directions by a fusillade from below. To his surprise he heard Balfour's signal of safety, and gladly responded to it; for they had framed a little code of signals before parting

It was comparative luxury to the weary, wounded man to sit astride a branch, with his back against the trunk, and the foot of the wounded limb supported upon a lower bough, and he gave a deep sigh of relief, and reflected that he was at last, after all those dreary years of bondage, free. Balfour could do nothing till he was off guard, which would happen in another half-hour. Nothing could be done during the next sentry's guard, because it would be impossible to get at him and see how far he could be trusted; but if any subsequent sentry proved manageable, and if Balfour could get a pass for the night, he might bring him some sort of clothing, and then, under favorable circumstances, he might get off. And then?

The storm abated, the last, low mutterings of thunder died away in the distance, the rain ceased, and the evening sun shone out with golden clearness. Some of the long, slanting beams pierced the green roof of his airy prison, and fell hopefully upon the fugitive's face. He heard the sentry's measured tread below, and then the change of guard; the hum of the town, and the noises from the vessels at anchor came, mingled with distant bugle calls, to his lonely tower. The light faded, the sun went down in glory, the gun on the bastion fired the sunset, the parish church chimed half-past eight, the sounds from sea and shore came more distinct on the quieting night air, and he heard the band of a Highland regiment begin its skirl of pipes on the Clarence pier. It was probably Balfour's regiment.

Poor Balfour! He fell to thinking of his unfortunate lot, much as he had to occupy his thoughts with regard to his own immediate safety. Only that week Balfour's father, General Sir Ronald Balfour, K.C.B., as general commanding at Portsmouth, had reviewed the troops, Balfour himself being more

than once face to face with his father. This he told Everard, adding that on a recent foreign royal visit to Portsmouth, the 179th had formed a guard of honor to the royal guests, and that Admiral Everard had walked down the lane of which he made a part, in the wake of the royal party, chancing to come to a full stop just on his level.

Balfour, the star of the debating society, the man whom they had hoped to see on the Woolsack; what a fall was here! "Unlucky beggar!" was the philosophic Highlander's sole comment on his ill-starred destiny. A good fellow and a man without a vice.

The air was chill after sunset. Everard, motionless on his airy perch, bareheaded, and in his shirt sleeves, was wet to the skin, and shivered with a double chill after the heat of his hard labor in the sultry afternoon. His wound ached till he began to fear it might lame him, and his hunger waxed keener as the night deepened and the cold increased. The stars came out and looked at him with their friendly, quieting gaze. He could see the sparkle of lights in the water and in the town; he could make out the lights of the admiral's signal station on his housetop above the dockyard.

Which man-of-war was Keppel's, he wondered, knowing nothing even of the outside world that was so near him. The chimes of the parish church told him the hours, and he knew when the guard would be relieved.

It was a weary night; its minutes lagged by leaden paced. He thought their long procession would never end; and yet there was a strange, delicious enchantment in the feeling that he had at last broken the bars of that iron prison, with its terrible bondage of unending routine and drudgery. The thick foliage of the elm still held the wet, which every passing breath of the night wind shook on the grass below in a miniature shower. The moon rose and wandered in pale majesty across the sweet blue sky—such a free, broad night sky as had not blessed his eyes for years and years; its beams hung his green fortress roof with pearls and trembling diamonds, falling ever and anon to the earth. Sentinel after sentinel came on guard below, but there was no friendly signal from beneath. He had descended to the lowest bough to catch the lightest sound. The watch was passing; the early dawn would shine on the next watch, and, if help did not come before the sunrise, he would have to wait till the following night, wet, starved,

suffering as he was. But no; there is the welcome signal at last.

Quickly he gave the answering signal; and, bending down in the darkness, heard the following sentence above the sound of the sentinel's backward and forward steps: "Sentry blind and deaf — sneak off to right. Catch."

Something flew up to him in the dark, and, after two misses, he caught it; and then, rising to where a rift in the foliage let in a shaft of rays from the waning moon, unfastened his bundle, which was roughly tied with string.

A battered hat, very large, so that it would hide the close-cropped head; a boatman's thick blue jersey; and a pair of wide trowsers, worn and stained, with a belt to fasten them; also some second-hand boots, — such was the simple but sufficient wardrobe which Balfour had purchased with his slender means, and brought him at deadly risk.

Everard was able to discard every rag of the tell-tale prison garb, stamped all over as it was with the broad arrow, and securing the dangerous garments to a branch of the tree, invested himself in the contents of the bundle — an occupation that took so long, owing to the inconvenience of his lofty dressing room, that the eastern sky was brightening and the friendly sentinel's watch almost expired by the time he was ready to descend from his perch, which he did noiselessly and apparently unobserved by the sentry.

Then, slowly and painfully, — for his limbs were cramped and chilled, and his wound ached, — he glided behind the dark boles till he reached the steps, and, descending them, found to his dismay that the gate was locked.

There is almost always some small but vitally important hitch in the best-laid human plans, and the hitch in Balfour's arrangement was that he forgot the nightly locking of the gate leading on to the bastion. He had approached the tree from the other side, passing the sentries, being challenged by them and giving the word in reply.

Everard knew the bastion, and had had many a pleasant stroll there in old days, when stopping with his father when in port, and he knew well that his only course was now to climb the gate, which he could not do without noise, and which was in no case an easy feat, the plain board of which the gate was made being high and the top thickly studded with those dread-

ful crooked nails, which look like alphabets gone wrong, and do dreadful damage to both hands and clothing.

Fortunately, the moon had set, the sun was not yet risen, and the darkness favored him — a darkness which every moment threatened to dissipate. He struggled up with as little sound as possible, with set teeth and a beating heart, lacerating his hands cruelly. Then, having gained the top, — not without some rents in his scanty clothing, — he grasped the nail-studded ridge and sprang down. Alas! not to the ground, for one of the crooked nails caught in the back part of the wide trowsers, and, with a rending of cloth and a knocking of his feet against the boards, he found himself arrested midway, and suspended by the waist against the gate, like a mole on a keeper's paling.

Had he been caught in front, he might have raised himself and somehow torn himself free; but being hooked thus in the rear, he was almost helpless, and his slightest effort to free himself brought the heels of his boots knocking loudly against the gate as if to obtain admittance, which was the last thing he wanted. Meantime the minutes flew on, the darkness was breaking fast; before long the sun would rise and disclose him hung thus helplessly on his nail to the earliest passer-by, who would probably be a policeman.

A beautiful faint flush of red rose suddenly shot up over the eastern sky, and the brown shadows lessened around him. He heard footsteps echoing through the dewy stillness, and struggled with blind desperation. The rose red turned deep glowing orange, objects became more and more distinct before him, the street lamps sickened, a soft orange ray shot straight from the sea across the common, through the leaves of the tree shadowing the gate, on to the fugitive's cheek. At the same instant he heard the boom of the sunrise guns; it was day.

The footsteps approached nearer and nearer; on the bastion he heard the change of watch. He felt that all was lost, and yet, in his mental tension, his chief consciousness was of the awful beauty of the dawn, the dewy quiet and freshness brooding over the great town, and — strange contrast! — the grotesque absurdity of his situation. He heard the lively twitter of the birds waking in the trees, and admired the soft radiance of the ruddy beams on the sleeping town; and then something gave way and he found himself full length on the pavement.

The echoing footsteps had as yet brought no figure round the corner, and Everard welcomed the hard salute of the paving stones as the first greeting of freedom, and, quickly picking himself up, he fell into the slow, slouching walks he had observed in tramps, and moved on, adjusting his disordered garments as best he might. The footsteps proved indeed to be those of a policeman, whose eyes were dazzled with the level sunbeams which he faced, and who gave him a dissatisfied but not suspicious glance and passed on.

Everard drew a deep breath, and limped on, trying to disguise the lameness of the wounded limb, which he feared might betray him, and thrust his torn hands into the pockets of the trowsers which had so nearly ruined him. His surprise and joy were great on touching with his left hand a substance which proved to be bread and cheese, which he instantly devoured, and with his right a few pence, and, what moved him to tears of gratitude for Balfour's thankful kindness, a short, brierwood pipe, well seasoned, and doubtless the good fellow's own, a screw of cheap tobacco and some matches. He had not touched tobacco for nine years.

A drinking fountain supplied him with the draught of water which his fevered throat and parched lips craved; it also enabled him to wash off some of the blood and dirt from his torn hand. And then, dragging his stiff and wounded limb slowly along, and eating his stale bread and cheese in the sweet sunshine, he made his morning orisons in the dewy quiet of the yet unawakened town, and felt a glow of intense gratitude, which increased as the food and water strengthened him, and exercise warmed his chill and stiffened frame.

He was glad to see the houses open one by one, and the streets begin to fill; he thought he should attract less attention among numbers. He passed groups of free laborers, hurrying to the dockyards to work, and it gave him an eerie shudder to think that some of them, whose faces he knew, might recognize him. His terror increased when he saw a light on a workman's face — a face he knew well, for the man had slipped over the side of the dock one morning, and was in imminent danger of being jammed by some floating timber, when Everard had promptly sprung after him, regardless of prison discipline, and held him up, for he could not swim, till a rope was brought, and the two men were hauled out, bruised, but otherwise uninjured.

The man stopped; Everard went straight on, not appearing to see him, and, after a few seconds, to his dismay, heard footsteps running after him. He dared not quicken his pace, lest he should attract attention, but the food he was eating stuck in his throat, and his face paled. His pursuer gained his side, and, seizing his hand, pressed some pence into it, saying, in a low tone, "Mum's the word, mate! All the ready I've got. Simon Jones, 80 King Street, for help. Better not stop."

Then he turned and resumed his road, telling his companions something about a chum of his down in his luck, and Everard slouched on with a lightened heart and increased gratitude for the pence. He had now nearly two shillings in his pockets, and when he had lighted Balfour's brierwood, he felt like a king. The last time he handled a coin was when he gave pence to a blind man, sitting by the police station at Oldport, just before his arrest. He bought needle and thread to repair the tremendous fissure in the unlucky garments which had played him so ill a trick, and in two hours' time found himself well clear of the town and suburbs. Presently he found a shed used for sheltering cattle, but now empty. This he entered, and, having with some difficulty drawn the chief rents in his clothes together, washed his wound in a trough placed for some cattle to drink from, and bandaged that and the worst hurts in his hand with the handkerchief in which the bread and cheese was wrapped, lay down on some litter behind a turnip-cutting machine, and in a moment was fast asleep, utterly oblivious of prisons, wounds, and hunger.

When he awoke, with the vague consciousness of change which heralds the first waking after a decisive event in life, he felt a strangely unprotected sensation on looking up at the blue sky, which showed through the gaps in the slightly thatched roof, and seeing a green pasture, with cattle grazing upon it, spread broad and sunny before him on the unwalled side of the shed, instead of the close, white walls of his cell. His sleep had been so profound and refreshing that it took him some seconds to recall the events which preceded it. Hunger and the sun told him it was late afternoon; prudence bid him rest the wounded leg, but hunger counseled him to go out and buy food first.

A short walk along the dusty highroad brought him to a little general shop at the entrance to a village, where he bought

a penny loaf and a little cheese, and was confounded by the affability of the mistress of the shop, a tidy young woman with a child in her arms.

"Warm walking," she observed, as she weighed his cheese.

"It is warm," he faltered, with a strange embarrassment; for he had been addressed by no woman since the bitter hour of his parting from Lilian, nine years ago, and had a confused idea that he must be very respectful to every one in virtue of his low position.

"Tramped far?" she added, wrapping the morsel of cheese in paper.

"No, ma'am, only from Portsmouth," he replied; and taking his purchase with a "Thank you" and a touch of his hat, he was limping out, when the woman called him back. "Seems to me you've been ill, and you've seen better days by the sound of your tongue," she said. "What have you eat to-day?"

"A good breakfast of bread and cheese."

"And you just out of hospital, as I can see! Poor chap! and your hand bad, too. Come into my room here, do. Here's some bacon and eggs my master left from dinner; I'll warm it up in a minute. We sha'n't miss it, and it will do you a sight more good than that poor bit you bought. Come in, do, the children and me is just getting our teas."

Everard's instinctive courtesy bade him accept this kind offer, and he got a cup of hot tea and a good meal of warm food, and, what was better than all, the refreshing sense of human kindness, and departed with gratitude, having won golden opinions from his hostess by his quiet civility and wise observations upon the teething of her infant.

He was grateful also for the hint about the hospital and the refinement of his speech, and resolved to adopt the broad Hampshire drawl, familiar to him from babyhood.

He trudged on with a better heart, bent chiefly on finding a refuge for the night. As he approached a pretty cottage, with a lawn before it and a garden behind, a pony carriage passed him and drew up before the gate. It was driven by a lady in mourning, who looked inquiringly around before alighting. Everard ran up, touching his hat, and held the pony's head, while she got out, entered the wicket gate, rang the bell, and was admitted by a smart maid.

Here was luck at the very beginning. The lady, whose

face he had not observed in the hurry, but whose dress and appearance as she walked up to the door he had ample leisure to study, was good for at least a shilling, and would ask him no questions; he might soon hope to buy a shirt. He patted the pony's sleek neck and knocked off a fly or two, and wished he knew of a highroad studded with ponies waiting to be held.

Then he looked at the two pretty children the lady had left in her carriage, and their sweet faces filled him with a sense of old familiar home happiness, and his memory called up a pleasant summer scene on the lawn at Malbourne — of the twins, with little Marion between them, pretending to chase the big boy, Harry, who fled backward as they advanced. He remembered the twins' black dresses, which they wore for one of the brothers they lost in infancy, and the scent of the lime blossom overhead.

The children in the pony carriage were prattling merrily together, and making comments on all they saw, himself not excepted. He had incautiously taken off his hot felt hat for a moment to cool himself as he stood by the pony, and this action greatly interested the younger child, a blue-eyed boy.

"Why is all 'oo hair cut off?" he asked, earnestly regarding him. "Has 'oo been to pizzen?"

"I have been ill, sir, and my head was shaved," replied Everard, coloring with dismay, and quickly jamming his hat well on, while the little maiden rebuked her brother for his rudeness.

"He did not mean to be rude," she explained; "but we are staying with our grandpa in the dockyard, and Ernest sees the convicts go by every day, so we play at convicts, and he cut his little brother's hair off to make it seem more real. Wasn't it naughty?"

"Very naughty," replied Everard, charmed with the music of the sweet little refined voices, a music he had not heard so long. The little girl reminded him of his old pet, Winnie.

"Why didn't 'oo die?" continued the boy. "Mine uncle did die. The soldiers put him on the big gun, and shooted him when he was in the ground, and the music played, and mamma kied."

"Hush, Ernie! I'm glad you got well, poor man!" said the little maid, demurely.

"When I grow up," proceeded the boy, "I sall be a admiral, like grandpa, and have sips and guns and a sword."

Everard congratulated him on his choice; but his little sister said he had better be a clergyman like their father, and make people good, and preach.

"I don't want to peach," said the little man, pathetically. "I want to be a admiral, and have sips and guns and swords."

Then the door opened, and the lady came out, accompanied by another lady in a widow's cap, who nodded to the children and smiled, though she had just been weeping, and went in; and Everard, with an intelligence sharpened almost to agony by the children's conversation, looked searchingly from under the hat he had slouched over his brows at the dark-haired, dark-eyed lady, as she returned to her carriage, replacing the veil which she had raised during her visit, evidently a sorrowful one, since she too had been shedding tears.

Everard's heart throbbed almost to bursting as he met the dark eyes, once so full of mirth and life, and observed the familiar carriage of the still slender figure. It was Marion, beyond all doubt; Marion, altered indeed, but still Marion, the favorite sister, the darling of his youth — that traitor's wife, as he muttered between his fiercely ground teeth. Twice nine years might have passed over her head, to judge by her looks. The joyous elasticity was gone from her carriage; she was pale, and there were lines of settled care on the once sparkling face.

She smiled on her children, a tender, sweet smile, but with no happiness in it, and hoped they had been good, as she got into the carriage and took the reins, not observing the man who stood by the pony, with his breath coming gaspingly, and his heart torn by a medley of passionate emotions. He stepped back when she had taken the reins and whip, and touched his hat as she drove on, and then stopped on catching sight of him, and drew out her purse, whence she took a shilling, which she gave him. He touched his hat once more, and was again stepping back, when she beckoned him forward and addressed him.

"Are you out of work?" she asked, and he replied slowly in the affirmative.

"That is strange," she continued, with a little severity. "A man of your age and strength ought to have no difficulty in getting work just now. The farmers want men, and the dock-yards are taking in extra hands for the extension works. I hope it is not drink?"

"It is nine years since I touched any drink," he replied, for

the second time moved to discover himself and ask for the money indispensable to his safety, and for the second time restrained by the thought that she was the wife of that traitor, whose money would have been like fire to the touch.

"He was ill, and they did cut off him hair," explained the boy.

"You think of nothing but cutting hair, darling," said Marion, smiling the tender, sad smile again; "I am sorry for that," she added, addressing Everard kindly. "And you are looking for work? Have you been long out of the hospital? Where are your friends? What! no friends? This is very sad. Try the dockyard. I will speak for you to the officials. My father is port admiral. But I am going home to-morrow; my husband preaches at home on Sunday. Or, stay! they want a man at once to mow the lawn at this cottage; their gardener is ill. Can you mow?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Say Mrs. Maitland recommends you. I am sure I may recommend you. You look honest and steady. I wish I could help you, but I have so little time now. Can you read? Yes? Then I will give you a little paper my husband wrote specially for workingmen. Out of that packet, Marion."

The little girl's sweet gold curls drooped over the bag, which she opened, and she drew out a great bundle of tracts, whence she took one and handed it to Everard with the Maitland grace and smile. Her eyes were like Lilian's, and, looking into their sweet depths, Everard let the tract fall clumsily into his brown hand, where one of the lacerations was bleeding afresh, so that the paper was quickly stained with his blood.

"Oh, his poor hand, mother!" cried the child, pitifully. "Mayn't I give him my handkerchief to tie it up?"

Everard objected, saying any rag would serve the purpose; but Marion bid him take it, saying that children should learn to give. Then the boy took a box half full of chocolate comfits and pressed it on him, "To make 'oo hand well," he said. Marion smiled, and the tears clouded Everard's eyes, and he remembered how the twins used to give away their garments to tramps unless closely watched.

He stood long looking after the pony carriage, till the last gleam of the two golden heads vanished, and the mist over his eyes fell in two great drops on his face; then he remembered his chance of work at the cottage, and walked up to the door

in some trepidation, and pulled the bell. He thought of Marion's tears for Leslie, and wondered if she would shed any if she heard of his death. Would she be relieved, as the others doubtless would, and think it best so? Did she ever tell the children of another uncle, their father's friend, lost before they were born? "Mamma kied" when the soldier uncle was borne with honor to his grave; but she let her children play at convicts, and watch their dolorous daily procession for pastime.

The door opened, "We don't want no tramps here!" cried a shrill voice; and a hand banged the door in his face again, and he stood confounded in the porch. Then he stepped back and took a survey of the house, and was much relieved to see the young widow at a writing table, just within an open window on the ground floor.

He went up when he caught her eye. "If you please, ma'am, I heard you wanted a gardener," he said, lifting his hat.

"And they banged the door in your face," she replied gently. "But why did you not go to the back door? The girl was naturally angry."

The back door was another custom to learn. He faltered out an apology, and then proffered his request for work. "I am not a regular gardener, but I can mow and do odd jobs, and badly want work, being just out of the hospital," he said.

"I am only a lodger," replied the widow; "but I will ask." And she rang the bell and summoned the landlady, and, to Everard's surprise, asked her as a favor to employ him. "You see that photograph, Mrs. Brown?" she said, pointing to one of an officer in regimentals on the table before her. "Now, don't you see a likeness?"

"To whom?" asked the bewildered woman; and Mrs. Everard indicated Henry by a slight gesture.

"You will think me foolish, but I cannot mistrust one so like——" Here she burst into tears, and Mrs. Brown lifted her hands in dismay.

"Poor dear! her wits are troubled by her loss," she thought. "That ragged tramp like the poor gentleman in his smart uniform, indeed!"

"I certainly see no likeness, ma'am," she replied, after a long and depreciating glance at the tattered figure on the lawn; "but I'll do anything to please you, and I do want the grass done, and even if the man isn't honest——"

"I was to say that Mrs. Maitland recommended me. I held her pony just now," interposed Everard.

This ended the discussion; and in a minute or two Everard found himself, scythe in hand, busily mowing the little lawn, to the great discomfort of his torn hands, which he had to bind afresh as well as he could. However, he got through his task in a couple of hours, swept the turf clean, nailed up a creeper or two, and did one or two odd jobs about the place for the damsel who had dismissed him with such scorn, and did not leave the cottage till after dark.

Whenever he paused in his work and looked up, he saw Mrs. Everard's eyes bent wistfully upon him, and knew that she was comparing his features with Leslie's. Marion had not recognized the playfellow and companion of her youth, but this woman's eyes were made keen-sighted by love and sorrow, and traced out the ordinary fraternal resemblance beneath the disguise of the weather-browned, tattered vagrant. His heart warmed to her and to the child, who ran about, prattling and getting in the way of his unsuspected kinsman. If Leslie had been alive, he felt that he could have asked him for succor.

That night he passed on a half-made rick of hay, a fragrant, warm, and luxurious couch, sheltered from the sky by a sheet of sailcloth spread tent-wise to keep off showers.

He thought it better not to seek work so near the town, since he had wherewith to get food for the day, so he set off northward, and walked as far as his wounded leg would let him, revolving many schemes for escape in his mind as he went along. He took out his tract, "Plain Words for Plain Men," and read it with inward sarcasm. It was beautifully written and lucidly expressed; by the Rev. Canon Maitland, Rector of St. Swithun's, at some country town, Rural Dean; author of several religious works set down in due order.

"So he is a canon, is he?" muttered Everard, fiercely, as he limped along in the burning sunshine. "How long does it take to grow into an archbishop, I wonder? And how much damned hypocrisy and lying treachery does it take to make one?" and he tore the paper into a hundred fragments and dashed it into the road dust, where he stamped savagely upon it. Then he thought of Marion and the sweet children who were kind to the ragged vagrant, and his heart contracted with a wild pain.

At noon he rested in a wood, where a thick undergrowth of hazels made a shelter from eyes as well as from the sun. On the mosses and tangled roots of an ash-tree, he sat at the edge of the hazel wall, just where the ground sloped down to a little stream, which bickered over its mossy pebbles with a pleasant sound, and caught in its tiny wave the cool lights glancing through the wind-stirred boughs above it.

This was better than prison, Everard thought, as he stretched his weary, hot limbs at length on the dry, short grass, and gazed up through the gently waving, sun-steeped leaves at glimpses of blue sky, and listened to the brook's low and soothing song and the whispering of the laughing leaves, and smelled the vague, delicious scent of the woodlands, and forgot the aching of his wounds and the cough which had shaken him since chills of the night in the wet elm tree.

For the moment he wanted nothing more. It would be sweet, after those long years of toil and prison, to wander thus forever in the sweet summer weather quite alone, his whole being open to the half-forgotten influences of free earth and sky, fields and streams and woods, sunrises and sunsets and solemn nights marked by the quiet marshaling of the stars, till he was healed of the grievous hurts of his long agony. Even the hunted feeling, the necessity for hiding and being ever on the alert, even the danger that dogged every step, was refreshing and stimulating. This wild life was full of adventure, and roused his faculties, which the iron hand of bondage had benumbed.

The simple meal he had purchased tasted deliciously, the brook's water was like sparkling wine in comparison with that of the prison. For company his cell boasted at most an occasional spider; while here in the wood were a thousand of friendly guests, flying, creeping, swimming, humming, peeping at him with bright, shy eyes, chirping, and even singing a fragmentary song in the noonday heat.

A wren, beguiled by his long stillness and the tempting crumbs he strewed, hopped up within an inch of his motionless hand, and pecked pertly at the unusual dainty. Everard remembered the wren he had seen on his last day of liberty, the wren which nestled on Lilian's muff and let her touch him, while he and Cyril looked on, and Cyril said that it was Lilian's guilelessness which gave her such power over dumb creatures.

He remembered asking Cyril how he, who was equally guileless, had lost his power, and Cyril's agonized rejoinder, "Henry, I am a man."



FLIGHT.[1]

BY CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY.

[1831–1884.]

O MEMORY! that which I gave thee
  To guard in thy garner yestreen —
Little deeming thou e'er could'st behave thee
  Thus basely — hath gone from thee clean!
Gone, fled, as ere autumn is ended
  The yellow leaves flee from the oak —
I have lost it forever, my splendid
  Original joke.

What was it? I know I was brushing
  My hair when the notion occurred.
I know that I felt myself blushing
  As I thought, "How supremely absurd!
How they'll hammer on floor and on table
  As its drollery dawns on them — how
They will quote it" — I wish I were able
  To quote it just now.

I had thought to lead up conversation
  To the subject — it's easily done —
Then let off, as an airy creation
  Of the moment, that masterly pun
Let it off, with a flash like a rocket's;
  In the midst of a dazzled conclave,
Where I sat, with my hands in my pockets,
  The only one grave

I had fancied young Titterton's chuckles,
  And old Bottleby's hearty guffaws
As he drove at my ribs with his knuckles,
  His mode of expressing applause:
While Jean Bottleby — queenly Miss Janet —
  Drew her handkerchief hastily out,
In fits at my slyness — what can it
  Have all been about?

[1] By permission of Geo Bell & Sons.

I know 'twas the happiest, quaintest
  Combination of pathos and fun:
But I've got no idea — the faintest —
  Of what was the actual pun.
I think it was somehow connected
  With something I'd recently read —
Or heard — or perhaps recollected
    On going to bed.

What *had* I been reading? The *Standard:*
  "Double Bigamy"; "Speech of the Mayor."
And later — eh? yes! I meandered
  Through some chapters of "Vanity Fair."
How it fuses the grave with the festive!
  Yet e'en there, there is nothing so fine —
So playfully, subtly suggestive —
    As that joke of mine.

Did it hinge upon "parting asunder"?
  No, I don't part my hair with my brush
Was the point of it "hair"? Now I wonder!
  Stop a bit — I shall think of it — hush!
There's *hare*, a wild animal — Stuff!
  It was something a deal more recondite:
Of that I am certain enough;
    And of nothing beyond it.

Hair — *locks!* There are probably many
  Good things to be said about those.
Give me time — that's the best guess of any —
  "Lock" has several meanings, one knows
Iron locks — *iron-gray locks* — a "deadlock" —
  That would set up an everyday wit:
Then of course there's the obvious "wedlock";
    But that wasn't it

No! mine was a joke for the ages;
  Full of intricate meaning and pith;
A feast for your scholars and sages —
  How it would have rejoiced Sydney Smith!
'Tis such thoughts that ennoble a mortal;
  And, singling him out from the herd,
Fling wide immortality's portal —
    But what was the word?



DINAH MARIA MULOCK

Ah me! 'tis a bootless endeavor.
 As the flight of a bird of the air
Is the flight of a joke — you will never
 See the same one again, you may swear.
'Twas my firstborn, and O how I prized it!
 My darling, my treasure, my own!
This brain and none other devised it —
 And now it has flown.

THE BREAD RIOT.

By DINAH MULOCK.

(From "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

[DINAH MARIA MULOCK, pseudonym of Dinah Maria Mulock Craik, novelist, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, England, April 20, 1826 She began to write as a means of support for her widowed mother and two younger brothers She was married in 1865 to George Lillie Craik, nephew of the famous Scottish author. She published many books, the more famous of which are: "The Ogilvies" (1849), "Agatha's Husband" (1852), "John Halifax, Gentleman" (1857), "A Life for a Life" (1859), "Young Mrs Jardine," "Mistress and Maid" (1863), "A Noble Life" (1866), "A Brave Lady" (1870), "Hannah" (1872), "The Little Lame Prince" (1874), "My Mother and I" (1874), "Plain Speaking" (1882), "Miss Tommy" (1884), and "King Arthur" (1886). She died at Shortlands, Kent, October 12, 1887.]

THE mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while — it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by, — a cursed fortune wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father ——"

"Hush!" whispered John, "he has *a son*, you know."

But while we stood, and with a meaning but rather grim smile Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold, we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

Miserable rioters! A handful of weak, starved men, pelting us with stones and words! One pistol shot might have routed them all, but my father was a man of peace. Small as

their force seemed, there was something at once formidable and pitiful in the low howl that reached us at times.

"Bring out the bags! Us mun have bread! Throw down thy corn, Abel Fletcher!"

"Abel Fletcher will throw it down to ye, ye knaves," said my father, leaning out of the upper window; while a sound, half-curses, half-cheers of triumph, answered him from below.

"That is well," exclaimed John, eagerly. "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Fletcher; I knew you would yield at last."

"Didst thee, lad?" said my father, stopping short.

"Not because they forced you, not to save your life, but because it was right."

"Help me with this bag," was all the reply.

It was a great weight, but not too great for John's young arm, nervous and strong. He hauled it up.

"Now open the window,—dash the panes through,—it matters not. On to the window, I tell thee."

"But if I do, the bag will fall into the river. You cannot, oh, no! you cannot mean that."

"Haul it up to the window, John Halifax."

But John remained immovable.

"I must do it myself, then;" and in the desperate effort he made, somehow the bag of grain fell, and fell on his lame foot. Tortured into frenzy with the pain,—or else, I will still believe, my old father would not have done such a deed, —his failing strength seemed doubled and trebled. In an instant more he had got the bag half through the window, and the next sound we heard was its heavy splash in the river below.

Flung into the river, the precious wheat, and in the very sight of the famished rioters! A howl of fury and despair arose. Some plunged into the water ere the eddies left by the falling mass had ceased; but it was too late. A sharp substance in the river's bed had cut the bag, and we saw thrown up to the surface, and whirled down the Avon, thousands of dancing grains. A few of the men swam or waded after them, clutching a handful here or there; but by the mill pool the river ran swift, and the wheat had all soon disappeared, except what remained in the bag when it was drawn on shore. Over even that they fought like demons.

We could not look at them—John and I. He put his hand over his eyes, muttering the name that, young man as he

was, I had never yet heard irreverently and thoughtlessly on his lips. It was a sight that would move any one to cry unto the Great Father of the human family.

Abel Fletcher sat on his remaining bags in an exhaustion that I think was not all physical pain. The paroxysm of anger past, he, ever a just man, could not fail to be struck with what he had done. He seemed subdued, even to something like remorse.

John looked at him, and looked away. For a minute he listened in silence to the shouting outside, and then turned to my father.

"Sir, you must come now. Not a second to lose; they will fire the mill next."

"Let them."

"Let them? and Phineas is here!"

My poor father! He rose at once.

We got him downstairs,—he was very lame,—his ruddy face all drawn and white with pain; but he did not speak one word of opposition, or utter a groan of complaint.

The flour mill was built on piles in the center of the narrow river. It was only a few steps of bridge work to either bank. The little door was on the Norton Bury side, and was hid from the opposite shore, where the rioters had now collected. In a minute we had crept forth and dashed out of sight in the narrow path which had been made from the mill to the tanyard.

"Will you take my arm? we must get on fast."

"Home?" said my father, in a strangely quiet tone, as John led him passively along.

"No, sir, not home; they are there before you. Your life's not safe an hour—unless, indeed, you get soldiers to guard it."

Abel Fletcher made a decisive, negative gesture. The stern old Quaker held to his principles still.

"Then you must hide for a time, both of you. Come to my room. You will be secure there. Urge him, Phineas, for your sake and his own."

But my poor, broken-down father needed no urging. Grasping more tightly both John's arm and mine, which for the first time in his life he leaned upon, he submitted to be led whither we chose. So, after this long interval of time, I once more stood in Sally Watkins' small attic, where, ever since I first brought him there, John Halifax had lived.

Sally knew not of our entrance; she was out watching the rioters. No one saw us but Jem, and Jem's honor was as safe as a rock. I knew that in the smile with which he pulled off his cap to "Mr. Halifax."

"Now," said John, hastily smoothing his bed so that my father might lie down, and wrapping his cloak round me, "you must both be very still. You will likely have to spend the night here. Jem shall bring you a light and supper. You will make yourself easy, Abel Fletcher?"

"Ay." It was strange to see how decidedly, yet respectfully, John spoke, and how quietly my father answered.

"And Phineas,"—he put his arm round my shoulder in his old way,—"you will take care of yourself. Are you any stronger than you were?"

I clasped his hand without reply.

"Now good-by; I must be off."

"Whither?" said my father, rousing himself.

"To try and save the house and the tanyard; I fear we must give up the mill. "No, don't hold me, Phineas. I run no risk; everybody knows me. Besides, I am young. There! see after your father. I shall come back in good time."

He grasped my hands warmly, then unloosed them; and I heard his step descending the staircase. . . .

After midnight,—I know not how long, for I lost count of the hours by the abbey chimes, and our light had gone out,—after midnight I heard, by my father's breathing, that he was asleep. I was thankful to see it for his sake, and also for another reason.

I could not sleep; all my faculties were preternaturally alive. My weak body and timid soul became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night, at least, I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight, therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him and crept downstairs into Sally Watkins' kitchen. It was silent; only the faithful warder Jem dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder, at which he collared me and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas; hope I didn't hurt 'ee, sir?" cried he, all but whimpering; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir; wish I did! wouldn't be long a finding out, though, on'y he says, 'Jem, you stop 'ere wi' they (pointing his thumb up the staircase). So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself, with a doggedly obedient but most dissatisfied air, down by the fireplace. It was evident nothing would move him thence; so he was as safe a guard over my poor old father's slumber as the mastiff in the tan-yard, who was as brave as a lion and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat; I'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished that he stood with open mouth, while I took the said garments from him and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But, sir, Mr. Halifax said ——"

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the doorsill and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I s'pose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere'—and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard behind it—waiting for John—until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent. I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil lamps that lit the night darkness of Norton Bury lay a few smouldering hanks of hemp, well resined. They, then, had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction,—fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house, and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur which I fancied I heard; but still there was no one in the street,—no one except the abbey watchman lounging in his box. I roused him, and asked if all was safe? where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now ——"

"Ay, I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him; no constables, no law?"

"Oh, he's a Quaker! the law don't help Quakers."

That was the truth, — the hard, grinding truth in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard until I saw, shining against the boles of the chestnut trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now, at last, I had got in the midst of that small body of men, — "the rioters."

A mere handful they were, not above two score, apparently the relics of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plow lads from the country round; but they were desperate. They had come up the Coltham road so quietly that, except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood up on the other side the road, — barred, black, silent.

I heard a muttering: "Th' old man bean't there" — "Nobody knows where he be." No, thank God!

"Be us all y'ere?" said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man, who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

"Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out."

But in the eager scuffle, the torch, the only one alight, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no one seemed to know; but I missed my man from behind the tree, nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked around to see if none were by, and then sprang over the gate. Dark as it was, I thought I recognized him.

"John?"

"Phineas?" He was beside me in a bound. "How could you do ——"

"I could do anything to-night. But you are safe: no one has harmed you? Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!"

"Now, Phineas, we have not a minute's time. I must have you safe; we must get into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a staff of constables; she has braved them once to-night, but they're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tanyard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night between there and here, waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! there they are! — I say, Jael!"

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful Society by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood all together in the barricaded house and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you."

She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me; thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? for that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it, — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house; but it fell harmless against the stanch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show more plainly than even daylight had shown the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Holloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a' Quaker's! nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael, between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight with these? What are you doing, Jael?" For she had taken down a large book, the last book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully put back the volume in its place, — that volume in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; . . . pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

A minute or two John stood by the book shelves, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I'm going to try a new plan, — at least, one so old that it's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you'll bear me witness to your father that I did for the best and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leaned out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off, our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid, I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry.

"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! they be only Quakers!"

"There's not a minute to lose, — stop, let me think, — Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly Jael was not born to be a Friend.

John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the top of the flight of steps, in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me; I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act, that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed or clearly understood it, till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *outside* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed, nay, paralyzed, by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh.

"Who be thee?" — "It's one o' the Quakers." — "No, he bean't." — "Burn 'un, anyhow." — "Touch 'un, if ye dare."

There was evidently a division rising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him; he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is 'un?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as "Don't hurt the lad." — "He were kind to my lad, he were." — "He be a

real gentleman." — "No, he comed here, as poor as us," and the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I zay, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vamished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried: —

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we!"

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night to burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so; it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

That argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob, — at least a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats, too. Now you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men — some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened either. Look here — the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you, — sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "us be starved a'most. What's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back with that pleased gesture I remember so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I give you something to eat, would you listen to me afterward?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk. I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you'll be peaceable?"

"Ay, ay! Some'at to eat; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael, bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed, — I marvel now to think of it, — but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back with a strong, sharp sob to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in!" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined. in spite of the noise they had made. But two score of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see!

John divided the food as well as he could among them; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal, — all come alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for, in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterward there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael; bring them water."

"Beer!" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still, — the best weapon a man can use, — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so, and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational, human beings; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced man,

who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old wench at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none, — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried.

And one man added, "Thank the Lord!"

"That's right, Jacob Baines. And another time, *trust* the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows, and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what'll become o' the little 'uns at home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, sure-ly. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he'd give it us now?" and Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader, — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns," — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babbies at home, if ee'll get a bit o' bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come

into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering. "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some, he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man — I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear, firm handwriting, the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness with which he first seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty so frequently despised, but which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man, and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped. "No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption? after to-night!"

"Oh, that's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Isn't that better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper — precious as pound notes — and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury who, if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers, have shot down one half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for children too. *Why*, think you?"

"I doan't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets, which, of a surety, had never echoed *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in, unsteadily,

all but staggering. Jael placed a chair for him, — worthy soul! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down, shivering, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder; he took it, and pressed it hard.

"Oh! Phineas, lad, I'm glad; glad it's safe over."

"Yes, thank God!"

"Ay, indeed; thank God!"

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, and then rose up pale, but quite himself again.

"Now let us go and fetch your father home."

We found him on John's bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face; it looked ten years older since yesterday. He stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

"Eh, young man — oh! I remember. Where is my son — where's my Phineas?"

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child's feeble head, mechanically he smoothed and patted mine.

"Thee art not hurt? Nor any one?"

"No," John answered; "nor is either the house or the tan-yard injured."

He looked amazed. "How has that been?"

"Phineas will tell you. Or, stay, better wait till you are at home."

But my father insisted on hearing. I told the whole, without any comments on John's behavior; he would not have liked it, and, besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple, plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded, he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim close down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John at length asked him if he were satisfied.

"Quite satisfied."

But having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us. I thank thee."

There was no answer — none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.



LADY MOON.

BY LORD HOUGHTON.

[1809-1885]

"I see the Moon, and the Moon sees me;
God bless the Moon, and God bless me!"
— *Old Rhyme.*

LADY MOON, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea"
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and so sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
"Over the sea"
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
"All that love me."

SAVED FROM THE QUICKSANDS.[1]

BY GRANT ALLEN.

(From "Kalee's Shrine.")

[CHARLES GRANT BLAIRFINDIE ALLEN, better known as Grant Allen: A Canadian author; born in Kingston, Canada, February 24, 1848. He was graduated from Merton College, Oxford, in 1871; obtained a professorship in Quebec College, Jamaica, in 1873, and subsequently resided in London, where he became known as the "St. Paul of Darwinism" from his expositions of Darwin's theories. He is a voluminous and versatile writer, his subjects including science, poetry, and fiction. He is perhaps best known as a writer of novels. Among his scientific works are: "Color Sense," "Flowers and their Pedigree" (1884), "Physiological Æsthetics," "A Theory of Dynamics," and "The Story of the Plants" (1895). Among his novels may be noted: "Philistia" (1884), "In All Shades" (1887), "This Mortal Coil" (1888), "The Tents of Shem" (1889), "The Great Taboo" (1891), "Blood Royal" (1892), "The Scallywag" (1893), "The British Barbarians" (1895), "The Desire of the Eyes" (1897), and "An African Millionaire" (1897).]

MEANWHILE, where were Harry Bickersteth and Alan Tennant?

Up the river in the "Indian Princess," they had had an easy voyage, lazily paddling for the first hour or two. The mud banks of the Thore, ugly as they seem at first sight, have nevertheless a singular and unwonted interest of their own; the interest derived from pure weirdness, and melancholy, and loneliness — a strange contrast to the bustling life and gayety of the bright little watering place whose church tower rises conspicuously visible over the dikes beyond them. On the vast soft ooze flats, solemn gulls stalk soberly, upheld by their broad, web feet from sinking, while among the numberless torrents, caused by the ebbing tide, tall, long-legged herons stand with arched necks and eager eyes, keenly intent on the quick pursuit of the elusive elves in the stream below. The grass wrack waves dark in the current underneath, and the pretty sea lavender purples the muddy islets in the side channels with its scentless bloom. Altogether a strange, quaint, desolate spot, that Thore estuary, bounded on either side by marshy saltings, where long-horned black cattle wander unrestrained, and high embankments keep out the encroaching sea at floods and spring tides. Not a house or a cottage lies anywhere in sight. Miles upon miles of slush in the inundated channels

[1] By permission of Mr J W Arrowsmith (8vo, cloth, price 1s 6d)



GRANT ALLEN IN HIS STUDY

give place beyond to miles upon miles of drained and reclaimed marsh land by the uninhabited saltings in the rear.

They had paddled their way quietly and noiselessly among the flats and islets for a couple of hours, carefully noting the marks of the wary wild fowl on either side, and talking in low tones together about that perennial topic of living interest to all past or present generations of Oxford men, the dear old 'Varsity. Alan still held a fellowship at Oriel, and Harry was an undergraduate of Queen's: so the two found plenty of matter to converse about in common, comparing notes as to the deeds of daring in bearding the proctors, feats of prowess in town and gown rows, the fatal obsequiousness of the Oxford tradesman, and the inevitable, final evolutionary avatar of that mild being under a new and terrible form as the persistent dun, to the end of their tether. Such memories are sweet — when sufficiently remote; and the Oxford man who does not love to talk them over with the rising spirits of a younger generation deserves never to have drunk Archdeacon at Merton or to have smoked Bacon's best Manillas beneath the hospitable rafters of Christ Church common room.

At last, in turning up a side streamlet, on the southern bank, — Thorborough, as everybody knows, lies to the northward, — they passed an islet of the usual soft Thore slime, on whose tiny summit grew a big bunch of that particular local East Anglian wild flower, which Olga had said she would like to paint, on the day of Sir Donald Mackinnon's picnic.

"I say, Bickersteth," Alan suggested lightly, as they passed close beneath it, "don't you think we could manage to pick a stem or two of the artemisia — that feathery fluffy yellow flower there? Miss Trevelyan" — and he tried not to look too conscious — "wants to make a little picture out of it, she told me. I expect we could pull in and get near enough to clutch at a branch or so."

"No," Harry answered, shaking his head confidently. "I know by heart all the tricks and manners of the creeks and the river here. I know every twist and turn of the backwaters. No quicksand on earth could possibly be more treacherous than our Thore mud. It's a mud *per se*, quite unique in its own way for stickiness. If you try to land on it, you go on sinking, sinking, sinking, like an elephant in a bog, or a Siberian mammoth, till you disappear at last bodily below the surface with a gentle gurgle; and the mud closes neatly over

your head; and they fish you out a few days later with a crooked boat hook, as Mr. Mantalini says, 'a demd moist unpleasant corpse,' and dirty at that into the bargain. You must wait and get a bit of the stuff a little further on. There's plenty more growing higher up the backwater. We can land easier there on some of the hards, where the side creeks run deep and clear over solid pebble bottoms."

They paddled on noiselessly through the water as before, away up the silent, unpeopled inlet, among the lonely ooze and great stranded islands of salt-marsh vegetation. At every stroke, the aspect of the country grew wilder and more desolate. At last they came to a broad expansion of the tributary creek. Alan could hardly have believed any place so solitary existed in England. Some of the islands, surrounded on every side by slimy channels of deep ooze, could only be approached by a boat at high spring tides, and even then nowhere save at a single unobtrusive landing place. They were thickly overgrown with rank, brown hay.

"And even the owners," Harry said, laughing, and pointing to one such dreary flat with demonstrative finger, "only visit them once a year in a shallow punt or low barge at haymaking time to cut the hay crop. Sometimes the bargemen from upstream at Ponton come for a lark in the night, before the owner harvests it, and mow the crop, and carry it away down the river and out by sea to market in London; and nobody ever knows a word about it till the owner turns up disconsolate a week or so later, and finds his hay clean gone, and not a soul on earth to tell him what the dickens has ever become of it."

"It's fearfully lonely," Alan said with a shudder, looking round him in surprise at the trackless waste of ooze and sedges. "If a man were to get lost or murdered in one of these dreary channels now, it might be weeks and weeks — ay, and years too — before anybody on earth ever discovered him."

"It might," Harry answered. "You say the truth. A capital place indeed for a murder. As De Quincey says, you could recommend it confidently to a friend. Nobody'd ever be one penny the wiser. — See, there's some more of your flower nodding away on the bank over yonder — what did you call it? — artemisia, wasn't it? Well, here we can get at it, I expect, with a little trouble, if you don't mind wading. You're prepared to go through fire and water, I suppose, for Miss Trevelyan?"

Alan's face grew somewhat graver. "I'm prepared to get my bags wet through in the sea," he said, "if that's all, to do anything reasonable, for any lady. Miss Trevelyan said she'd like the flower, and I thought I might as well try to get a little bit for her."

"Well, you needn't be so huffy about it, anyhow," Harry went on good-humoredly. "No harm in being in love with a pretty girl, that I know of: at least it doesn't say so in the Ten Commandments. Stick the pole firm into the bottom there, will you? By Jove, the stream runs fast! How deep is it? About two feet, eh? Well, we can tuck our trousers up to the thighs and wade ahead then. The channel of the stream's firm enough here. Pebble bottom! I expect it's pebble right up to the island."

They pulled off their shoes and socks hurriedly, and rolled up their trousers as Harry had suggested. Then the younger lad stepped lightly out of the boat on to the solid floor, and drove the pole deep into the slimy mud bank beside it. The mud rose in a veritable cliff, and seemed to the eye quite firm and consistent; but it gave before the pole like slush in the street, where the brushes have heaped it on one side by the gutters. He tied the duck boat to the pole by the painter, and gave a hand to Alan as his friend stepped out with a light foot into the midst of the little rapid channel.

"Bottom's quite solid just here," he said. "You needn't funk it. We can walk close up to the side of the island. These streams run regularly over hard bottoms, though the mud rises sheer on either side of them, till you get quite up to the head waters. There they lose themselves, as it were, in the mud; or at least, ooze out of it by little driblets from nowhere in particular. Come along, Tennant. We can pick some of Miss Trevelyan's *specialité* on the far side of the island, I fancy."

They waded slowly up the rapid current, Alan pushing his stick as he went into the mud bank, which looked as firm and solid as a rock, but really proved on nearer trial to be made up of deep, soft, light-brown slush. They attacked the island from every side — a double current ran right round it — but all in vain; an impenetrable barrier of oozy mud girt it round unassailably on every side, like the moat of a castle.

"I shall try to walk through it," Alan cried at last, in a sort of mock desperation, planting one foot boldly in the midst

of the mud. "What's slush and dirt, however thick, compared with the expressed wishes of a fair lady?"

As he spoke, he began to sink ominously into the soft deep ooze, till his leg was covered right up to the thigh.

Harry seized his arm with a nervous grasp in instant trepidation. "For Heaven's sake," he cried, "what are you doing, Tennant? The stuff's got no bottom at all. Jump back, jump back—here, take my hand for it! You'll sink right down into an endless mud slough."

Alan felt himself still sinking; but instead of drawing back as Harry told him, and letting his whole weight fall on to the one foot still securely planted on the solid bed of the little river, he lifted that one safe support right off the ground, and tried with his stick to find a foothold in the treacherous mud bank. Next instant, he had sunk with both legs up to his waist, and was struggling vainly to recover his position by grasping at the overhanging weeds on the island.

Harry, with wonderful presence of mind, did not try at all to save him as he stood, lest both should tumble together into the slough; but running back hastily for the pole, fastened the boat to his own walking stick which he stuck into the mud, and brought back the longer piece of wood in his hands to where Alan stood, still struggling violently, and sunk to the armpits in the devouring slush. He took his own stand firmly on the pebbly bottom of the little stream, stuck the far end of the pole on the surface of the island, and then lowered it to the level of Alan's hands, so as to form a sort of rude extemporized crane or lever. Alan clutched at it quickly with eager grip; and Harry, who was a strong young fellow enough, gradually raised him out of the encumbering mud by lifting the pole to the height of his shoulders. Next minute, Alan stood beside him on the hard, and looked ruefully down at his wet and dripping muddy clothes, one malodorous mass of deep, black ooze from waist to ankle.

"You must stand up to your arms in the stream," Harry said, laughing, in answer to his comically rueful glance, "and let the water wash away the mud a little. A pretty pickle you look, to be sure. By George, I thought for a minute it was all up with you! You won't trifle with Thore ooze again in a hurry, I fancy."

Alan pulled off his flannel boating jacket and his once

white ducks with a gesture of disgust, and began scrubbing them between his hands in the discolored water.

"I must sit on the island and let them dry," he said in no very pleasant voice; "I can't go home to Thorborough looking such a mess as this, you know, Harry."

"How'll you get on the island?" Harry asked incredulously.

"Why, you just hold the pole as you did, so, and I'll go hand over hand, like a British acrobat on parallel bars, across the mud bank."

"And leave me to stand here in the water alone till your clothes have dried to your perfect satisfaction! No thank you, no thank you, my dear fellow."

"I can get you over when once I've got across myself," Alan answered lightly. "Hold the pole out a little below the middle, and lift you, so, as if I were a circus man."

"I venture to doubt your gymnastic capabilities."

"Try me, anyhow. If it doesn't succeed, I'll come back at once to you."

Harry fixed the pole on the island once more, and Alan, clasping it tight with his hard grip, and lifting up his legs well above the mud bank, made his way, hand over hand, as acrobats do along a tight rope or a trapeze, to the solid surface of the little island. There he laid out his clothes carefully to dry, and sat down, holding the pole as he had suggested, lever fashion, for Harry. By dexterous twisting, he managed to land his friend safely on the island, where they both sat down on the sun-dried top, and gazed disconsolate on the fearful waste of mud around them.

"Curious how hard the bottom is," Alan said after a while, "in the midst of so much soft ooze and slush and stuff!"

"The current washes away the soft mud, you see," Harry answered glibly, as he lighted his pipe, "leaving only the pebbles it selects at the bottom. Segregation! segregation! It's always so over all these flats. You can walk anywhere on the bottom of these streamlets."

"Well, at least," Alan said, glancing about him complacently, "we've got the flowers — any number we want of them. I should have felt like a fool indeed if I'd sunk up to my waist in that beastly ooze there, and yet never succeeded in getting what I came for. The flowers alone are the trophy of victory. It's a foreign artemisia, got stranded here by accident. Indian Wormwood or Lover's Bane the herbalists call it." And he

gathered a big bunch of the yellow blossoms from the summit of the island, tying them together loosely with a shred from his handkerchief. (Men in love think nothing, it may be parenthetically observed, of tearing up a new cambric handkerchief. At a later date, it is to be feared, the person for whose sake they tear it up takes good care to repress any future outbursts of such absurd extravagance.)

They sat on the island for nearly an hour, and then, as the sun was shining hot overhead, Alan's clothes were sufficiently dried for him to put them on again in a somewhat dingy, damp, and clinging condition. The problem now was to get back again. Alan successfully lifted down his friend at the end of the pole, in true acrobat fashion; but just as Harry touched ground in the center of the little stream, the pole creaked and gave ominously in the middle.

"Take care of it, Tennant," the young man cried, as he fixed it once more across his shoulder. "Don't trust the weak point in the middle too much. Glide lightly over the thin ice! Hand over hand as quick as you can manage!"

"All right," Alan cried, suiting the deed to the word, and hastily letting himself glide with a rapid sliding motion along the frail support.

As he reached the middle, with a sudden snap, the pole broke. Alan did not hesitate for a minute. If he fell where he was, he would sink helplessly into the engulfing mud. He had had enough of that, and knew what it meant now. With the impetus of the breakage, he sprang dexterously forward, and just clearing the mud, fell on his hands and knees upon the hard, right in front of Harry.

"Hurt yourself, eh?" his friend asked, picking him up quickly.

"Not much," Alan answered, flinging the broken pole angrily into the stream. "Barked my knees a little: that's about all. We're unfortunate to-day. The stars are against us. There's a trifle too much adventure to suit my taste, it strikes me somehow, in your East Anglian rivers!"

"Here's a nice fellow!" Harry retorted, laughing. "Adventures are to the adventurous, don't they say. You first go and try a mad plan to pick a useless little bunch of fluffy small flowers for a fair lady, quite in the most approved romantic fashion, for all the world like the *London Reader;* and then when you fall and bark your knees over it, you lay the

blame of your own mishaps on our poor unoffending East Anglian rivers!"

"I've got the flowers still, anyhow," Alan answered triumphantly, holding them up and waving them above his head, crushed and dripping, but nevertheless perfectly intact, in his bleeding hand. He had knocked his fist against the bottom to break his fall, and cut the skin rather badly about the wrist and knuckles.

"Well, it's high time we got back to the boat," Harry continued carelessly. "If we don't make haste, we shan't be back soon enough for me to dress for dinner. I must get home before seven. Aunt's got the usual select dinner party stirring this evening."

They turned the corner, wading still, but through much deeper water than that they had at first encountered (for the tide was now steadily rising), and made their way to the well-remembered spot where they had loosely fastened the light duck boat.

To their annoyance and surprise, no boat was anywhere to be seen in the neighborhood. Only a mark as of a pole dragged by main force out of the mud,—the mark left by Harry's walking stick.

They gazed at one another blankly for a moment. Then Alan burst into a merry laugh.

"Talk about adventures," he said; "they'll certainly never be ended to-day. The duck boat must have floated off on its own account quietly without us."

But Harry, instead of laughing, turned deadly pale. He knew the river better than his companion, and realized at once the full terror of the situation.

"Tennant," he cried, clutching his friend's arm nervously and eagerly, "we're lost! we're lost! The duck boat *has* floated off without us: there's no getting away, no getting away anyhow! No living power on earth can possibly save us from drowning by inches as the tide rises!"

Alan stared at his friend in blank dismay. It was some time before he could fully take in the real seriousness of their present position. But he knew Harry was no coward, and he could see by his blanched cheek and bloodless lips that a terrible danger actually environed them.

"Where's she gone?" he asked at last tremulously.

Harry screened his eyes from the sun with his hands.

"Downstream, at first," he said, peering about in vain, "till tide rose high enough; then up, no doubt, heaven knows where, but out of sight. out of sight anyhow!"

Alan examined the bank closely. He saw in a moment how the accident had happened. Harry, in his haste to fetch the pole to save him, had driven his own walking stick carelessly into the larger and looser hole left by the bigger piece of wood; and the force of the current, dragging at the boat, had pulled it slowly out of the unresisting mud bank. It might have been gone a full hour: and where it had got to, no earthly power could possibly tell them.

"Can't we swim out?" he asked eagerly at last. "You and I are both tolerable swimmers."

Harry shook his head very gloomily. "No good," he said. "No good at all, I tell you. The river's bounded by mud for acres. It's six miles at least down to Hurdham Pier, the very first place there's a chance of landing. If you tried to land anywhere else before, you'd sink in mud like the mud you stuck in just now at the island. We're bounded round by mud on every side. We stand on a little narrow shelf of pebble, with a vast swampy quagmire of mud girding it in for miles and miles and miles together."

"Can't we walk up to the source?" Alan inquired despondently, beginning to realize the full terror of the situation. "It may keep hard till we reach *terra firma*."

"It may, but it doesn't, I'm pretty sure," Harry answered with a groan. "However, there's no harm anyhow in trying. Let's walk up and see where we get to."

They waded on in silence together, feeling the bottom cautiously at each step with their sticks, till the stream began to divide and subdivide into little fingerlike muddy tributaries. Choosing the chief of these, they waded up it. Presently the bottom grew softer and softer, and a firm footing more and more impossible. At last, their feet sank in ominously. Harry probed a step in advance with the broken end of the pole that Alan had flung away. The next step was into the muddy quagmire. Land still lay a mile distant apparently in that direction. The intervening belt was one huge waste expanse of liquid treachery.

They tried again up another tributary, and then a third, and a fourth, and so on through all the radiating minor streamlets, but still always with the same disheartening result. There

was no rest for the sole of their foot anywhere. Above, the streams all ended in mud; below, they slowly deepened to the tidal river. A few hundred yards of intervening solid bottom alone provided them with a firm foothold. . . .

The water had now risen up to their waists as they sat dripping in the middle current. They shifted their position, and took to kneeling. The shades began to fall slowly over the land. The stars came out overhead one by one. The gulls and rooks retired in slow procession from the purple mud flats: the herons rose on flapping wings from fishing in the streams, and stretched their long necks, free and full, homeward towards the heronry.

Nothing on earth could have seemed more awesome in its ghastly loneliness than that wide expanse under the gathering shades of autumn twilight. The water rose slowly, slowly, slowly, slowly. Inch by inch it gained stealthily but steadily upon them. It reached up to their waists, to their sides, to their breasts, to their shoulders. Very soon they would have to cease kneeling, and take to the final standing position. And after that — the deluge!

Bats began to hawk for moths in numbers over the mud flats. A great white owl hooted from the open sky above. Now and again, the scream of the sea swallows, themselves invisible, broke suddenly from the upper air. Even the clang of the hours from the Thorborough church tower floated faintly across the desolate saltings to the place where they waited for slowly coming death. . . .

Half-past eight. Nine. Half-past nine. The bell clanged it out loudly from the Thorborough steeple, and the echoes stole reverberant with endless resonance across the lonely intervening mud flats. How long the intervals seemed between! Twenty times in every half-hour the two young men lowered the slowly smoldering wick, and held Harry's watch up to the light, to read how the minutes went on its dial. Half-past nine, and now breast high! Ten, eleven, twelve, still to run! The water would rise far above their heads! Each minute now was an eternity of agony. Save for Olga's sake, they would have taken to swimming, and flung away the last chance of life recklessly. It is easier to swim — and die at once — than to stand still, with the cruel cold water creeping slowly and ceaselessly up you.

At twenty-five minutes to ten, they lowered the light and

looked once more. As they did so, a faint long gleam streaming along the mud flats struck Harry's eyes in the far distance. The light from which it came lay below their horizon; but the gleam itself, repeated and reflected, hit the side of the bank opposite them. Harry's quick senses jumped at it in a moment.

"*A mud angler! a mud angler!*" he cried excitedly, and waved the pole and handkerchief above with a sudden access of feverish energy.

Would the mud angler see them? that was the question. The flicker of the wick was but very slight. How far off could it possibly be visible? They waved it frantically on the bare chance of attracting his attention.

For five minutes there was an awful suspense; and then Harry's accustomed ear caught a faint noise borne dimly across the long low mud flats.

"He's coming! He's coming!" he cried joyously. And then putting his two hands to his mouth, he burst into a long, sharp, shrill coo-ee.

"You'll frighten him away!" Alan suggested anxiously. "He'll think it's a ghost or something like one."

But even as he spoke, the gleam of a lantern struck upon the mud, and the light shone clearer and ever clearer before them.

"Hallo!" Harry cried. "In distress here! Help! help! We're drowning! We're drowning!"

A man's voice answered from above. "Ahoy! ahoy! How did yow git there?"

Thank heaven! they were saved!—Or next door to it!

The man approached the edge of the mud bank as close as he dare (for the edges are very steep and slippery), and turning his lantern full upon them, stood looking at the two half-drowned men, as they gasped up to their breasts in water.

"How did yow git there, I say?" he asked once more sullenly.

"Can you help us out?" Harry cried in return.

The man shook his head.

"Dunno as I can!" he answered with a stupid grin. "I can't go no nearer the edge nor this. It's bad walking. Mud's deep. How did yow git there?"

"Waded up, and our boat floated off," Harry cried in despair. "Can't you get a rope? Can't you send a boat? Can't you do anything anyhow to help us?"

The man gazed at them with the crass and vacant stupidity of the born rustic.

"Dunno as I can," he muttered once more. "Yow'd ought to a stuck to your boat, yow 'ad. That's just what yow'd ought to a done, I take it."

"Is there a boat anywhere near?" Alan cried, distracted. "Couldn't you put any boat out from somewhere to save us?"

"There ain't no boat," the man answered slowly and stolidly. "Leastways none nearer nor Thorborough. Or might be 'Urdham. Tom Wilkes, 'e 'ave a boat up yonder at Ponton. But that's right across t'other side o' the water." And he gazed at them still with rural indifference.

"My friend," Alan cried, with a burst of helplessness, "we've been here in the water since six o'clock. The tide's rising slowly around us. In a couple of hours, it'll rise above our heads. We're faint and cold and almost exhausted. For heaven's sake don't stand there idle: can't you do something to save two fellow-creatures from drowning?"

The man shook his head imperturbably once more.

"I dunno as I can," he murmured complacently. "Mud hereabouts is terrible dangerous. Yow'd ought to a stuck to your boat, yow know. There ain't no landing anywheres hereabouts. If I was to give yow a hand, I'd fall in, myself. I expect yow'll have to stick there now till yow 're right drownded. I can't git no nearer yow nohow."

There was something utterly appalling and sickening in this horrible outcome of all their hopes. The longed-for mud angler had arrived at last: they had caught his attention: they were within speaking distance of him: there he stood, on the edge of the ooze, lantern in hand, and wooden floats on feet, plainly visible before their very eyes: yet for any practical purpose of assistance or relief he might just as well have been a hundred miles on shore clean away at a distance from them. A stick or a stone could not have been more utterly or horribly useless.

The man stood and gazed at them still. If they had only allowed him, he would have gazed imperturbably open-mouthed till the waters had risen above their heads and drowned them. He had the blank stolidity of silly Suffolk well developed in his vacant features.

Alan was seized with a happy inspiration. He would use the one obvious argument adapted to the stupid sordid soul of the gaping mud angler.

"Go back to the shore," he cried, glaring at the fellow, "and tell the others we're here drowning. Do as you're told. Don't delay. Bring a boat or something at once to save us. If you do, you shall have fifty pounds. If you don't, they'll hang you for murder. Fifty pounds if you save us, do you understand me? Fifty pounds to-morrow morning!"

The man's lower jaw dropped heavily.

"Fifty pound," he repeated, with a cunning leer. It was too much. Clearly he didn't believe it possible.

"Fifty pounds," Alan reiterated with the energy of despair, taking out his purse and looking at its contents. "And there's three pound ten on account as an earnest."

He tied the purse with all that was in it on to the end of the pole and pushed it up to the man, who clutched at it eagerly. Looking inside, he saw the gold, and grinned.

"Fifty pound!" he said with a sudden chuckle. "That's a powerful lot o' money, Mister."

"Go quick," Alan cried, "and tell your friends. There's not a moment to be lost, and tide's rising. If you can bring a boat or do anything to save us, you shall have fifty pounds, down on the nail, to-morrow morning. I'm a rich man, and I can promise to pay you."

The fellow turned doggedly and began to go. Next moment, a nascent doubt came over him, and clouded his mind.

"How shall I know where to find yow?" he said, staring back once more, and gaping foolishly.

"Watch the beacons," Harry cried, taking up the parable, "and mark which stream we're in as well as you're able. Let's see. How long shall you be gone, do you reckon?"

"Might be an hour," the man answered, drawling. "Might be two hours."

"The light won't last so long," Harry said anxiously, turning to Alan. "I say, my friend, can't you leave us your lantern?"

The man shook his head with a gesture of dissent.

"Couldn't find my way back nohow without it," he said, still grinning. "Fifty pound! That's a lot o' money."

"Go!" Alan cried, unable any longer to keep down for very prudence' sake his contempt and anger. "Go and tell your other fishermen. If you want to earn your fifty pounds to-night, there's no time to spare. When you come back, we may both be dead men, if you don't go on and hurry. — Harry,

we can light the wick again at eleven o'clock. Let's put it out now. We can do without it. We shall hear the church clock strike the hours."

The man nodded a stolid acquiescence, and turned once more slowly on his heel. They watched him silently receding — receding. Light and reflection faded gradually away. The faint plash of his wooden mud shoes on the flat surface was heard no more. Nothing remained save the gurgling of the water. They were left alone — alone with the darkness.

That second loneliness was lonelier than ever. Too cold to speak, almost too cold even to hope, they stood there still, linked arm in arm, ready to faint, with the speechless stars burning bright overhead, and the waters rising pitilessly around them. In that last moment, Alan's thoughts were turned to Olga. Beautiful, innocent, gentle-souled Olga. If he died that night, he died, on however petty an errand it might be, for Olga's sake — for Olga — for Olga. And then he relapsed into a kind of chilly stupor.

Ten o'clock. . . . Half-past ten. . . . Eleven. Numbed and half-dead, they heard the clock strike out, as in some ghastly dream, and waited and watched for the return of the mud angler.

It wasn't so very far to the shore. Surely, surely he should be back by this time.

The waters in the estuary rose by slow, by almost imperceptible, degrees. But still they rose. They went on rising. They were up to Harry's neck now. He rested his chin on the edge of the water. Five minutes more, and all would be up. Faint and weary, he would fall in the channel.

"Look here, Tennant," he murmured at last, grasping his friend's hand beneath the surface in a hard long grip: "I'm going to swim now. It's no use waiting. I've only got five minutes to live. . . . I mustn't stop here. If I stop, you know, when the water rises, I shall choke and struggle. Then you'll clutch me hold, and try to save me, and that'll spoil your own last chance of living. I'm going to swim. It won't be far. But it's better at any rate than dying like a dog with a stone round its neck, still here on the bottom. Good-by, old fellow. Good-by forever. Never let Olga know if you get back safe, what it was we did it for!"

Alan held him hard with whatever life was yet left in him.

"Stop, stop, Harry," he cried, in dismay. "There's still a

chance. Every minute's a chance. Don't go, don't go. Stop with me, for heaven's sake, and if we must die, let's die together."

"No, no," Harry answered in a resolute voice. "You've got half an hour's purchase of life better than I have, now, Tennant. For Olga's sake, you must let me go. For Olga's sake, you must try to save yourself."

"Never," Alan cried, firmly and hastily. "Not even for Olga's sake! Never! Never!"

At that moment, a loud shout of inquiry resounded over the mud flats! A noise of men! A glimmer of lanterns! Alan seized his friend, and lifted him in his arms.

"Saved! Saved!" he cried. "Shout, Harry! Shout! Shout, shout, my dear, dear Harry!"

Harry shouted aloud with a long wild cry. It was the despairing cry of a dying man, and it echoed and reechoed along the undulating mud flats.

Alan lighted the wick, which he had held all this time for dryness in his teeth, and fitted it once more into the crack of the pole. Harry waved it madly about over his head. One moment more of deadly suspense. Then an answering cry told them at last that the men with the lanterns saw them and heard them.

Next instant, the men were on the brink of the mud, and the light of the lanterns poured full upon them.

A voice very different from that of their friend the mud angler shouted aloud in a commanding tone, "Shove off the raft! Look out for your heads there!'

Before they knew exactly what it was that was happening, a great square raft, roughly improvised from two cottage doors, nailed together by crosspieces, floated on the stream full in front of them; and Alan, scrambling on to it with a violent struggle, lifted up the faint and weary Harry in his arms to the dry and solid place of safety.



LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE

(OUIDA)

DINNERS.[1]

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

(From "Lucile.")

O HOUR of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,
Blessèd hour of our dinners!
The land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes,
The sermon he heard when to church he last went:
The money he borrowed, the money he spent,—
All of these things a man, I believe, may forget
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache
Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?



A DOG OF FLANDERS.[2]

A STORY OF NOEL.

BY OUIDA

[LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE, whose pen name is Ouida, an English novelist, was born at Bury St Edmunds, in 1840 She is of French extraction, and is a writer of undoubted genius and originality. Her childhood was spent in London, where at an early age she began to contribute articles to periodical literature. She later removed to Italy, and now makes her home in Florence. Her writings, which are very numerous, include: "Granville de Vigne" (1863), "Held in Bondage" (1863), "Strathmore" (1865), "Under Two Flags"

[1] By permission of Lady Lytton and the publishers, Longmans, Green & Co
[2] By permission of Chatto and Windus (Crown 8vo, price 3s 6d)

(1867), "Puck" (1870), "Pascarel" (1873), "In a Winter City" (1876), "Friendship" (1878), "Moths" (1880), "Princess Napraxine" (1884), "A House Party" (1886), "Don Gesnaldo" (1890), "The New Priesthood" (1893); and "Views and Opinions" (1895), "Wanda" (1896), and "Muriella" (1897).]

NELLO and Patrasche were left all alone in the world.

They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. Nello was a little Ardennois; Patrasche was a big Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days: both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy; and it had strengthened day by day, and had grown with their growth, firm and indissoluble, until they loved one another very greatly. . . .

Noel was close at hand.

The weather was very wild and cold. The snow was six feet deep, and the ice was firm enough to bear oxen and men upon it everywhere. At this season the little village was always gay and cheerful. At the poorest dwelling there were possets and cakes, joking and dancing, sugared saints, and gilded Jésus. The merry Flemish bells jingled everywhere on the horses; everywhere within doors some well-filled soup pot sang and smoked over the stove; and everywhere over the snow without laughing maidens pattered in bright kerchiefs and stout kirtles, going to and from the mass. Only in the little hut it was very dark and very cold.

Nello and Patrasche were left utterly alone; for one night in the week before the Christmas Day, Death entered there, and took away from life forever old Jehan Daas, who had never known of life aught save its poverty and its pains. He had long been half dead, incapable of any movement except a feeble gesture, and powerless for anything beyond a gentle word; and yet his loss fell on them both with a great horror in it. They mourned him passionately. He had passed away from them in his sleep, and when in the gray dawn they learned their bereavement, unutterable solitude and desolation seemed to close around them. He had long been only a poor, feeble, paralyzed old man, who could not raise a hand in their defense, but he had loved them well; his smile had always welcomed their return. They mourned for him unceasingly, refusing to

be comforted, as in the white winter day they followed the deal shell that held his body to the nameless grave by the little gray church. They were his only mourners, these two whom he had left friendless upon earth, — the young boy and the old dog. "Surely he will relent now and let the poor lad come hither?" thought the miller's wife, glancing at her husband where he smoked by the hearth.

Baas Cogez knew her thought, but he hardened his heart, and would not unbar his door as the little humble funeral went by "The boy is a beggar," he said to himself: "he shall not be about Alois."

The woman dared not say anything aloud, but when the grave was closed and the mourners had gone, she put a wreath of immortelles into Alois' hands, and bade her go and lay it reverently on the dark, unmarked mound where the snow was displaced.

Nello and Patrasche went home with broken hearts; but even of that poor, melancholy, cheerless home they were denied the consolation. There was a month's rent overdue for their little home, and when Nello had paid the last sad service to the dead he had not a coin left. He went and begged grace of the owner of the hut, a cobbler who went every Sunday night to drink his pint of wine and smoke with Baas Cogez. The cobbler would grant no mercy. He was a harsh, miserly man, and loved money. He claimed in default of his rent every stick and stone, every pot and pan, in the hut, and bade Nello and Patrasche be out of it on the morrow.

Now, the cabin was lowly enough, and in some sense miserable enough, and yet their hearts clove to it with a great affection. They had been so happy there, and in the summer, with its clambering vine and its flowering beans, it was so pretty and bright in the midst of the sun-lighted fields! Their life in it had been full of labor and privation, and yet they had been so well content, so gay of heart, running together to meet the old man's never-failing smile of welcome!

All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow. Their bodies were insensible to the cold, but their hearts seemed frozen in them.

When the morning broke over the white, chill earth, it was the morning of Christmas Eve. With a shudder Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell hot and fast on

the dog's frank forehead. "Let us go, Patrasche, — dear, dear Patrasche," he murmured. "We will not wait to be kicked out: let us go."

Patrasche had no will but his, and they went sadly, side by side, out from the little place which was so dear to them both, and in which every humble, homely thing was to them precious and beloved. Patrasche drooped his head wearily as he passed by his own green cart: it was no longer his — it had to go with the rest to pay the rent, and his brass harness lay idle and glittering on the snow. The dog could have lain down beside it and died for very heart sickness as he went; but whilst the lad lived and needed him, Patrasche would not yield and give way.

They took the old accustomed road into Antwerp. The day had yet scarce more than dawned; most of the shutters were still closed, but some of the villagers were about. They took no notice whilst the dog and the boy passed by them. At one door Nello paused and looked wistfully within: his grandfather had done many a kindly turn in neighbor's service to the people who dwelt there.

"Would you give Patrasche a crust?" he said timidly. "He is old, and he has had nothing since last forenoon."

The woman shut the door hastily, murmuring some vague saying about wheat and rye being very dear that season. The boy and the dog went on again wearily: they asked no more.

By slow and painful ways they reached Antwerp as the chimes tolled ten.

"If I had anything about me I could sell to get him bread!" thought Nello; but he had nothing except the wisp of linen and serge that covered him, and his pair of wooden shoes.

Patrasche understood, and nestled his nose into the lad's hand, as though to pray him not to be disquieted for any woe or want of his.

The winner of the drawing prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. On the steps and in the entrance hall there was a crowd of youths, — some of his age, some older, all with parents or relatives or friends. His heart was sick with fear as he went amongst them, holding Patrasche close to him. The great bells of the city clashed out the hour of noon with brazen clamor. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager, panting throng rushed in: it was known that the

selected picture would be raised above the rest on a wooden dais.

A mist obscured Nello's sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared he saw the drawing raised on high: it was not his own! A slow, sonorous voice was proclaiming aloud that victory had been adjudged to Stephan Kiesslinger, born in the burgh of Antwerp, son of a wharfinger in that town.

When Nello recovered his consciousness, he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying with every art he knew to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of the youths of Antwerp were shouting around their successful comrade, and escorting him with acclamations to his home upon the quay.

The boy staggered to his feet and drew the dog to his embrace. "It is all over, dear Patrasche," he murmured, "all over!"

He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side with his head drooping and his old limbs feeble from hunger and sorrow.

The snow was falling fast; a keen hurricane blew from the north; it was bitter as death on the plains. It took them long to traverse the familiar path, and the bells were sounding four of the clock as they approached the hamlet. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and drew out with his white teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness. Where they were there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross: the boy mechanically turned the case to the light: on it was the name of Baas Cogez, and within it were notes for two thousand francs.

The sight roused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it in his shirt, and stroked Patrasche and drew him onward. The dog looked up wistfully in his face.

Nello made straight for the mill house, and went to the house door and struck on its panels. The miller's wife opened it, weeping, with little Alois clinging close to her skirts. "Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she said kindly through her tears. "Get thee gone ere the Baas see thee. We are in sore trouble to-night. He is out seeking for a power of money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he never will find

it; and God knows it will go nigh to ruin us. It is Heaven's own judgment for the things we have done to thee."

Nello put the note case in her hand and called Patrasche within the house. "Patrasche found the money to-night," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Cogez so: I think he will not deny the dog shelter and food in his old age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere either woman or dog knew what he meant, he had stooped and kissed Patrasche, then closed the door hurriedly and disappeared in the gloom of the fast-falling night.

The woman and the child stood speechless with joy and fear: Patrasche vainly spent the fury of his anguish against the iron-bound oak of the barred house door. They did not dare unbar the door and let him forth: they tried all they could to solace him. They brought him sweet cakes and juicy meats; they tempted him with the best they had; they tried to lure him to abide by the warmth of the hearth; but it was of no avail. Patrasche refused to be comforted or to stir from the barred portal.

It was six o'clock when from an opposite entrance the miller at last came, jaded and broken, into his wife's presence. "It is lost forever," he said with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his stern voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere: it is gone — the little maiden's portion and all!"

His wife put the money into his hand, and told him how it had come to her. The strong man sank trembling into a seat and covered his face, ashamed and almost afraid. "I have been cruel to the lad," he muttered at length; "I deserved not to have good at his hands."

Little Alois, taking courage, crept close to her father and nestled against him her fair curly head. "Nello may come here again, father?" she whispered. "He may come to-morrow as he used to do?"

The miller pressed her in his arms; his hard, sunburned face was very pale, and his mouth trembled. "Surely, surely," he answered his child. "He shall bide here on Christmas Day, and any other day he will. God helping me, I will make amends to the boy — I will make amends."

Little Alois kissed him in gratitude and joy, then slid from his knees and ran to where the dog kept watch by the door. "And to-night I may feast Patrasche?" she cried in a child's thoughtless glee.

Her father bent his head gravely. "Ay, ay: let the dog have the best;" for the stern old man was moved and shaken to his heart's depths.

It was Christmas Eve, and the mill house was filled with oak logs, and squares of turf, with cream and honey, with meat and bread, and the rafters were hung with wreaths of evergreen, and the Calvary and the cuckoo clock looked out from a mass of holly. There were little paper lanterns too for Alois, and toys of various fashions, and sweetmeats in bright-pictured papers. There were light and warmth and abundance everywhere, and the child would fain have made the dog a guest honored and feasted.

But Patrasche would neither lie in the warmth nor share in the cheer. Famished he was, and very cold, but without Nello he would partake neither of comfort nor food. Against all temptation he was proof, and close against the door he leaned always, watching only for a means of escape.

"He wants the lad," said Baas Cogez. "Good dog! good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day dawn." For no one but Patrasche knew that Nello had left the hut, and no one but Patrasche divined that Nello had gone to face starvation and misery alone.

The mill kitchen was very warm; great logs crackled and flamed on the hearth; neighbors came in for a glass of wine and a slice of the fat goose baking for supper. Alois, gleeful, and sure of her playmate back on the morrow, bounded and sang and tossed back her yellow hair. Baas Cogez, in the fullness of his heart, smiled on her through moistened eyes, and spoke of the way in which he would befriend her favorite companion; the house mother sat with calm, contented face at the spinning wheel; the cuckoo in the clock chirped mirthful hours. Amidst it all Patrasche was bidden with a thousand words of welcome to tarry there a cherished guest. But neither peace nor plenty could allure him where Nello was not.

When the supper smoked on the board, and the voices were loudest and gladdest, and the Christ-child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless newcomer, and as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him sped over the snow in the bitter black night. He had only one thought,—to follow Nello. A human friend might have paused for the pleasant meal, the cheery warmth, the cozy

slumber; but that was not the friendship of Patrasche. He remembered a bygone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

Snow had fallen freshly all the evening long; it was now nearly ten; the trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took Patrasche long to discover any scent. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, and lost and recovered, and again lost and again recovered a hundred times or more.

The night was very wild. The lamps under the wayside crosses were blown out; the roads were sheets of ice; the impenetrable darkness hid every trace of habitations; there was no living thing abroad. All the cattle were housed, and in all the huts and homesteads men and women rejoiced and feasted. There was only Patrasche out in the cruel cold—old and famished and full of pain, but with the strength and the patience of a great love to sustain him in his search.

The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the new snow, went straightly along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it over the boundaries of the town and into the narrow, tortuous, gloomy streets. It was all quite dark in the town, save where some light gleamed ruddily through the crevices of house shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns, chanting drinking songs. The streets were all white with ice; the high walls and roofs loomed black against them. There was scarce a sound save the riot of the winds down the passages as they tossed the creaking signs and shook the tall lamp irons.

So many passers-by had trodden through and through the snow, so many diverse paths had crossed and recrossed each other, that the dog had a hard task to retain any hold on the track he followed. But he kept on his way, though the cold pierced him to the bone, and the jagged ice cut his feet, and the hunger in his body gnawed like a rat's teeth. He kept on his way, a poor, gaunt, shivering thing, and by long patience traced the steps he loved into the very heart of the burgh, and up to the steps of the great cathedral.

"He is gone to the things that he loved," thought Patrasche: he could not understand, but he was full of sorrow and of pity for the art passion that to him was so incomprehensible and yet so sacred.

The portals of the cathedral were unclosed after the mid-

night mass. Some heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the footfalls Patrasche sought had passed through into the building, leaving the white marks of snow upon the dark stone floor. By that slender white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space — guided straight to the gates of the chancel; and, stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up and touched the face of the boy. "Didst thou dream that I should be faithless and forsake thee? I, — a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry, and clasped him close. "Let us lie down and die together," he murmured. "Men have no need of us, and we are all alone."

In answer, Patrasche crept closer yet, and laid his head upon the young boy's breast. The great tears stood in his brown, sad eyes; not for himself — for himself he was happy.

They lay close together in the piercing cold. The blasts that blew over the Flemish dikes from the northern seas were like waves of ice, which froze every living thing they touched. The interior of the immense vault of stone in which they were was even more bitterly chill than the snow-covered plains without. Now and then a bat moved in the shadows; now and then a gleam of light came on the ranks of carven figures. Under the Rubens they lay together quite still, and soothed almost into a dreaming slumber by the numbing narcotic of the cold. Together they dreamed of the old glad days when they had chased each other through the flowering grasses of the summer meadows, or sat hidden in the tall bulrushes by the water's side, watching the boats go seaward in the sun.

Suddenly through the darkness a great white radiance streamed through the vastness of the aisles; the moon, that was at her height, had broken through the clouds; the snow had ceased to fall; the light reflected from the snow without was clear as the lights of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures above, from which the boy on his entrance had flung back the veil: the Elevation and the Descent from the Cross were for one instant visible.

Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them; the tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his

face. "I have seen them at last!" he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

His limbs failed under him, and he sank upon his knees, still gazing upward at the majesty that he adored. For a few brief moments the light illumined the divine visions that had been denied to him so long,—light clear and sweet and strong as though it streamed from the throne of Heaven. Then suddenly it passed away: once more a great darkness covered the face of Christ.

The arms of the boy drew close again the body of the dog. "We shall see His face—*there*," he murmured; "and He will not part us, I think."

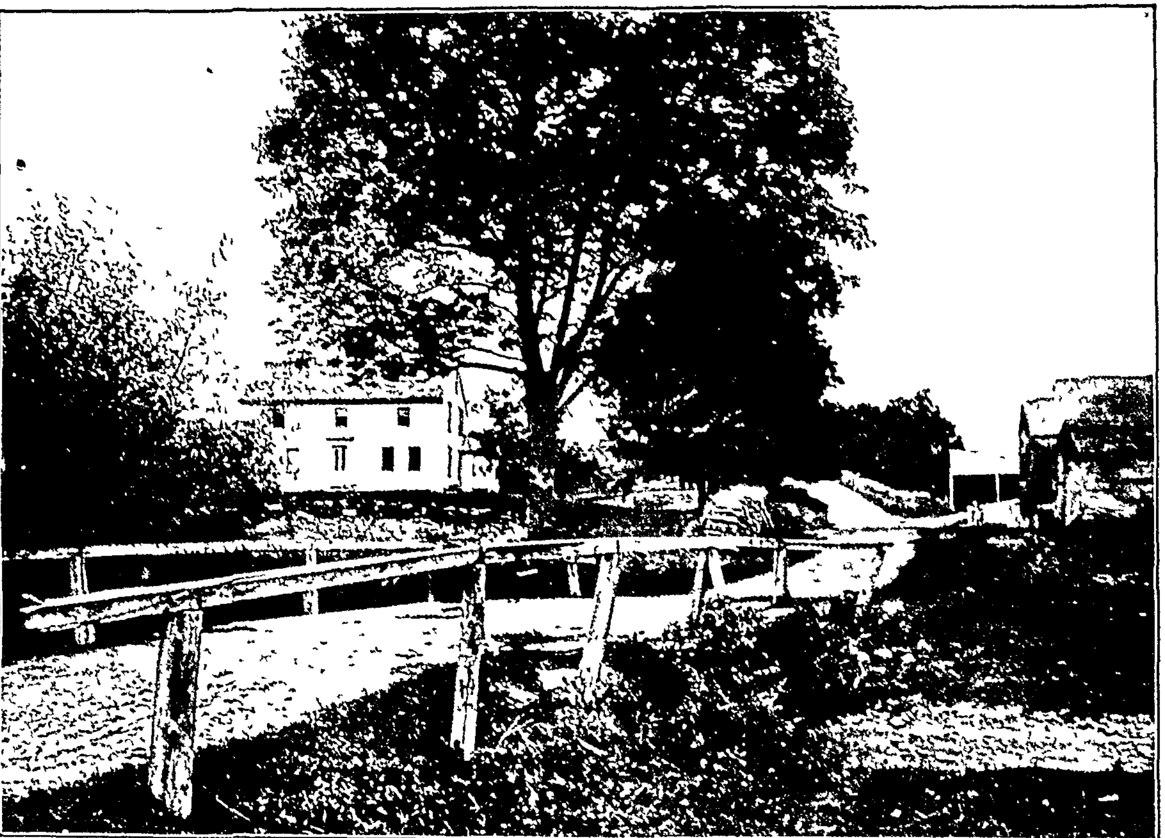
On the morrow, by the chancel of the cathedral, the people of Antwerp found them both. They were both dead: the cold of the night had frozen into stillness alike the young life and the old. When the Christmas morning broke and the priests came to the temple, they saw them lying thus on the stones together. Above, the veils were drawn back from the great visions of Rubens, and the fresh rays of the sunrise touched the thorn-crowned head of the Christ.

As the day grew on there came an old, hard-featured man, who wept as women weep. "I was cruel to the lad," he muttered, "and now I would have made amends,—yea, to the half of my substance,—and he should have been to me as a son."

There came also, as the day grew apace, a painter who had fame in the world, and who was liberal of hand and of spirit. "I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday had worth won," he said to the people; "a boy of rare promise and genius. An old woodcutter on a fallen tree at eventide—that was all his theme; but there was greatness for the future in it. I would fain find him, and take him with me and teach him Art."

And a little child with curling fair hair, sobbing bitterly as she clung to her father's arm, cried aloud, "O Nello, come! We have all ready for thee. The Christ-child's hands are full of gifts, and the old piper will play for us; and the mother says thou shalt stay by the hearth and burn nuts with us all the Noël week long—yes, even to the Feast of the Kings! And Patrasche will be so happy! O Nello, wake and come!"

But the young pale face, turned upward to the light of the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, "It is too late."



BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN G. WHITTIER

For the sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow, and the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

Death had been more pitiful to them than longer life would have been. It had taken the one in the loyalty of love, and the other in the innocence of faith, from a world which for love has no recompense and for faith no fulfillment.

All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not divided; for when they were found the arms of the boy were folded too closely around the dog to be severed without violence, and the people of their little village, contrite and ashamed, implored a special grace for them, and, making them one grave, laid them to rest there side by side — forever!



IN SCHOOL DAYS.

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
  A ragged beggar, sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
  And blackberry vines are running.

Within the master's desk is seen,
  Deep-scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
  The jackknife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
  Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
  Went storming out to playing

Long years ago a winter sun
  Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its Western window panes
  And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
  And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of One who still her steps delayed
  When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy
  Her childish favor singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
  Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
  To right and left, he lingered,
As restlessly her tiny hands
  The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
  The soft hand's light caressing:
And heard the tremble of her voice,
  As if a fault confessing: —

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word;
  I hate to go above you,
Because" (the brown eyes lower fell),
  "Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
  That sweet child face is showing:
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
  Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
  How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
  Like her, — because they love him.

NORA'S RESOLVE.[1]

By HENRIK IBSEN.

(From "A Doll's House")

[Henrik Ibsen, Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skien, South Norway, March 20, 1828. After serving an apprenticeship to an apothecary, he went to the University of Christiania to study medicine, but drifted into journalism, and later engaged in theatrical management, being director of Ole Bull's National Theater at Bergen (1852–1857) and of the Norwegian Theater at Christiania (1857–1862) About 1864 he left Norway in a sort of voluntary exile, because his country refused to aid Denmark in its struggle with the Germans, and remained abroad until 1891, residing chiefly in Rome, Dresden, and Munich. His first notable works, the lyric drama "Brand" and the dramatic poem "Peer Gynt," were written in Italy (1866–1867). "Emperor and Galilean," an historical drama, appeared in 1871, and since 1877 the famous series of social plays, which have excited so much controversy "Pillars of Society," "A Doll's House," "Ghosts," "An Enemy of the People," "The Wild Duck," "Rosmersholm," "The Lady from the Sea," "Hedda Gabler," "The Master Builder," "Little Eyolf," and "John Gabriel Borkman," most of which have been played in Germany, England, and the United States.]

Present: Nora *and* Helmer. Helmer *takes his bunch of keys from his pocket and goes into the hall.*

Nora — Torvald, what are you doing there?

Helmer — I must empty the letter box, it's quite full; there will be no room for the newspapers to-morrow morning.

Nora — Are you going to work to-night?

Helmer — Not very likely! Why, what's this? Some one's been at the lock.

Nora — The lock ——

Helmer — I'm sure of it. What does it mean? I can't think that the servants —— Here's a broken hairpin. Nora it's one of yours.

Nora [*quickly*] — It must have been the children.

Helmer — Then you must break them of such tricks. Hm, hm! There! At last I've got it open. [*Takes contents out and calls into the kitchen.*] Ellen, Ellen, just put the hall door lamp out. [*He returns with letters in his hand, and shuts the inner door.*] Just see how they've accumulated. [*Turning them over.*] Why, what's this?

Nora [*at the window*] — The letter! Oh no, no, Torvald!

Helmer — Two visiting cards — from Rank.

Nora — From Dr. Rånk?

[1] By permission of Walter Scott, Ltd (Price 2s)

Helmer [*looking at them*] — Dr. Rank. They were on the top. He must just have put them in.

Nora — Is there anything on them?

Helmer — There's a black cross over the name. Look at it. What a horrid idea! It looks just as if he were announcing his own death.

Nora — So he is.

Helmer — What! Do you know anything? Has he told you anything?

Nora — Yes. These cards mean that he has taken his last leave of us. He intends to shut himself up and die.

Helmer — Poor fellow! Of course I knew we couldn't hope to keep him long. But so soon — and then to go and creep into his lair like a wounded animal ——

Nora — What must be, must be, and the fewer words the better. Don't you think so, Torvald?

Helmer [*walking up and down*] — He had so grown into our lives, I can't realize that he's gone. He and his sufferings and his loneliness formed a sort of cloudy background to the sunshine of our happiness. Well, perhaps it's best so — at any rate for him. [*Stands still.*] And perhaps for us too, Nora. Now we two are thrown entirely upon each other. [*Takes her in his arms.*] My darling wife! I feel as if I could never hold you close enough. Do you know, Nora, I often wish some danger might threaten you, that I might risk body and soul, and everything, everything, for your dear sake.

Nora [*tears herself from him and says firmly*] — Now you shall read your letters, Torvald.

Helmer — No, no; not to-night. I want to be with you, sweet wife.

Nora — With the thought of your dying friend?

Helmer — You are right. This has shaken us both. Unloveliness has come between us — thoughts of death and decay. We must seek to cast them off. Till then we will remain apart.

Nora [*her arms round his neck*] — Torvald! Good night, good night.

Helmer [*kissing her forehead*] — Good night, my little bird. Sleep well, Nora. Now I'll go and read my letters.

[*He goes into his room and shuts the door.*

Nora [*with wild eyes, gropes about her, seizes* HELMER'S *domino, throws it round her, and whispers quickly, hoarsely, and brokenly*] — Never to see him again. Never, never, never.



From Photo by Munch, Skien

THE IBSEN HOME, NEAR SKIEN, NORWAY, WHERE THE DRAMATIST WAS REARED

[*Throws her shawl over head.*] Never to see the children again. Never, never. Oh that black, icy water! Oh that bottomless —— If it were only over! Now he has it; he's reading it. Oh no, no, no, not yet. Torvald, good-by —— Good-by, my little ones ——

[*She is rushing out by the hall; at the same moment* HELMER *tears his door open, and stands with open letter in his hand.*

Helmer — Nora!

Nora [*shrieking*] — Ah ——

Helmer — What is this? Do you know what is in this letter?

Nora — Yes, I know. Let me go! Let me pass!

Helmer [*holds her back*] — Where do you want to go?

Nora [*tries to get free*] — You shan't save me, Torvald.

Helmer [*falling back*] — True! Is it true what he writes? No, no, it cannot be true.

Nora — It is true. I have loved you beyond all else in the world.

Helmer — Pshaw — no silly evasions!

Nora [*a step nearer him*] — Torvald ——

Helmer — Wretched woman! What have you done?

Nora — Let me go — you shall not save me! You shall not take my guilt upon yourself!

Helmer — I don't want any melodramatic airs. [*Locks the door.*] Here you shall stay and give an account of yourself. Do you understand what you have done? Answer. Do you understand it?

Nora [*looks at him fixedly, and says with a stiffening expression*] — Yes; now I begin fully to understand it.

Helmer [*walking up and down*] — Oh, what an awful awakening! During all these eight years — she who was my pride and my joy — a hypocrite, a liar — worse, worse — a criminal. Oh, the hideousness of it! Ugh! Ugh! [NORA *is silent, and continues to look fixedly at him.*] I ought to have foreseen something of the kind. All your father's dishonesty — be silent! I say your father's dishonesty! you have inherited — no religion, no morality, no sense of duty. How I am punished for shielding him! I did it for your sake, and you reward me like this.

Nora — Yes — like this!

Helmer — You have destroyed my whole happiness. You have ruined my future. Oh, it's frightful to think of! I am

in the power of a scoundrel; he can do whatever he pleases with me, demand whatever he chooses, and I must submit. And all this disaster is brought upon me by an unprincipled woman.

Nora — When I am gone, you will be free.

Helmer — Oh, no fine phrases. Your father, too, was always ready with them. What good would it do me, if you were "gone," as you say? No good in the world! He can publish the story all the same; I might even be suspected of collusion. People will think I was at the bottom of it all and egged you on. And for all this I have you to thank — you whom I have done nothing but pet and spoil during our whole married life. Do you understand now what you have done to me?

Nora [*with cold calmness*] — Yes.

Helmer — It's impossible. I can't grasp it. But we must come to an understanding. Take that shawl off. Take it off, I say! I must try to pacify him in one way or other — the secret must be kept, cost what it may. As for ourselves, we must live as we have always done; but of course only in the eyes of the world. Of course you will continue to live here. But the children cannot be left in your care. I dare not trust them to you. — Oh, to have to say this to one I have loved so tenderly — whom I still — but that must be a thing of the past. Henceforward there can be no question of happiness, but merely of saving the ruins, the shreds, the show of it! [*A ring;* HELMER *starts.*] What's that? So late! Can it be the worst? Can he —— Hide yourself, Nora; say you are ill.

[NORA *stands motionless.* HELMER *goes to the door and opens it.*

Ellen [*half-dressed, in the hall*] — Here is a letter for you, ma'am.

Helmer — Give it to me. [*Seizes letter and shuts the door.*] Yes, from him. You shall not have it. I shall read it.

Nora — Read it!

Helmer [*by the lamp*] — I have hardly courage to. We may both be lost, both you and I. Ah! I must know. [*Hastily tears the letter open; reads a few lines, looks at an inclosure; a cry of joy.*] Nora! [NORA *looks inquiringly at him.*] Nora! Oh! I must read it again. Yes, yes, it is so. I am saved! Nora, I am saved!

Nora — And I?

Helmer — You too, of course; we are both saved, both of us. Look here, he sends you back your promissory note. He writes that he regrets and apologizes; that a happy turn in his life — Oh, what matter what he writes. We are saved, Nora! No one can harm you. Oh, Nora, Nora —— But first to get rid of this hateful thing. I'll just see —— [*Glances at the I O U.*] No, I won't look at it; the whole thing shall be nothing but a dream to me. [*Tears the I O U and both letters in pieces. Throws them into the fire and watches them burn.*] There! it's gone! He wrote that ever since Christmas Eve —— Oh, Nora, they must have been three awful days for you!

Nora — I have fought a hard fight for the last three days.

Helmer — And in your agony you saw no other outlet but —— No; we won't think of that horror. We will only rejoice and repeat — it's over, all over! Don't you hear, Nora? You don't seem able to grasp it. Yes, it's over. What is this set look on your face? Oh, my poor Nora, I understand; you can't believe that I have forgiven you. But I have, Nora; I swear it. I have forgiven everything. I know that what you did was all for love of me.

Nora — That's true.

Helmer — You loved me as a wife should love her husband. It was only the means you misjudged. But do you think I love you the less for your helplessness? No, no. Only lean on me; I will counsel and guide you. I should be no true man if this very womanly helplessness didn't make you doubly dear in my eyes. You mustn't think of the hard things I said in my first moment of terror, when the world seemed to be tumbling about my ears. I have forgiven you, Nora — I swear I have forgiven you.

Nora — I thank you for your forgiveness. [*Goes out right.*

Helmer — No, stay! [*Looks in.*] What are you going to do?

Nora [*inside*] — To take off my doll's dress.

Helmer [*in the doorway*] — Yes, do, dear. Try to calm down, and recover your balance, my scared little song bird. You may rest secure. I have broad wings to shield you. [*Walking up and down near the door.*] Oh, how lovely — how cozy our home is, Nora! Here you are safe; here I can shelter you like a hunted dove, whom I have saved from the claws of the hawk. I shall soon bring your poor beating heart to rest; believe me, Nora, very soon. To-morrow all this will

seem quite different — everything will be as before. I shall not need to tell you again that I forgive you; you will feel for yourself that it is true. How could I find it in my heart to drive you away, or even so much as to reproach you? Oh, you don't know a true man's heart, Nora. There is something indescribably sweet and soothing to a man in having forgiven his wife — honestly forgiven her from the bottom of his heart. She becomes his property in a double sense. She is as though born again; she has become, so to speak, at once his wife and his child. That is what you shall henceforth be to me, my bewildered, helpless darling. Don't worry about anything, Nora; only open your heart to me, and I will be both will and conscience to you. [NORA *enters, crossing to table, in everyday dress.*] Why, what's this? Not gone to bed? You have changed your dress?

Nora — Yes, Torvald; now I have changed my dress.

Helmer — But why now, so late?

Nora — I shall not sleep to-night.

Helmer — But, Nora dear ——

Nora [*looking at her watch*] — It's not so late yet. Sit down, Torvald; you and I have much to say to each other.

[*She sits on one side of the table.*

Helmer — Nora, what does this mean? Your cold, set face ——

Nora — Sit down. It will take some time; I have much to talk over with you. [HELMER *sits at the other side of the table.*

Helmer — You alarm me; I don't understand you.

Nora — No, that's just it. You don't understand me; and I have never understood you — till to-night. No, don't interrupt. Only listen to what I say. We must come to a final settlement, Torvald!

Helmer — How do you mean?

Nora [*after a short silence*] — Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

Helmer — What should strike me?

Nora — We have been married eight years. Does it not strike you that this is the first time we two, you and I, man and wife, have talked together seriously?

Helmer — Seriously! Well, what do you call seriously?

Nora — During eight whole years, and more — ever since the day we first met — we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

Helmer — Was I always to trouble you with the cares you could not help me to bear?

Nora — I am not talking of cares. I say that we have never yet set ourselves seriously to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer — Why, my dear Nora, what have you to do with serious things?

Nora — There we have it! You have never understood me. I have had great injustice done me, Torvald; first by father, and then by you.

Helmer — What! By your father and me? — By us who have loved you more than all the world?

Nora [*shaking her head*] — You have never loved me. You only thought it amusing to be in love with me

Helmer — Why, Nora, what a thing to say!

Nora — Yes, it is so, Torvald. While I was at home with father, he used to tell me all his opinions, and I held the same opinions. If I had others I concealed them, because he wouldn't have liked it. He used to call me his doll child, and played with me as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house ——

Helmer — What an expression to use about our marriage!

Nora [*undisturbed*] — I mean I passed from father's hands into yours. You settled everything according to your taste; and I got the same tastes as you; or I pretended to — I don't know which — both ways, perhaps. When I look back on it now, I seem to have been living here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and father have done me a great wrong. It's your fault that my life has been wasted.

Helmer — Why, Nora, how unreasonable and ungrateful you are! Haven't you been happy here?

Nora — No, never; I thought I was, but I never was.

Helmer — Not — not happy?

Nora — No, only merry. And you've always been so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play room. Here I have been your doll wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll child. And the children, in their turn, have been my dolls. I thought it fun when you played with me, just as the children did when I played with them. That has been our marriage, Torvald.

Helmer — There is some truth in what you say, exaggerated and overstrained though it be. But henceforth it

shall be different. Playtime is over; now comes the time for education.

Nora — Whose education? Mine, or the children's?

Helmer — Both, my dear Nora.

Nora — Oh, Torvald, you can't teach me to be a fit wife for you.

Helmer — And you say that?

Nora — And I — am I fit to educate the children?

Helmer — Nora!

Nora — Didn't you say yourself, a few minutes ago, you dared not trust them to me?

Helmer — In the excitement of the moment! Why should you dwell upon that?

Nora — No — you were perfectly right. That problem is beyond me. There's another to be solved first — I must try to educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone. And that's why I am now leaving you!

Helmer [*jumping up*] — What — do you mean to say ——

Nora — I must stand quite alone to know myself and my surroundings; so I cannot stay with you.

Helmer — Nora! Nora!

Nora — I am going at once. Christina will take me in for to-night ——

Helmer — You are mad. I shall not allow it. I forbid it.

Nora — It's no use your forbidding me anything now. I shall take with me what belongs to me. From you I will accept nothing, either now or afterwards.

Helmer — What madness!

Nora — To-morrow I shall go home.

Helmer — Home!

Nora — I mean to what was my home. It will be easier for me to find some opening there.

Helmer — Oh, in your blind inexperience ——

Nora — I must try to gain experience, Torvald.

Helmer — To forsake your home, your husband, and your children! You don't consider what the world will say.

Nora — I can pay no heed to that! I only know that I must do it.

Helmer — It's exasperating! Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?

Nora — What do you call my holiest duties?



IBSEN IN HIS STUDY

Helmer — Do you ask me that? Your duties to your husband and your children.

Nora — I have other duties equally sacred.

Helmer — Impossible! What duties do you mean?

Nora — My duties towards myself.

Helmer — Before all else you are a wife and a mother.

Nora — That I no longer believe. I think that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are — or at least I will try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, Torvald, and that they say so in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what most people say, and what is in books. I must think things out for myself, and try to get clear about them.

Helmer — Are you not clear about your place in your own home? Have you not an infallible guide in questions like these? Have you not religion?

Nora — Oh, Torvald, I don't know properly what religion is.

Helmer — What do you mean?

Nora — I know nothing but what our clergyman told me when I was confirmed. He explained that religion was this and that. When I get away from here and stand alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see whether what he has taught me is true, or, at any rate, whether it is true for me.

Helmer — Oh, this is unheard of! But if religion cannot keep you right, let me appeal to your conscience — for I suppose you have some moral feeling? Or, answer me: perhaps you have none?

Nora — Well, Torvald, it's not easy to say. I really don't know — I'm all at sea about these things. I only know that I think quite differently from you about them. I hear, too, that the laws are different from what I thought; but I can't believe that they are right. It appears that a woman has no right to spare her dying father, or to save her husband's life. I don't believe that.

Helmer — You talk like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora — No, I don't. But I shall try to. I must make up my mind which is right — society or I.

Helmer — Nora, you are ill, you are feverish. I almost think you're out of your senses.

Nora — I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night.

Helmer — You are clear and certain enough to forsake husband and children?

Nora — Yes, I am.

Helmer — Then there's only one explanation possible.

Nora — What is that?

Helmer — You no longer love me.

Nora — No; that is just it.

Helmer — Nora! can you say so?

Nora — Oh, I'm so sorry, Torvald; for you've always been so kind to me. But I can't help it. I do not love you any longer.

Helmer [*keeping his composure with difficulty*] — Are you clear and certain on this point too?

Nora — Yes, quite. That is why I won't stay here any longer.

Helmer — And can you also make clear to me how I have forfeited your love?

Nora — Yes, I can. It was this evening, when the miracle did not happen; for then I saw you were not the man I had taken you for.

Helmer — Explain yourself more clearly; I don't understand.

Nora — I have waited so patiently all these eight years; for of course I saw clearly enough that miracles don't happen every day. When this crushing blow threatened me, I said to myself confidently, "Now comes the miracle!" When Krogstad's letter lay in the box, it never occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him, "Make it known to all the world;" and that then ——

Helmer — Well? When I had given my own wife's name up to disgrace and shame ——

Nora — Then I firmly believed that you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, "I am the guilty one."

Helmer — Nora!

Nora — You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No, certainly not. But what would my assertions have been worth in opposition to yours? That was the miracle that I hoped for and dreaded. And it was to hinder that that I wanted to die.

Helmer — I would gladly work for you day and night, Nora

—bear sorrow and want for your sake—but no man sacrifices his honor, even for one he loves.

Nora—Millions of women have done so.

Helmer—Oh, you think and talk like a silly child.

Nora—Very likely. But you neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over—not for me, but for yourself—when there was nothing more to fear,—then it was to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll—whom you would take twice as much care of in future, because she was so weak and fragile. [*Stands up.*] Torvald, in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had borne him three children. Oh! I can't bear to think of it—I could tear myself to pieces!

Helmer [*sadly*]—I see it, I see it; an abyss has opened between us. But, Nora, can it never be filled up?

Nora—As I now am, I am no wife for you.

Helmer—I have strength to become another man.

Nora—Perhaps—when your doll is taken away from you.

Helmer—To part—to part from you! No, Nora, no; I can't grasp the thought.

Nora [*going into room, right*]—The more reason for the thing to happen.

[*She comes back with outdoor things and a small traveling bag, which she puts on a chair.*

Helmer—Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till to-morrow.

Nora [*putting on cloak*]—I can't spend the night in a strange man's house.

Helmer—But can't we live here as brother and sister?

Nora [*fastening her hat*]—You know very well that wouldn't last long. Good-by, Torvald. No, I won't go to the children. I know they're in better hands than mine. As I now am, I can be nothing to them.

Helmer—But sometime, Nora; sometime——

Nora—How can I tell? I have no idea what will become of me.

Helmer—But you are my wife, now and always!

Nora—Listen, Torvald—when a wife leaves her husband's house, as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties towards her. At any rate, I release you from all duties. You must not feel yourself bound any

more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. There, there is your ring back. Give me mine.

Helmer — That too?

Nora — That too.

Helmer — Here it is.

Nora — Very well. Now it's all over. Here are the keys. The servants know about everything in the house, better than I do. To-morrow, when I have started, Christina will come to pack up my things. I will have them sent after me.

Helmer — All over! all over! Nora, will you never think of me again?

Nora — Oh, I shall often think of you, and the children, and this house.

Helmer — May I write to you, Nora?

Nora — No, never. You must not.

Helmer — But I must send you ——

Nora — Nothing, nothing.

Helmer — I must help you if you need it.

Nora — No, I say. I take nothing from strangers.

Helmer — Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you?

Nora [*taking her traveling bag*] — Oh, Torvald, then the miracle of miracles would have to happen.

Helmer — What is the miracle of miracles?

Nora — Both of us would have to change so that —— Oh, Torvald, I no longer believe in miracles.

Helmer — But I will believe. We must so change that ——

Nora — That communion between us shall be a marriage. Good-by. [*She goes out.*

Helmer [*sinks in a chair by the door with his face in his hands*] — Nora! Nora! [*He looks round and stands up.*] Empty. She's gone. [*A hope inspires him.*] Ah! The miracle of miracles ——

[*From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing.*

A PASTOR'S LOVE.[1]

By ÉDOUARD ROD

(From "The White Rocks": translated by J. C. Brogan)

[ÉDOUARD ROD: A French author; born at Nyon in 1857. He studied at Berne and Berlin, and soon became recognized as a brilliant and scholarly essayist He declined the chair of foreign literature in the University of Geneva He subsequently established a reputation as a novelist Among his works are· "À Propos de 'L'Assommoir'" (1879), "The Germans at Paris" (1880), "Palmyre Veulard" (1881), "La Chute de Miss Topsy" (1882), "L'Autopsie du Docteur Z——" (2d ed, 1884), "La Femme d'Henry Vanneau" (1884), "Wagner and the German Æsthetic" (1886), "La Course à la Mort" (1888), Études sur le XIX[e] Siècle" (1888), "The Meaning of Life" (1889), "Scènes de la Vie Cosmopolite" (1890), "Nouvelles Romandes" (1891), "Dante" (1891), "Stendhal" (1891), "Les Idées Morales du Temps Présent" (1892), "La Sacrifiée" (1892), "La Vie Privée de Michel Tessier" (1893), "La Seconde Vie de Michel Tessier" (1894), "Le Silence" (1894), "Les Roches Blanches" (1895), Là-Haut," (1897), and "Essai sur Goethe" (1898)]

I.

ANTOINETTE let some moments pass, as if to give him time for the enjoyment of this furtive sentiment which nothing yet tarnished. Then she answered, without allowing the softness of her voice to be impaired by the half-severity of her words: —

"We must not exaggerate; love and charity ought not to lead to criminal indulgence. I should not like you to misunderstand me. I do not excuse this unfortunate girl; I pity her; that's all. And if I take an interest in her fate, it is because I think she may be saved."

Had she, then, divined his obscure thoughts — thoughts not yet reduced to form, moving about hither and thither unseen in the deep recesses of his heart and making him already feel compassionate towards the failings of others in order to render him compassionate towards himself? He turned away his eyes without answering Mme. Massod de Bussens, and changed the conversation.

"Your household arrangements are all completed now?" she asked, after a short silence.

Trembloz hastened to enter into some details: —

"Yes, madame, our preparations did not give us much trou-

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ble. Our furniture, which was very modest, is lost in the vast apartments of the parsonage, for we have quite a fine house. And my mother absolutely insists on taking entire charge of the housekeeping. My good mother has certain habits which I should like to see her lose her liking for. But she will listen to no arguments, and I am afraid to oppose her."

"You are very fond of her?"

This question astonished him, for he had never put it to himself.

"Yes, undoubtedly," he replied.

At the same time he suddenly discovered in himself shades of sentiment of which he was ignorant. A little frightened at what he was thinking and at what he was about to say, but hurried on by the irresistible longing for absolute candor which he experienced in her presence, he glided imperceptibly down the slope of secret confidences: —

"Nevertheless, we are so different, she and I. During my childhood, during my boyhood, there was never any intimacy between us. For that matter, it was the same with my brother and sister. Sometimes I said to myself that I was a stranger to them all; I thought they did not love me."

As she was questioning him with her eyes, he continued: —

"You are surprised! But how could it be otherwise? They were toiling in the fields, and I was busy with my studies. In reality they took me for an idler, although I was generally up earlier than they in order to be at my books. They despised my labor, and accused me of despising theirs, and there was some truth in it. Every year my father threatened to put a stop to my studies, saying that I would be more useful on the farm, and I was terribly afraid he would execute his threat. Then my mother took my part; but — but she did so without showing me any affection. She was never satisfied. When I felt worn out, she would bring me books, scolding me as a lazy fellow, just like the others. She did not scold me, though, when I came out first at the examinations. She would have wished me to have all the prizes at once. In all this I could not perceive any tenderness, and I wanted tenderness so much! I read a great deal in a desultory way. My reading developed ideas, feelings, which my own people could not understand, and I was foolish enough to show this sometimes. Hence quarrels, misunderstandings. Ah! parents should never bring up their children to fill a position different from their own!"

While listening to him she was thinking of her own isolated youth, of her great longings for affection, always repressed and never yet satisfied; but she told him nothing of them, for women abandon themselves less willingly than men do to frank disclosures of this kind, which for them would be almost confessions. She was contented to enjoy in her heart these traits of resemblance between their two destinies. Then, feeling her delicacy a little ruffled by his last words, she asked:—

"It is not possible that you regret being what you are?"

"Ah, no!" he quickly exclaimed, "most certainly no! That is not what I mean. At bottom I am really grateful to my mother for what she has done for me. For I love my profession; I am devoted to it heart and soul—although I have had, like so many others, my days of discouragement, my hours of doubt."

He was going to relate to her that painful crisis when the revolt of his spirit had for a moment dragged his conscience through the horrors of unbelief. A feeling of bashfulness restrained him. He resumed:—

"But I am speaking too much about myself, madame. I am abusing your kindness, and have taken up your attention too long. It is time I took my leave."

"Already?"

The word had escaped from her. As if to modify it, perhaps also to prolong the pleasure this visit gave her without seeming to do so, she added:—

"Would you not like to become acquainted with our 'campagne'? You hardly know it yet."

He accepted. They went together through the old garden divided into beds all blooming with the flowers of spring, among them many of those old-fashioned blossoms now rarely found even in village gardens, but to which Antoinette was very partial. She told him their technical names and related their history. And he observed her as she bent over the plants and took the delicate roses between her white fingers to have them admired, herself like a flower, a human flower, in its full bloom, perfect and fresh.

They left the garden. They strolled through an alley of Persian lilacs whose lingering clusters scented the air. They crossed an orchard planted with trees in flower. They entered a little wood, the beeches of which were scarcely covered with fine tender leaves.

"This is my forest," she said. "You are going to penetrate its mysteries!"

The dead branches that strewed the path crackled under his feet.

"How pretty your 'campagne' is!" exclaimed Trembloz. "Everything here is delicious, it is a little world in itself. You have a stream ——"

"Only we are no longer in our own territory. There is no barrier, but we are in the Bois-Joli, which belongs to the commune. This makes it a little unpleasant for us on Sunday, but on other days it is just as if it belonged to ourselves, we never meet any one. And this is the part of it I prefer, so I must show it to you."

The landscape took on an almost savage appearance; pines succeeded beeches; then, in a sort of clearing, two rocks rose up above them, towering, shading with their strange forms a very old stone bench.

"They are the White Rocks," said Antoinette. As Henri looked at her as if expecting an explanation, she added: —

"You never heard of them?"

"No."

"Well, they have their legend. A legend that dates away far back to the middle ages, to the times when the country was still Catholic, when there were convents."

"Please relate it."

"I will try to."

She collected herself for a moment, and began, with some hesitation: —

"There was once a very noble lord who became a monk through disappointment in love. He entered a convent, the ruins of which you can still see not far from here. You know that at the other side of the town there was also in those times a convent of nuns. Now, one of these nuns was the woman he loved but could not marry. How did they manage to see each other again? The legend does not say — or, at least, I do not know. But it happened that the old love they believed dead awoke in their hearts. And then — then ——"

She stopped, appeared to be trying to remember something for a moment, and shook her head.

"No," she said, "I am sure I do not recollect the legend well — I should spoil it. Get some one else to tell it to you."

She was troubled.

"What if we were to go on? A few steps upwards, and you have a beautiful view."

It was beautiful; beyond the trees, the eyes embraced, through the spaces between them, a large part of the lake, and then rested on a corner of the Alps, peaceful and familiar, on the rounded summits which, near Geneva, descend in billowy swells until they are confounded with the plain. The pines and beeches of the Bois-Joli formed with their boughs a fantastic frame for this landscape, which seemed some colossal picture hung in the infinite of the heavens by a sovereign master; yet, in spite of its immensity, not spoiling the familiar aspect of the silent and inclosed scene before them.

"I am very fond of this spot," murmured Mme. Massod de Bussens, stopping.

"Yes," replied Trembloz, almost unconsciously, "there is something of yourself in it."

She turned away her eyes and looked vaguely into space. So slippery already had the declivity which attracted them to each other become that their slightest words assumed a mysterious significance. The silence troubled them still more. They heard their own thoughts in it; thoughts they would not have confessed to, and which yet roamed around them, like the light air, like the odor of the damp earth, the young sap, the plants in flower.

"The air is cool," she said, shivering. "It is not right to remain standing."

They tore themselves from their thoughts. She led him back by another path, which was nearer and descended through the pines. She hurried on, as if to put a speedier end to their conversation. They did not try to speak. As they entered the orchard again, they saw one of the maids, who was searching for them. She announced that M. Leen was waiting for Mme. Massod in the garden. They hastened on, turned into the alley of the lilacs, and soon distinguished the fine profile of M. Leen, who seemed to be studying the new buds with extreme attention. Raising his head, he saw her also, and approached with hat in hand. Trembloz thought him still more the elegant and perfect gentleman than when he saw him for the first time. He experienced a kind of awkwardness and uneasiness near him, and took leave as soon as he could.

"You are not going, surely?" said Antoinette.

"Yes, madame," he replied; "I have already abused your

hospitality. Allow me to ask you to be the bearer of my compliments to M. Massod de Bussens."

He feared he was, perhaps, becoming tiresome to her, and this idea disturbed him so much that he grew pale, as if stricken by an abrupt and strong emotion.

She thanked him. Then, when he was departing after saluting M. Leen, whose clear and penetrating eye inspired him with real terror, she added: —

"I hope, monsieur, we shall have the pleasure of seeing you sometimes — often."

"If you permit me, madame."

"The more so that, as I told you, I shall need your advice in connection with my protégée — and your support, perhaps."

He bowed and turned away. As he was leaving the garden he met Rose, who was playing in the yard with Nestor. Isolated in the house, regarded with distrust by the domestics, she had very quickly made friends with the enormous dog. At this moment she was making him jump, gambol, and crouch before her; and, with her little foot placed on the iron collar of his neck, she posed like some triumphant stage queen, rippling with bright, careless laughter as if she were the happiest of girls. Trembloz would have liked to address a few words to her, but he was so disconcerted by her levity that he avoided looking at her.

Turning round towards the garden he saw Mme. Massod de Bussens and M. Leen again, strolling arm in arm towards the entrance to the sitting room. As they had their backs to him, and, moreover, appeared to be absorbed in an animated chat, Henri observed them for some seconds; they were walking slowly on the gravel of the alleys; then Antoinette paused before a rosebush, selected a bud ready to bloom, and with a charming gesture offered it to her companion, who adorned his buttonhole with it at once. Trembloz felt as if something was stabbing his heart, while, with irresistible suddenness, a whole crop of frightful suspicions and poisonous thoughts sprang up within him. In the twinkling of an eye he had traversed an entire ocean of degrading suppositions; this woman who a moment ago seemed so pure; whose presence inspired him only with chaste rapture, in whose presence he believed his soul grew better and his heart nobler, this woman was now sullied with all the suggestions of an exasperated jealousy. Base insults rose to his lips, while a vertigo of madness made him

stagger behind the gateway he had just closed. It was a dreadful crisis, lasting a few seconds or a few minutes; he awoke from it as from some nightmare spun out of fear and horror, but enlightened as to the storm that was gathering in the depths of his being. Then this cry burst forth from his anguish: —

"Do I love her! My God! do I love her!"

And he resumed his walk, crushed by the shock of this discovery, put to shame by the flashes of infamy that had just revealed it to him, stiffening his moral fibers to repel his new-born suspicions and his lax desires, then, little by little, reconquered by a great wave of gentleness that swept away all this foulness, by ideas of devotion, self-denial, and pure tenderness that soothed his wounded imagination.

II.

The evening, although a little cool, was fine, the stars were already lit in a pure, moonless sky. At the horizon the Jura outlined itself in black forms on the growing darkness. On a bench, within the porch, M. Massod de Bussens was smoking his pipe. Although discontented, he had not, however, any intention of keeping up his anger, for he attached too little importance to the words of his wife to be offended by them beyond measure. When she was going by him, he asked her without looking up: —

"Are you coming in, Antoinette?"

"No."

"Where are you going?"

"For a walk."

"You'll catch cold."

"I am not cold, monsieur."

To avoid further conversation she went on, in among the flower beds, from which the perfume of the flowers was mounting. The air and motion were doing her good; why not continue her walk? She passed into the yard, called Nestor, who began frisking about her, crossed the garden again, followed, mechanically, the lilac alley, and found herself in a little wood. The damp shadows and the silence enfolded her. Although a shiver of delicious fear caressed her, she continued walking on, under the beeches, in which the wind was murmuring. Soon,

without suspecting that she had traveled so far, she found herself before the White Rocks.

The two bowlders rose up, all pale, their fantastic forms taking on a mysterious aspect in the darkness, like two real statues that, though worn away by the ages, yet still keep the humanity they once possessed. Antoinette paused to contemplate them; the memory of the legend came to her as an appeal blended of all the confused and dead voices which, in all times, in all languages, have sung of sorrow and of love. But Nestor, who was running some steps in advance, barked. She saw another form rise behind the rocks, a living form this one. Although choking with genuine terror, she was able to call back her dog, and remained rooted to the ground: she had just recognized Trembloz, or guessed that it was he.

A cry escaped her.

"You? You here?"

He drew near her slowly, without answering, and yet for a moment they heard, in the silence, all that was passing within them. Then, one single idea issued from the confusion that mastered both: they wished to justify their presence, to explain their meeting. She said, in a voice the energy of which was scarcely repressed by her emotion:—

"I often take a stroll in the evening with Nestor."

And he:—

"I thought I would go out for a moment this evening; chance drew me hither."

She continued:—

"I was afraid when I saw some one there!"

They remained three paces from each other, listening to their own breathing, the only sound heard in the silence.

Very gently Trembloz asked:—

"You are no longer afraid, now?"

She could hardly stand. She stammered:—

"No—seeing that—it was you. But, all the same—I—I shall never return again!"

As if some inward force was making his words gush out in spite of him, he broke forth hoarsely and like one who was wandering in his mind:—

"I knew—you would come here—I was sure."

She covered her face with her hands.

"Be silent!"

He took a step towards her.

"Yes, I knew — my God! I didn't want to come! But I am alone. No one loves me. The world is a desert around me. And now I love you!"

She repeated, in a voice hoarser even than his: —

"Be silent!"

He continued: —

"Yes, I will be silent. What is the good of anything further, now! You know — you know."

She turned away. He stretched out his hands to her without approaching any nearer.

"Do not fly from me! Pardon me! Oh! I beseech you, do not be angry! What have you to fear? I have no thought of evil. Let me only think of you. Stay! I will never again return to the Tilleuls, if you desire it! I wish only to see you, with the rest, sometimes ——"

She interrupted him: —

"Do not say any more, I beg of you! We must never see each other again! Never! Farewell!"

She turned away hastily. He saw her dark form disappear behind the trees. For a moment yet, he listened to her light footsteps flying along the path. Then he sank down in a heap, stifling the cry that swelled his breast, at the foot of the Rocks, dumb and cold, whatever the nature of the secret they might be keeping.



PILATE AND THE CRUCIFIXION.[1]

By DEAN FARRAR.

(From "The Life of Christ")

[Frederick William Farrar: Dean of Canterbury; born at Bombay, India, August 7, 1831. He was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man, King's College, London, and Trinity College, Cambridge, taking several prizes during his university courses. He was ordained deacon in 1854, and priest in 1857; taught school at Marlborough and Harrow (1854–1876); was canon of Westminster Abbey and rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster (1876–1895), and archdeacon of Westminster (1883–1895). In 1895 he was made dean of Canterbury His writings are very numerous, and include: "The Arctic Region" (1852), "Lyrics of Life" (1859), "The Life of Christ" (1874; 12th ed. in the same year), "In the days of thy Youth" (1876), "The Life and Work of St Paul" (1879), "The Early Days of Christianity" (1882), "The History of

[1] From "The Life of Christ," by Dean Farrar Price 7s 6d and 3s 6d
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Interpretation" (1886), "The Minor Prophets" (1890), "Darkness and Dawn" (1891), "The Life of Christ as represented in Art" (1894), "Gathering Clouds" (1895), and "Westminster Abbey" (1897).]

PILATE broke forth with that involuntary exclamation which has thrilled with emotion so many million hearts —

"BEHOLD THE MAN!"

But his appeal only woke a fierce outbreak of the scream, "Crucify! crucify!" The mere sight of Him, even in this His unspeakable shame and sorrow, seemed to add fresh fuel to their hate. In vain the heathen soldier appeals for humanity to the Jewish priest; no heart throbbed with responsive pity; no voice of compassion broke that monotonous yell of "Crucify!" — the howling refrain of their wild "liturgy of death." The Roman who had shed blood like water, on the field of battle, in open massacre, in secret assassination, might well be supposed to have an icy and a stony heart; but yet icier and stonier was the heart of those scrupulous hypocrites and worldly priests. "Take ye Him, and crucify Him," said Pilate in utter disgust, "for I find no fault in Him." What an admission from a Roman judge! "So far as I can see, He is wholly innocent; yet if you *must* crucify Him, take Him and crucify. I cannot approve of, but I will readily connive at, your violation of the law." But even this wretched guilty subterfuge is not permitted him. Satan will have from his servants the full tale of their crimes, and the sign manual of their own willing assent at last. What the Jews want — what the Jews *will have* — is *not* tacit connivance, but absolute sanction. They see their power. They see that this blood-stained Governor dares not hold out against them; they know that the Roman statecraft is tolerant of concessions to local superstition. Boldly, therefore, they fling to the winds all question of a political offense, and with all their hypocritical pretenses calcined by the heat of their passion, they shout, "We have a law, and by our law He ought to die, because He made Himself a Son of God."

A Son of God! The notion was far less strange and repulsive to a heathen than to a Jew; and this word, unheard before, startled Pilate with the third omen which made him tremble at the crime into which he was being dragged by guilt and fear. Once more, leaving the yelling multitude without, he takes Jesus with him into the quiet Judgment Hall, and — "*jam pro suâ conscientiâ Christianus,*" as Tertullian so finely ob-



DEAN FARRAR IN HIS STUDY

serves—asks Him in awe-struck accents, "Whence art Thou?" Alas! it was too late to answer now. Pilate was *too* deeply committed to his gross cruelty and injustice; for *him* Jesus had spoken enough already; for the wild beasts who raged without, He had no more to say. He did not answer. Then, almost angrily, Pilate broke out with the exclamation, "Dost Thou not speak even *to me?* Dost Thou not know that I have power to set Thee free, and have power to crucify Thee?" Power—how so? Was justice nothing, then? truth nothing? innocence nothing? conscience nothing? In the reality of things Pilate had *no* such power; even in the arbitrary sense of the tyrant it was an idle boast, for at this very moment he was letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would." And Jesus pitied the hopeless bewilderment of this man, whom guilt had changed from a ruler into a slave. Not taunting, not confuting him—nay, even extenuating rather than aggravating his sin—Jesus gently answered, "Thou hast no power against Me whatever, had it not been given thee from above; therefore he that betrayed Me to thee hath the greater sin." Thou art indeed committing a great crime—but Judas, Annas, Caiaphas, these priests and Jews, are more to blame than thou. Thus, with infinite dignity, and yet with infinite tenderness, did Jesus judge His judge. In the very depths of his inmost soul Pilate felt the truth of the words—silently acknowledged the superiority of his bound and lacerated victim. All that remained in him of human and of noble—

> Felt how awful Goodness is, and Virtue,
> In her shape how lovely; felt and mourned
> His fall.

All of his soul that was not eaten away by pride and cruelty thrilled back an unwonted echo to these few calm words of the Son of God. Jesus had condemned his sin, and so far from being offended, the judgment only deepened his awe of this mysterious Being, whose utter impotence seemed grander and more awful than the loftiest power. From that time Pilate was even yet more anxious to save Him. With all his conscience in a tumult, for the third and last time he mounted his tribunal, and made one more desperate effort. He led Jesus forth, and looking at Him as He stood silent and in agony, but calm, on that shining Gabbatha, above the brutal agitations of the multitude, he said to those frantic rioters, as with a flash of

genuine conviction, "BEHOLD YOUR KING!" But to the Jews it sounded like shameful scorn to call that beaten insulted Sufferer their King. A darker stream mingled with the passions of the raging, swaying crowd. Among the shouts of "Crucify," ominous threatenings began for the first time to be mingled. It was now nine o'clock, and for nearly three hours had they been raging and waiting there. The name of Cæsar began to be heard in wrathful murmurs. "Shall I crucify your King?" he had asked, venting the rage and soreness of his heart in taunts on *them*. "*We have no king but Cæsar*," answered the Sadducees and Priests, flinging to the winds every national impulse and every Messianic hope. "If thou let this man go," shouted the mob again and again, "thou art not *Cæsar's* friend. Every one who tries to make himself a king speaketh against *Cæsar*." And at that dark terrible name of Cæsar, Pilate trembled. It was a name to conjure with. It mastered him. He thought of that terrible implement of tyranny, the accusation of *læsa majestas*, into which all other charges merged, which had made confiscation and torture so common, and had caused blood to flow like water in the streets of Rome. He thought of Tiberius, the aged gloomy Emperor, then hiding at Capreæ his ulcerous features, his poisonous suspicions, his sick infamies, his desperate revenge. At this very time he had been maddened into a yet more sanguinary and misanthropic ferocity by the detected falsity and treason of his only friend and minister, Sejanus, and it was to Sejanus himself that Pilate is said to have owed his position. There might be secret delators in that very mob. Panic-stricken, the unjust judge, in obedience to his own terrors, consciously betrayed the innocent victim to the anguish of death. He who had so often prostituted justice, was now unable to achieve the one act of justice which he desired. He who had so often murdered pity, was now forbidden to taste the sweetness of a pity for which he longed. He who had so often abused authority, was now rendered impotent to exercise it, for once, on the side of right. Truly for him, sin had become its own Erinnys, and his pleasant vices had been converted into the instrument of his punishment!